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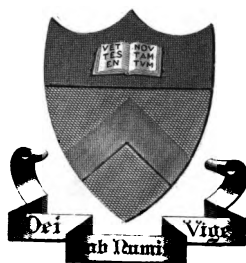


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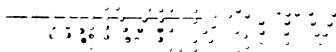
FUGITIVE GATHERINGS.

BY

AN EXPERIENCED EDITOR.

"From a child,
I learned to reap a harvest of sweet thoughts
For future years."

MONTGOMERY.



LONDON:

M. ARNOLD, 21, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN;

AND SOLD BY

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN; WHITTAKER,
TREACHER, AND ARNOTT; SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL;
AND OLIVER AND BOYD, EDINBURGH.

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L. B. NOTION

PREFACE.

It has been happily remarked by a popular divine, that no man, however limited his powers, or obscure his condition, should perform his great worldly pilgrimage without producing something to operate as an evidence that he once existed. How far it may be decorous to apply this maxim to the present very humble production, must be deferred to the critical acumen of impartial reviewers, and the good sense and refined taste of those whose patronage has fostered it into publicity.

Among the varied materials, which, in the exercise of a long Editorial career, must necessarily have presented themselves for record or remark, it will not appear surprising, that abundant opportunities should have occurred for the accumulation of many a 'golden thought,' and the collection of many a pleasant tale. That such a temptation has, in the present instance, been successfully

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availed of, the Editor will not presume to arrogate ; suffice it that, in the progress of his avocation, he has never been unmindful of that precept of Pythagoras, which inculcates the writing down every night, whatever has occupied the eye and the mind during the day ; and of that stimulating remark of Dr. Johnson, that “ he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others.”

In the design of this little work, the object has been, not so much to digest a mingled heap of heterogeneous literature—to distinguish the situation of each article by a laboured classification—as to give ‘ all things by turns, and nothing long ;’ to endeavour, by variety, as Pliny says, to adapt some things to one reader, some to another, and a few, perhaps, to every taste. A bold attempt, it must be admitted ; for that table must be no small one, which is covered, at the same entertainment, with the favourite dish of every lady and gentleman in His Majesty’s dominions.

The Editor will not be so vain as to promise that the reader will find in this book the entertainment of the

Tatler, the experience of the *Spectator*, the observation of the *Rambler*, or the agreeableness of the *Idler*;—all that he ventures to designate it, is a Selection made with a view of offering a volume of literary amusement, composed of subjects which have appeared to him at least not uninteresting. Some of the articles are extracted from works not likely to meet the eye of the cursory reader; others are derived from sources which may be more immediately recognizable, though, it is hoped, not the less welcome, if they should revive the memory of past readings.

Should it be ungraciously imputed to the Editor that he has too frequently recurred to subjects illustrative of the exalted attributes of the Fair Sex, he readily pleads guilty to the charge (certainly not a *fault*) without compunction. In the society of Woman he has passed (and who has not?) many of the brightest hours of his existence; has the honour to share the friendships of some, whose mental excellencies would apostatize the most inflexible misogynist; and whom to discourse with, is to taste that unalloyed felicity which the hallowed converse of virtuous females only can impart. To this avowal he will add a literary truism—that there is no applause so

grateful to an Editor's feelings, as the page that is consecrated by woman's approbation.

If the whole shall be fortunately regarded as an agreeable beguiler of a vacant or listless hour — a temporary banisher of that *vis inertie* which sometimes condemns the most active energies to almost resistless torpitude — the ultimate intention of the Editor will be amply accomplished. And should, moreover, his grateful labour receive that appreciation from the Public, which he is ambitious worthily to merit, he may probably be tempted, at a future season, to a repetition of his desire to please; if, on the contrary, he should be disappointed of this gratification, (not perhaps altogether unreasonable), he will have the satisfaction of reflecting, that an endeavour to deserve approbation has not been wanting—

“ Si laudem victor, si fert opprobria victus.”

London, October 15, 1830.

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CLASSIC CULLINGS,

&c. &c.

THE IDEA OF A PERFECT WIFE.

BURKE, the statesman, used repeatedly to declare, that every care vanished the moment he entered under his own roof. He wrote the following beautifully descriptive prose paper, "The idea of a perfect Wife," which he presented to Mrs. B. one morning on the anniversary of their marriage, delicately heading the paper, as below, leaving her to fill up the blank.

"THE CHARACTER OF ——."

"I intend to give my idea of a woman ; if it at all answers any original, I shall be pleased ; for if such a person as I would describe really exists, she must be far superior to my description, and such as I must love too well to be able to paint as I ought.

"She is handsome : but it is a beauty not arising from features, from complexion, or from shape ; she has all three in an high degree, but it is not by these she touches the heart ; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility, which a face can express, that forms her beauty.

“ She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight ; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first.

“ Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases ; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue.

“ Her features are not perfectly regular : that sort of exactness is more to be praised than to be loved ; for it is never animated.

“ Her stature is not tall : she is made to be the admiration of every body, but the happiness of one.

“ She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy ; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness.

“ There is often more of the coquet shown in an affected plainness than in a tawdry finery ; she is always clean, without preciseness or affectation. Her gravity is a gentle thoughtfulness that softens the features without discomposing them ; she is usually grave.

“ Her smiles are inexpressible.

“ Her voice is a low, soft music ; not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd ; it has this advantage, you must come close to her to hear it.

“ To describe her body describes her mind ; one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matters it exerts itself on, but in the goodness of the choice she makes. She does not display it so much in saying or doing striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do.

“ She discovers the right and wrong of things not by reasoning, but sagacity ; most women, and many good ones, have a closeness and something selfish in their dispositions ; she has a true generosity of temper ; the most extravagant cannot be more unbounded in their liberality, the most covetous not more cautious in the distribution.

"No person of so few years can know the world better ; no person was ever less corrupted by that knowledge.

"Her politeness seems rather to flow from a natural disposition to oblige, than from any rules on that subject ; and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not.

"She does not run with a girlish eagerness into new friendships, which as they have no foundation in reason, serve only to multiply and embitter disputes ; it is long before she chooses, but then it is fixed for ever ; and the first hours of romantic friendships are not warmer than her's after the lapse of years.

"As she never disgraces her good nature by severe reflections on any body ; so she never degrades her judgment by immoderate or ill-placed praises ; for every thing violent is contrary to her gentleness of disposition, and the evenness of her virtue.

"She has a steady and firm mind, which takes no more from the female character, than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre.

"She has such virtues as make us value the truly great of our own sex ; she has all the winning graces that make us love even the faults we see in the weak and beautiful of her's."

CONNUBIAL LOVE.

Connubial love has dearer names,
And finer ties, and sweeter claims,
Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,
Than wedded hearts can e'er reveal ;
Pure as the charities above,
Rise the sweet sympathies of love ;
And closer cords than those of life
Unite the husband to the wife.

GIBBON.

The first literary attempt of this celebrated historian was written before he was twenty-two years of age ; it was in the French language, and was published in 1761 under the title of “ *Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature.*” The subjects of taste, criticism, and philosophy, which necessarily came under our young author's consideration, could hardly promise much novelty of remark. Some former observations, however, he appears to have placed in a new and pleasing point of view ; advancing, moreover, some ingenious conjectures, and displaying no inconsiderable erudition. To this essay was prefixed the following dedication to his father, which exhibits the author himself in a very amiable light :

“DEAR SIR,—No performance is, in my opinion, more contemptible, than a dedication of the common sort, when some great man is presented with a book, which, if science be the subject, he is incapable of understanding ; if polite literature, incapable of tasting ; and this honour is done him, as a reward for virtues, which he neither does, nor desires to possess. I know but two kinds of dedications which can do honour either to the patron or author. The first is, when an unexperienced writer addresses himself to a master of the art in which he endeavoured to excel ; whose example he is ambitious of imitating ; by whose advice he has been directed, or whose approbation he is anxious to deserve.

“The other sort is yet more honourable : it is dictated by the heart, and offered to some person who is dear to us, because he ought to be so. It is an opportunity we embrace with pleasure, of making public those sentiments of esteem, of friendship, of gratitude, or of all together, which we really feel, and which we therefore desire should be known.

“I hope, dear Sir, my past conduct will easily lead you to discover to what principle you should attribute

this epistle ; which, if it surprises, will, I hope, not displease you. If I am capable of producing any thing worthy the attention of the public, it is to you that I owe it ; to that truly paternal care, which, from the first dawning of my reason, has always watched over my education, and afforded me every opportunity of improvement. Permit me here to express my grateful sense of your tenderness to me, and to assure you that the study of my whole life shall be, to acquit myself, in some measure, of obligations I can never fully repay. I am, &c.

“ E. GIBBON, JUN.”

ORIGIN OF UNIVERSITIES IN EUROPE,

AND OF THE APPLICATION OF THE TERMS *UNIVERSITAS* AND *COLLEGIUM* TO SEMINARIES OF LEARNING.

The origin of the word *Universitas* or *University* to a seminary of learning, has given rise to a variety of opinions. The ancient name was *Studium Generale*, evidently referring to the great variety of subjects upon which instruction was communicated. In very small schools, the youth are only taught one, or at most a very few branches of learning. The scale upon which others are carried on is more extensive ; but in a *University*, it is understood that the whole circle of the sciences are taught ; or, at least, that an opportunity is afforded to any one who is disposed to comply with the regulations of the society, to be made acquainted with all the different departments of literature and science.

Collegium, or *College*, is also frequently employed to designate a seminary of learning, or indeed, an association or corporation of any kind. All the literary foundations in Europe were in some manner or other connected with the education of ecclesiastics, and if not endowed by, were under their superintendence. Now, as an association of *regulars*, that is, of *monastics*, who lived under a certain

rule, such as that of Augustin, Francis, or Dominic, were said to live in a *convent*, so, to a similar association of *seculars*, who were attached to no particular fraternity of the Romish Church, the name of *College* was applied, the head of which was styled *provost*. Thus, in England, the heads or presidents of Trinity College, Cambridge, and of Eton College, are so named. The same was formerly the case with regard to Trinity College, Edinburgh, which was founded by Mary, widow of King James II. There were no fewer than twenty-six colleges of this kind in Scotland before the Reformation ; besides, the chief church in large towns was a *collegiate* church, though not the seat of a bishopric. In short, the word *college*, as it relates to *university*, signifies the different bodies which compose it, or which are under its protection. Thus, the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, are severally composed of a great number of separate colleges ; but they constitute only two *universities*, forming two great corporations ; and in Scotland, the two colleges at Aberdeen form only one university, though not linked so closely as to deserve that name in so strict a sense as those in England. Many other incorporated bodies have adopted the name of *college*, though, as a society, they have no connexion whatever, either with any monastic institution or university. Thus the Pope and his seventy-two Cardinals constitute what is called the Sacred College ; and, in our country, we have the College of Justice, and the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons.

A singer once complaining to Sheridan that himself and his brother (both of whom were deemed simpletons) had been ordered to take ass's milk, but that on account of its expensiveness he hardly knew what they should do — "Do?" cried Sheridan, "why suck one another, to be sure."

VISITORS BY PROFESSION.

Melmoth, in one of his elegant epistles, thus justly denounces these obsequious intruders. "The misfortune is, (says he) no retirement is so remote, nor sanctuary so sacred, as to afford a protection from their impertinence; and though one were to fly to the desert, and take refuge in the cells of saints and hermits, one should be alarmed with their unmeaning "voice, crying," even "in the wilderness." They spread themselves, in truth, over the whole face of the land, and lay waste the fairest hours of conversation. For my own part, (to speak of them in a style suitable to their taste and talents) I look upon them, not as paying visits, but *visitations*; and am never obliged to give audience to one of this species, that I do not consider myself as under a judgment for those numberless hours, which I have spent in vain. If these sons and daughters of idleness and folly would be persuaded to enter into an exclusive society among themselves, the rest of the world might possess their moments unmolested: but nothing less will satisfy them, than opening a general commerce, and sailing into every port where choice or chance may drive them. Were we to live, indeed, to the years of the antediluvians, one might afford to resign some part of one's own time in charitable relief of the unsufferable weight of their's; but since the days of man are shrunk into a few hasty revolutions of the sun, whole afternoons are much too considerable a sacrifice, to be offered up to tame civility. What heightens the contempt of this character, is, that they who have so much of the form, have always least of the power of friendship; and though they will "craze their chariot wheels" (as Milton expresses it) to destroy your repose, they would not drive half the length of a street to assist your distress."

THESSALIANS.

It was a law among the Thessalians, that women should not drink wine ; but that females, of whatever age, should have water only. Theophrastes affirms that a similar law prevailed among the Milesians. At Rome, this custom was strictly observed, that no free woman, nor slave, should be allowed to drink wine, nor indeed any female, however exalted her rank, till she was thirty-five years of age.

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

My father left ten thousand pounds,
 And willed it all to me ;
 My friends, like sun-flies, flocked around,
 As kind as kind could be.

This sent a buck, and that a hare,
 And some the Lord knows what ;
 In short, I thought I could declare,
 No man such friends had got.

They ate my meat—they drank my wine ;
 In truth, so kind were they,
 That, be the weather wet or fine,
 They'd dine with me next day.

They came : and like the circling year,
 The circling glass went round ;
 Till something whispered in my ear,
 "Ah, poor ten thousand pound !"

"Pshaw ! stuff !" cried I, " I'll hear it not—
 Besides, such *friends* are mine,
 That what they have will be my lot,
 So push about the wine !"

The glasses rung—the jest prevail'd,
 'Twas summer every day !
 Till, like a flower by blight assail'd,
 My thousands dropt away.

Alas ! and so my friends dropt off,
 Like rose-leaves from the stem ;
 My fallen state but met their scoff,
 And I no more saw them !

One friend, one *honest friend* remain'd,
 When all the locusts flew ;
 One that ne'er shrunk, nor friendship *feign'd*,
 My *faithful dog*, 'twas *you* !

CHRISTIANITY.

It is (says a reviewer of Dr. Channing's admirable lecture on the "Evidences of Revealed Religion") it is in the sublimity of its precepts, and in the loveliness of the conduct of its founder, that we feel the *truth* of the Christian religion.

Tell any person unacquainted with Christianity, that there was such a character as JESUS, and he must venerate him. Tell him, that he was possessed of so wonderful a mind, that, even as a boy, the most learned of his nation hearkened unto him, and were amazed at his doctrines ; and yet, withal, that his character, too, was so simple, mild, unaffected, and kind, that little children loved to approach and be near him ;—that his whole life was dedicated to the good of others ;—that he was so *disinterested*, that when consulted by the rich, he bade them divide their fortunes with the poor and needy, although he himself "had not where to lay his head ;"—that he was so *tender a son*, that even in the pangs of agonizing death, he enjoined the friend whom he loved, to take his mother home, and be the support of her old age ;—so *warm a patriot*, that he wept bitterly when he thought on his country's downfall ;—so *patient and meek of spirit*, that when hanging on the cross, and pierced, he uttered not a single complaint ;—so *forgiving*, that amid the ten thousand curses of his enemies, who had crucified him, one solitary prayer alone broke from his lips—"Father, forgive them ; they know not what they do."

LIFE'S PARALLEL.

In *glowing youth* he stood beside
 His native stream, and saw it glide,
 Showing each gem beneath its tide,
 Calm as though nought could break its rest,
 Reflecting heaven in its breast ;
 And seeming, in its flow, to be
 Like candour, peace, and piety.

When *life began its brilliant dream*,
 His heart was like his native stream :
 The wave-shrined gems could scarcely seem
 Less hidden than each wish it knew ;
 Its life flow'd on as calmly too ;
 And heaven shielded it from sin,
 To see itself reflected in.

He stood beside that stream again,
When years had fled in strife and pain ;
 He looked for its calm course in vain,—
 For storms prophaned its peaceful flow,
 And clouds o'erhung its crystal brow ;
 And turning then, he sigh'd to deem
 His heart still like his native stream.

THE SHIFTS OF IGNORANCE.

The conduct of a man in public life, occupied in concealing his ignorance, is an absolute system of tactics. It is curious to remark his studied silence when the conversation turns upon a subject which he is conscious he ought to know well, and of which he is equally conscious that he knows nothing ; to see how he slinks away when this conversation approaches too near him, and the looks of the circle around seem to express that they are all expectation to hear his opinion. He goes up, in an absent way, to the chimney-piece, takes up some papers that lie there, and begins to look them over with profound attention, while, nevertheless, if he hears any thing said on which

he may venture with confidence to put in a word, *'tis so*, says he, *exactly so*, not taking his eyes, however, from the papers, till the moment when he can adroitly give another turn to the conversation ; and to this resource he has been obliged to recur so often, that it has become entirely familiar to him.

Sometimes he will be a little more adventurous ; and if a debate arises in his company upon the period when some event of antiquity happened, or upon the distance between two large towns, and different opinions on the question are supported with equal pertinacity, one maintaining, for instance, that it was the year 300 before our era ; another, that it was the year 200 ; one that the distance between the towns was 2,000 leagues, another that it was 2,400, he will fix the period at the year 250, the distance at 2,200 leagues ; this is a medium he ventures to take, without having any notion whatever upon the subject, only he feels confident that he cannot be very wide of the mark. But with such fortunate opportunities to display his knowledge he is not often favoured. It is more easy for him to terminate a controversy on any axiom laid down, since he has always some common-place remark or assertion ready at hand, suited to the occasion. Sometimes he takes his revenge ; and if he happens to have been reading in the morning, in the way of his business, any paper or papers, through which he has acquired some piece of statistical knowledge, he does not rest till he gives the conversation such a turn as will enable him to bring it out. Woe, then, to any one who thinks he shall pay his court to him by making many inquiries upon the subject, or who offers some slight objection, that he may ask for an explanation ; our man of ignorance is already at the full length of his tether ; he answers only by monosyllables, and becomes evidently out of humour.

LORD CLONMELL.

The death of Lord Clonmell is said to have originated in a very curious incident. In the year 1792, Mr. John Magee, the spirited proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, had a fiat issued against him in a case of libel, for a sum which the defendant thought excessive. The bench and the press were directly committed; and in such a case, had a Judge tenfold the power he has, he would be comparatively harmless. The subject made a noise—was brought before Parliament—and was at last, at least politically, set at rest, by the defeat of the Chief Justice, and the restriction of the Judges in future, in such cases, to an inferior and a definite sum. Discomfited and mortified, Lord Clonmell retreated from the contest; but he retreated like an harpooned leviathan,—the barb was in his back, and Magee held the cordage. He made the life of his enemy a burden to him: he exposed his errors; denied his merits; magnified his mistakes; ridiculed his pretensions; and, continually edging, without overstepping the boundary of libel, poured upon the Chief Justice, from the battery of the press, a perpetual broadside of sarcasm and invective. “The man,” says Dr. Johnson, challenging Junius, “the man who vilifies established authority is sure to find an audience.” Lord Clonmell too fatally verified the apothegm. Wherever he went he was lampooned by a ballad-singer or laughed at by the populace. Nor was Magee’s arsenal composed exclusively of paper ammunition: he rented a field bordering his Lordship’s highly improved and decorated desmesne; he advertised, month after month, that on such a day he would exhibit in this field a grand olympic pig hunt,—that the people, out of gratitude for the patronage of his newspaper, should be gratuitous spectators of this revived classical amusement, and that he was determined to make so amazing a provision of whiskey and porter, that if any

man went home thirsty it should be his own fault. The plan completely succeeded—hundreds and thousands assembled—every man did justice to his entertainer's hospitality, and his Lordship's magnificent demesne, uprooted and desolate, next day exhibited nothing but the ruins of the olympic pig-hunt ! The rebellion approached—the popular exasperation was at its height—and the end of it was, that Magee went mad with his victory, and Lord Clonmell died literally broken-hearted with his defeat and his apprehensions.

EARLY RISING.

Just at the early peep of dawn,
While brushing through the dewy lawn,
And viewing all the sweets of morn
That shine at early rising ;

Ere the ploughman yok'd his team,
Or sun had power to gild the stream,
Or woodlarks 'gan their morning hymn
To hail its early rising ;

With modest look and bashful eye,
Artless, innocent, and shy,
A lovely maiden pass'd me by,
And charm'd my early rising.

Her looks had every power to wound,
Her voice had music in the sound,
When modestly she turn'd around
To greet my early rising.

Good nature forced the maid to speak,
And good behaviour, not to seek,
Gave sweetness to her rosy cheek,
Improved by early rising.

While offering help to climb the stile,
A modest look and winning smile
(Love beaming in her eyes the while)
Repaid my early rising.

Aside the green hill's steepy brow,
Where shades the oak its darksome bough,
The maiden sat to milk her cow,
The cause of early rising.

The wild rose mingling with the shade,
Stung with envy, clos'd to fade,
To see the rose her cheeks display'd,
The fruits of early rising.

The kiss desired—against her will,
To take the milk-pail up the hill,—
Seem'd from resistance sweeter still ;
Thrice happy early rising!

And often since, aside the grove,
I've hied to meet the girl I love ;
Repeating truths that time shall prove,
Which past at early rising.

May it be mine to spend my days
With her, whose beauty claims my praise ;
Then joy shall crown my rural lays,
And bless my early rising.

MONUMENTAL TRIBUTE TO CONJUGAL WORTH.

M. Lagnons, minister of Berne, who was living in 1775, had a wife who was a perfect beauty in her person, but whose mental accomplishments were far superior. This amiable creature died in child-bed, in the twenty-eighth year of her age; her child only outlived her a few hours. M. Naal, a celebrated German sculptor, was engaged to erect a monument to the memory of this mother and her child; he represented Madame Lagnons at the moment of resurrection. After having sunk a kind of grave, sufficient to contain a statue, he placed therein a large stone, that seemed unequally split or broken; and so contrived, that the young wife appeared rising from her coffin, just awoke from the sleep of death, holding her child with one hand, and pushing away a stone with the

other, that apparently impeded her resurrection. The dignity of her figure, her candour, innocence, and that pure celestial joy which shines in her countenance, gives it a most feeling and sublime expression. The epitaph is worthy of the tomb ; it is engraved upon it, and notwithstanding the large cleft, may be easily read : it is written in the German language, and Madame Lagnons is supposed to speak. The following is a translation :—

“ I hear the trumpet ! it penetrates to the depth of the tombs ! Awake ! child of anguish ! The Saviour of the world calls ; the empire of death is ended, and an immortal palm will crown innocence and virtue. Behold me, Lord ! with the infant thou gavest me ! ”

THE FLOWERS.

With each expanding flower we find
Some pleasing sentiment combined :
Love in the myrtle bloom is seen,
Remembrance to the Violet clings,
Peace brightens in the Olive's green,
Hope from the half-closed Iris springs ;
And Victory on the Laurel grows,
And Woman blushes in the Rose !

Bruce, the traveller, was fond of shewing his visitors at Kennaird, *fac similes* of the thirty different languages that were spoken in the camp of the Caravans in Africa. To spare the ears of the unlearned, he called these languages the red, blue, green, &c., according to the colours of its character. On shewing these MSS. to a lady distinguished for the vivacity of her remarks, and informing her that the word *kiss* was to be met with, expressing the same idea, in some passages of his rainbow of languages, she pleasantly observed :—“ Well now, and did not I tell you, Mr. Bruce, that *kissing* is the same all the world over ? ”

THE AFFECTIONS.

Q. Why do the affections of parents run upwards to their children, and not their children's regard run downwards to them ?

A. Experience tells us that parents are more tender and loving to their children, by far, than children are dutiful and obsequious to their parents. Even as the sap in the root of a tree ascends into the branches, but returning not from the branches to the root, runs forth from thence into the seed ; so parents love their children, who, returning not that love to them again, suffer their affections to run forward to a further communication. Hence comes it, that one father brings up with more willingness ten children, than ten children will sustain one father in his wants. And whereas you hear of one unnatural parent, you shall hear of ten disobedient children.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND HOW HE
GAINED THEM.

You are old, Father William, the young man cry'd,
The few locks that are left you are grey,
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William reply'd,
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health, and my vigour, at first,
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cry'd,
And pleasures with you pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth could not last,
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cry'd,
 And life must be hastening away ;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death !
 Now tell me the reason I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied,
 Let the cause thy attention engage—
 In the days of my youth, I remember'd my God !
 And he hath not forgotten my age.

THE BORROWER.

Every body knows that Pitt raised the character and prosperity of England by loans, but it is not generally known, that Pitt “borrowed the idea of borrowing” from the following anecdote.

Schneider, an inhabitant of the Canton of Unterwald, in Switzerland, was left, at the age of twenty-one, to shift for himself. His father had been a respectable man, but had left nothing to his son, but some sketches for a new Constitution, which Schneider could make no use of. The doctrine of loans came into Schneider's head, as happily as that of attraction struck Newton. As nobody knew that his father had died insolvent, he declared openly that he was in want of 2,000 rix dollars, (£400) for which he was willing to pay 5 per cent. interest, the capital to be repaid in six months. He had no difficulty in obtaining this loan, which was very useful to him, and by constantly saying that his father had left him very little, but that by economy he managed to make both ends meet, every body thought him a modest rich man. Two months before his bills came due, he borrowed of another banker 3,125 rix dollars. Schneider instantly went to the parties from whom he had borrowed the 2,000 rix dollars, and after remarking that 5 per cent. was a heavy interest to pay, told them that he would repay the capital if they would allow him discount for the remaining part of the term. The bankers, convinced of

the stability of Schneider, were unwilling to take the money; he persisted, however, and they consented at length, on condition that if ever he should have occasion to borrow again, he would apply to them. Schneider went to work upon a great scale, his credit being fully established. In the course of three years, there was such an eagerness in the first houses of Switzerland to lend money to Schneider, that he frequently refused their offers. He quieted his conscience, reflecting, that if he lived sixty years, according to his inordinate expenditure, his creditors would lose only 400,000 rix dollars by him; and he considered the excellence of his life, and the suggestions which he made every now and then to the Government, as an ample equivalent.

To make short of a long story, Schneider found himself upon his death-bed at the age of 80—not, however, before he had rendered a great service to his country, by introducing the mode of making the celebrated Gruyère cheese, which is now eaten over the whole Continent. He summoned his creditors, one hundred in number, to his bedside, and after relating to them the mode which he had adopted for his support, and as frankly stating that he had nothing to leave, terminated his dying speech in the following terms:—"What is the loss which you sustain by me, compared with the admirable system of finance, which, through me, you can now reveal to your country? I, a poor mortal, at my dying hour, commit an act of bankruptcy; but the nation never dies. A nation may borrow without limit, because its existence is without limit. Switzerland has only to tread in my steps, to create loans, and to pay the interest punctually, and one day or other she will engross the capital of Europe."

The creditors were struck dumb with admiration, and as a mark of their esteem for the talents of the great Schneider, erected over his grave a superb monument, with this inscription—

"DER ENTLEHNER,"

which signifies "The Borrower." The celebrated Pitt, in a tour through Switzerland, saw the monument, and struck with its singularity, enquired its history. "The nation never dies," repeated Pitt with ecstasy ; and he scarcely said any thing else till he reached London. The people thought him mad ; but in a few months we heard of the famous loans with which he subjected India, conquered colonies, and overthrew Napoleon, who might, probably, have been upon the throne of France to this day, if the inventor of Gruyère cheese had never existed.

CONVERSATION.

Amongst the many improvements which are daily making in the progress of Education, it is rather extraordinary that *Conversation* should be so much neglected as not to be considered an useful assistant in such a national concern. What is here meant by Conversation, is that species of it which might be agreeably and profitably conducted in assemblies of both sexes at one another's houses, or other appropriate places, for the purpose of discussing such occasional subjects as may be useful and ornamental to society. By such an exchange of talents each sex would be benefited, and a practical knowledge of life acquired, which books alone cannot bestow.

Since the revival of letters, there have been but two attempts to introduce this system of education amongst us ; the one in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the other in that of Charles the First : of the former of these, it would have been "much more honoured in the breach than the observance."

During the reign of James, there was no attempt at establishing any kind of public Conversation whatever ; it was the reign of *male favouritism*, and so far from any sentimental intercourse between the two sexes being

established, it was not the etiquette for women to appear at court ; some great men, no doubt, flourished at this period, but the general rage was for pedantry and puns, masques and tournaments, which seemed to occupy all the leisure hours of the king, nobility, and gentry.

The succeeding reign, however, made ample amends. Charles, who was both an amateur and a practiser of the fine arts, aided by the lively and elegant manners of his queen—the beautiful but unfortunate Henrietta, brought the ladies back again to court, where not only conversational parties were kept up, but disseminated amongst all the circles of the polite and fashionable.

The great revolution in government which succeeded this period, not only swept conversation from the pale of polite life, but every thing that could soften and ameliorate human cares ; even beauty was in disgrace ; it was forbidden to love—it was criminal to consider it as an object of desire.

The restoration of monarchy, however, endeavoured to make ample amends to beauty for the indignities of the Commonwealth ; but though women were never so much caressed, they were not proportionably respected. Love seemed to be considered more as an *appetite* than a *passion* ; and the grossness of this principle infected the public manners.

The bigotry of the next reign rather damped the spirit of Conversation ; nor did the Revolution in the following one (though otherwise of the highest importance to the constitution of the country) much enlarge it. The Augustan age of Queen Anne, no doubt, disseminated a considerable degree of useful knowledge amongst the general classes of society ; and it is to the elegant and moral pen of Addison, that we owe a chastity of humour, and a grace of expression unknown to our preceding writers.

But what is the present general character of our fashion-

able assemblies for Conversation, when *cards* do not give a *business* to the party ? Is it not a promiscuous circle of both sexes vying with each other in the expensive decorations of dress and equipage ? A reciprocity of affected civilities and friendships ? A common-place discussion of the weather, and the passing events of the day, now and then mingled with a degree of calumny, to give a zest and poignancy to the whole ?—In short, is it not a *crowd*, where a *man of sense dares not be himself*, and where, striving to be like others, calling themselves *company*, he must put on the *fool's coat* for the evening, or make his exit ?—

Is it not strange the *skill to talk* should find
 So few competitors amongst mankind ?
 This master-key of every social charm,
 Which opens the stores, whence wit and learning's arm
 Should so neglected rust—be so unknown
 That few will grasp what most they call their own ?

THE SILENT MAN.

Sluggish in mind, some ne'er will be prevailed
 To join in talk—like midnight ghosts—till hailed ;
 The answer made—again like ghosts they sit,
 Unmov'd by humour, argument, or wit.
 In *solemn silence*, or in thoughtless stare,
 The mere associate of an elbow-chair.

THE POMPOUS TALKER.

——— Shun Ventoso's choice,
 Who thinks to claim *distinction by his voice* ;
 Who proud alone to educate his ear,
 Leaves common sense to find its proper sphere.
 Lo ! when he talks—involv'd in many a fold
 Of fustian pomp—the mighty nothing's told ;
 All "mere mouth-honour"—full of sound and show,
 Yet all Ventoso ever deigns to know.

DOMESTIC SCENES.

Oh ! sweet exchange of every pure delight,
 Which cheers the day, and gladdens every night ;

Where mutual looks express without a voice,
 The bliss which consecrates a mutual choice ;
 Where children run to clasp their happy sire,
 And form a listening group around his fire ;
 Where all combine to show from Nature's laws,
 The *Conversation-piece* which Nature draws.

GHOSTS.

A fact which argues powerfully against the reality of ghosts, is, that they are never seen by any one who disbelieves their existence, and that they never venture to appear, where preparations are made for receiving them with due respect. Spirits have lost the confidence which they formerly placed in the living, because, in general, their adventures terminate rather disagreeably ; since it has become the fashion to lie in wait for them with cudgels and pistols, and to spoil their nocturnal sport so effectually, that they take care not to play the same game a second time. It is fear, superstition, and a heated imagination that create spectres and all their train ; sober, scrutinizing reason finds nothing of the kind. He whose head is filled with superstitious notions—and nurses but too often introduce an abundant store of them into the infant mind—need but on retiring to rest, hang a white great coat on a peg, perch his hat on the top, and set his boots underneath, and when he wakes in the night, he will be sure to perceive by the faint light of the moon, the very figure—either of a friend whom he has recently lost, or of the late occupant of his chamber ; nay, he will not only see him, but on listening, he will even hear deep sighs burst from his labouring bosom. We give the following as a specimen :—

In the year 1704, a gentleman, to all appearance of large fortune, took furnished lodgings in a house in Soho Square. After he had resided there some weeks with his

establishment, he lost his brother, who had lived at Hampstead, and who, on his death-bed, particularly desired to be interred in the family vault at Westminster Abbey. The gentleman requested his landlord to permit him to bring the corpse of his brother to his lodgings, and to make arrangements there for the funeral. The landlord, without hesitation, signified his compliance.

The body, dressed in a white shroud, was accordingly brought in a very handsome coffin, and placed in the great dining-room. The funeral was to take place the next day, and the lodger and his servants went out to make the necessary preparations for the solemnity. He staid out late ; but this was no uncommon thing. The landlord and his family, conceiving that they had no occasion to wait for him, retired to bed as usual, about twelve o'clock. One maid-servant was left up to let him in, and to boil some water, which he desired might be ready for making tea on his return. The girl was sitting all alone in the kitchen, when a tall spectre-looking figure entered, and clapped itself down in a chair opposite to her.

The maid was by no means one of the most timid of her sex ; but she was terrified beyond expression, lonely as she was, at this unexpected apparition. Uttering a loud scream, she flew out like an arrow at a side door, and hurried to the chamber of her master and mistress. Scarcely had she awakened them, and communicated to the whole family some portion of the fright with which she was herself overwhelmed, when the spectre, enveloped in a shroud, and with a death-like paleness, made its appearance, and sat down in a chair in the bed-room, without their having observed how it entered. The worst of all was, that this chair stood by the door of the bed-chamber, so that not a creature could get away without passing close to the apparition, which rolled its glaring eyes so frightfully, and so hideously distorted its features, that they could not bear to look at it. The master and

mistress crept under the bed-clothes, covered with profuse perspiration, while the maid-servant sunk nearly insensible by the side of the bed.

At the same time the whole house seemed to be in an uproar; for though they had covered themselves over head and ears, they could still hear the incessant noise and clatter, which served to increase their terror.

At length all became perfectly still in the house. The landlord ventured to raise his head, and to steal a glance at the chair by the door; but, behold, the ghost was gone! Sober reason began to resume its power. The poor girl was brought to herself after a good deal of shaking. In a short time, they plucked up sufficient courage to quit the bed-room, and to commence an examination of the house, which they expected to find in great disorder—nor were their anticipations unfounded. The whole house had been stripped by artful thieves, and the gentleman had decamped without paying his lodging. It turned out that he was no other than an accomplice of the notorious Arthur Chambers, who was executed at Tyburn in 1706; and that the supposed corpse was this arch rogue himself, who had whitened his hands and face with chalk, and merely counterfeited death. About midnight he quitted the coffin, and appeared to the maid in the kitchen. When she flew up stairs, he softly followed her, and seated at the door of the chamber, he acted as a sentinel, so that his industrious accomplices were enabled to plunder the house without the least molestation.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a lady was banished the court, from a suspicion of being too familiar with a great lord in favour; she gave for her cognizance this elegant device: the Moon, covered by a cloud, with the following palindrome for a motto: "*Ablata at alba*—secluded, but pure.

SOLILOQUY.

Days of my youth! ye have glided away;
 Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and grey;
 Eyes of my youth! your keen sight is no more;
 Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrow'd all o'er;
 Strength of my youth! all your vigour is gone;
 Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions are flown!

Days of my youth! I wish not your recall;
 Hairs of my youth! I'm content you should fall;
 Eyes of my youth! ye much evil have seen;
 Cheeks of my youth! bath'd in tears have you been;
 Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray;
 Strength of my youth! why lament your decay?

Days of my age! ye will shortly be past;
 Pain of my age! but a while can you last;
 Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight;
 Eyes of my age! be religion your light;
 Thoughts of my age! dread not the cold sod;
 Hopes of my age, be ye fixt on your God!

An honest farmer, a few miles from Dumfries, was often found fault with by his wife for staying too late in town on the market nights. At last she set out with him one day herself, and in the evening forced him home rather sooner than he wished. Accordingly they mounted the old grey mare, he on the saddle, and she on a pad behind him. They rode on till they came to a small brook that crossed the road, when the mare put down her head to drink, and after being satisfied, again went on. "Now," said the gude wife, "if you would do like the mare: when she has enough, she stops of her own accord, and goes on; and cannot you do the same?"—"True, gude wife," said he, "but if there was another auld grey mare on the other side of the strand, and the one saying to the other, 'Here's t'ye, and here's t'ye,' there's no telling when they might part."

SIMILITUDES.

At a literary coterie, in which Mrs. Garrick and some other ladies were present, the entertainment of the evening was directed to the likening their friends to plants, and fruits, and flowers. Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith were of the party. The young lady who was most happy at resemblances, was pressed by Goldsmith for his ; and the lively girl likened him to the *passion-flower*,—

“Of all the painted garden, Flora’s pride !
Wrapp’d in a frumpish hood at eventide !”

The prompt allusion gained her great applause. Sterne she likened to the *sensitive plant*, that shrunk into itself with more than earthly feeling. “And now for Dr. Johnson’s, Miss, if you will favour us,” said Goldsmith. “May I take the liberty, Sir ?” said she, looking at the wise man. “Why not, dear ?” said Johnson, “certainly, by all means.” She seemed to stand in awe, as though it were profane to make the moralist the subject of her innocent playfulness. “We likened you, Sir, then, to an *aloe*,” and with a faltering voice added, “as a lofty plant, whose glorious head, raised towards Heaven, adorns creation but once in an hundred years !” Johnson was silent for awhile ; then, bowing to the ladies, gallantly said, “Ah ! shall we be forgiven for thus banishing the gentle sex from our lordly presence ? Ladies, we must henceforth learn to sacrifice at the altar of the Graces, and become men again, by emulating the nobler knights of old !”

Dr. Johnson was asked by the same young lady, for a translation of *noli me tangere*. “Why, my dear,” said the Doctor, pausing, “that is a sentence from the Holy Scripture, perhaps improperly applied to a plant. The saying of our Lord to Mary, his mother, in the garden,—‘I hope you read that book.’—“I do, Sir,” said the maiden, blushing at the question ; adding, with graceful modesty,

“and, I humbly trust, with reverence for its precepts.”
 —“Bless thee, dearest,” said the pious Doctor, taking her gently by the hand, “bless thee, my child, and may thy fair symbol be the spotless *lily*, clothed in purity, to blossom in eternity !”

OF THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF AERIAL NAVIGATION.

The idea of ærostation was first suggested by the natural ascent of smoke and clouds. Two brothers, Stephen and John Montgolfier, proprietors of an extensive paper manufactory in France, had turned their attention to this project as early as the year 1782. Their design was to form an artificial cloud, and by applying burning paper to an aperture at the bottom of a silk bag, the air was rarefied, and it rose to the height of about 170 feet. At the request and expense of the Academy of Sciences, one of the brothers constructed a large balloon at Paris, which, in a preliminary experiment, lifted up from the ground eight persons that held it, and who, without speedy assistance, would have risen in the world greatly against their will. Shortly after, he completed another, of superior dimensions, having a wicker cage containing a sheep, a cock, and a duck, which were carried to the height of 1440 feet, and descended without sustaining the slightest injury. Encouraged by this favourable result, M. Pilatre de Rozier first trusted himself to this fickle and faithless element, and after several ascents, undertook with M. Romain to cross the Channel to England. They rose from Boulogne, 15th July, 1784, but at the height of 1500 feet, the balloon took fire, and the unfortunate adventurers were dashed to pieces in the fall. Vincent Lunardi, an Italian, was the first who made an aerial voyage in Britain. He ascended in the same year from the Artillery

ground, London, in a balloon thirty-three feet in diameter, taking with him a dog and a cat ; the latter was destroyed by the intenseness of the cold, and the other was almost spent. Mr. Sadler, of Oxford, (the melancholy and untimely fate of whose son must be in the recollection of all) was the first Englishman who ventured to traverse the ærial regions ; he constructed a balloon himself, with which he ascended on the 4th October, and a second time on the 12th, and sailed fifteen miles in eighteen minutes. M. Blanchard took a trip from Lisle to a distance of 300 miles before he descended. He had also a parachute attached to his car ; with this he dropped a dog, which alighted gently and without injury. This appendage is only a large umbrella, that the æronaut fastens to his body, and with which he descends in perfect safety, when separated from the balloon. M. Garnerin was the first who attempted this arduous enterprize. On the 21st. Sept. 1802, he rose from Grosvenor Square, to the height of 8,000 feet, before he cut away the parachute to which he was suspended. His descent for the first thirty seconds was astonishingly rapid ; the parachute then expanded, and he came down steadily, and the velocity with which he reached the ground, was the same as if he had leaped from the height of four feet.—The rarefied air, or Montgolfier, balloon, being always in danger from the fire required to continue the inflation, has been superseded by the other kind, filled with inflammable air or gas, which, by reason of its smaller specific gravity, is safer and more manageable, and capable of performing voyages of greater length. If the person carried up wish to mount higher, he throws out ballast to lighten the machine ; if he wishes to descend, by opening a valve, a portion of the gas escapes, and he comes gradually to the ground. The car or boat, in which the æronaut sits, is suspended by a netting, which is thrown over the whole of the globe. The interstices of this covering are small

at the apex, against which part of the balloon the enclosed air exerts the greatest force, and encrease in size as they recede from that point. Notwithstanding the extraordinary nature of this invention, it has hitherto served rather to gratify curiosity, than to facilitate intercourse or extend our knowledge ; nor, till a power of direction is discovered, can it be applied to the purposes of travelling, nor is it likely to be productive of much public advantage. It has been employed by the French for reconnoitring in the army, and, in one engagement, the information thus obtained is said to have conduced to their success.

NIGHT-PIECE.

The following is a translation, by Pope, of a description which occurs in the eighth book of the Iliad ; it is, perhaps, the most beautiful Night-piece that can be found in poetry :

As when the Moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light ;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole :
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head ;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

A student at one of the Universities, being called upon for a definition of the Christian virtues, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*, made his replies in the following order :—

Quid est Fides ?—Quod non vides.
Quid Spes ?—Vana res.
Quid Charitas ?—Magna raritas.

PAN.

Pan was the first person who struck terror into an enemy's forces by the means of sagacity and stratagem. Some spies had informed Bacchus, who was stationed in the hollow of a wood, that an immense host of enemies were encamped against him. Bacchus was terrified, which Pan was not. In the night, he instructed the followers of Bacchus to set up a prodigious shout. The rocks reverberated the sound, and this being repeated from the hollow of the wood, made it appear to the enemy as produced by a vast multitude. Their adversaries fled in terror and confusion. From respect to this stratagem of Pan, Echo is represented as his beloved favourite, and the nocturnal terrors of armies (like the downfall of visionary speculations) are termed *Panics*.

 THE ORIGIN OF NAMES.

There is reason to believe, that from the surname may be drawn very probable conclusions, respecting not only the trade or profession of the family's founders, but also their bodily peculiarities, qualities, accomplishments, or defects, and the degree of respectability in which they were held; remarkable accidents which have happened to particular persons, are also frequently recorded in their surnames. Those resulting from personal description are probably much older than those from trades or professions; these not having been regularly exercised by particular persons, until nations were considerably advanced in civilization; for, before that period, every man was his own smith, carpenter, mason, &c.; and every man made his own clothes and shoes. But, from the earliest times, it was necessary to distinguish one man from another, which could only be done by pointing out personal qualities or

places of residence. For *John, the son of John or William*, would suit more than one ; but John Crookshanks, the son of John, could only suit a bandy-legged man ; and thus, Mr. Lightfoot, Mr. Golightly, Mr. Swift, Mr. Hopper, Mr. Ambler, and Mr. Jumper, drew their names from the bodily agility of the first bearers ; and Mr. Heavyside, Messieurs Saunter, Onslow, and Waddle, from the contrary quality. The Pains, Akinsides, Akinheads, Anguishes, and Headaches, owed their appellations to the dolorous sensations of their ancestors ; while the Wilds, the Sanguines, the Joys, the Merrys, and the Bucks, announce their descent from a set of happy, thoughtless sinners of the earliest ages.

Several respectable families seem to have originated with foundlings, and their names may possibly point out the places where they were exposed. Among these are Townsend, Lane, Street, Churchyard, Court, Stair, Barn, Stables, Grange, Orchard, &c. Bastards have not only their birth indicated by their surnames, but also the degree, rank or station of their parents ; thus Misson, Goodyson, Mollyson, Anson, Jennison, Bettison, and Nelson, were called after their mothers' names, those of their fathers being unknown. But Misson and Goodyson were visibly descendants of Miss and of Goody ; whereas Jenni-son, Nel-son, Bet-son, &c. were the descendants of dairy and milk-maids, or others in low stations. The like distinction may be traced in illegitimates, whose *fathers* were known. Masterson and Stewardson show the children of the master and steward, while Jackson, Thomson, and Wilson, were the offspring of hinds, servants, and labourers.

Surnames sometimes help us to guess at the place where the heads of particular families were born. Probably the name of Perry was given to some pleasant, brisk, Worcestershire lad, and that of Perkin to one of a like description born in one of the cyder counties.

It seems difficult to account for some extraordinary names ; many of them are probably corrupted from foreign ones : such as, Mr. Bomgarten, Mr. Higgenbottom, and divers others. The first is the German name for a tree-garden, that is, an orchard ; and the latter signifying in the same tongue (Eichen-baum) an oak-tree.

In process of time, when men began to attach themselves to particular callings, professions, and trades, they likewise began from them to apply the surnames of Smith, Butcher, Baker, &c. &c. in the manner still practised in large public-houses, where we may daily hear persons called by the additions of their offices, as John-Ostler ! Betty-Chambermaid ! Jenny-Cook ! Will-Drawer ! and Sam-Boots !

CURIOUS LAWS AND CUSTOMS RELATING TO BACHELORS IN ANCIENT DAYS.

Among the Spartans, bachelors were not treated with the same respect as other citizens. They were not allowed to be present at the exercises in which the girls engaged : the magistrates might also, in the midst of winter, command them to strip off their clothes, and go round the forum, singing sarcastic verses on themselves, in which they acknowledged, that their disobedience to the laws merited the chastisement they suffered. Amongst the Romans celibacy was greatly discouraged ; the censors frequently imposed a fine upon bachelors. By the laws of Lycurgus they were branded with infamy, excluded from all offices under the State, and even from the shows and public sports. At certain feasts they were forced to appear, to be exposed to the public derision, and led naked round the market-place. At one of their feasts, the women led them in this condition to the altars, where they obliged them to make an *amende honorable* to nature, accom-

panied with a number of blows, and lashes with a rod, at discretion. The *Papian-Popæan* law was enacted by the Consuls M. Papius Mutilus, and Q. Popæus Secundus. This law obliged all men to marry at a certain age; established great exemptions and privileges in favour of those that had children; and laid heavy fines on all, who, after a certain age, remained single. It was also called the Julian Law, because it had been published by the order of Augustus, who was of the Julian family. The severity of this law was mitigated by Tiberius. Halicarnassus mentions an old constitution, by which all persons of full age were obliged to marry. But the most arbitrary law was made under the reign of Augustus, by which bachelors were made incapable of legacies of inheritance by will, unless from their near relations. In England, taxes have been occasionally levied on bachelors. William III. imposed a tax on them of 12*l.* 10*s.* for a duke after 25 years of age, and 1*s.* for a common person. In modern days, mankind have been more lenient towards bachelors, who are now looked upon as necessary to administer to the wants of those of the marriage state, whose offspring sometimes press upon their comforts. And an old bachelor uncle is of great use in these times, especially when the adage of "Nunky pays all," is put in full play. The old proverbs say, that "marriage and hanging go by destiny." "Bachelors grin, but married men laugh till their hearts ache;" and "It's hard to wive and thrive both in a year."

Dr. Johnson being in company with a very talkative lady, of whom he appeared to take but little notice, she, in a pique, said to him: "Why, Doctor, I believe you are not very fond of the company of ladies."—"You are mistaken, madam," replied he, "I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their *silence*."

NATIONAL PREDILECTIONS.

There are several kinds of drinkers, each of which has his own taste ; and that every country has its peculiar beverage, we have evidence in the following old ballad :

The Russ loves brandy, Dutchmen beer,
 The Indian rum most mighty ;
 The Welchman sweet metheglin quaffs,
 The Irish aqua vitæ ;
 The French extol the Orleans' grape,
 The Spaniard tipples Sherry ;
 The English none of these escape,
 For they with all make merry.

LORD GIFFORD.

As every circumstance regarding the elevation of this much lamented and distinguished nobleman, cannot fail to be read with lively interest, we give the following account of that important law-suit which confirmed his fame, and in less than seven years after, raised him as the presiding judge of the highest tribunal of the realm, and a Peer of England. The cause was entitled *Mogg and Mogg*. There had been for several years a question of property law, under the consideration of Preston, the great conveyancer, (the former member for Ashburton,) filled with so many abstruse points, and altogether so difficult, that although aided by Hodgson, no dwarf either, they could scarcely make any thing of it. It was a question under a will, wherein almost all the varieties of tenure were involved ;—but the chief interests of the claimants resolved themselves into two ; one, that of a numerous family of brothers and sisters ; the other, some then remoter connexion of the testator. Equity, and the moral conviction of the intention of him who had made the will, was in favour of the brothers and sisters ; but

it was necessary to recur to the Court of Chancery to decree a division ; and thence it was sent to the King's Bench, in the shape of what is termed a case. Preston was to argue what was deemed the more important question ; while the other, after the law-list had been consulted, was sent to Gifford, for no other reason than that, like the solicitor in the cause, in sooth, he was a west-country man. It seemed to Preston a *legitimate* child, that he had long nursed and reared ; but to Gifford it came in a far different character. While Preston pocketed his splendid fee, Gifford numbered his *ones* ; and when he regarded the tag-end of his brief, and beheld a list of the hundred and more abstruse questions, to which the case by legal *abridgment* had been *reduced*, he absolutely turned pale ; but, screwing his courage to the sticking-place, he undertook it, brief as was the period allowed for preparation, while Preston could recount all the beauties of its difficulties with the rapture of a thorough-bred, flaw-finding conveyancer.

The day arrived. Preston rose to open ; his eye glistened with joy ; his lisp was even softer and sweeter than usual ; and, whilst his self-approving glance was cast around him, he stated, " that notwithstanding his life had been devoted to the peculiar study of the law of property, yet the present case had *almost* put his learning and practice to the test ; and he only hoped that he might be able to render it even intelligible to their lordships ; but if he viewed with some anxiety the peculiar difficulties of the question, his adversary (however respectable he might be in other branches of his profession,) peculiarly excited his commiseration ; and although advocating divers interests, he assured the learned gentleman, he would render him such assistance as he might claim, to comprehend the one and direct the other argument."

What did Gifford say to that ?—He was calm. His features neither expressed pride nor mortification ; he

listened in silence to the pitying and condescending terms of his antagonist, and without observation and remark. The day passed in hearing the arguments of Preston, and indeed it was a splendid exposition. When he concluded, Gifford was asked when he would be ready to answer. He modestly replied, that he had already given the case the best attention in his humble power, and was ready. A few days after, he rose; his speech was simple, clear, and concise. All the points raised by Preston were powerfully and learnedly met and answered, before he commenced his own construction, and the law, in his mind, applicable to the case. It was then that, as he went on, admiration increased. It was such a display as perhaps had never before been witnessed; the bench applied to him for information, (for it is not to be expected that even the judges, with the general legal learning required of them, should be masters of such a subject;) his elucidations were singularly erudite; and, when he had finished, a murmur of approbation circulated throughout the court: Lord Ellenborough, too, deviated so far from ordinary observances, as to pronounce an eulogium as elegant and honourable, as it was merited. From that hour, Gifford's fortune and fame were assured.

Did Preston say nothing?

He begged for time, and it was granted. A week was given, and at the expiration of it, he prefaced his observations by saying, "My Lords, for three days and three nights, I have not closed my eyes," and no one could refuse him belief; he was care-worn and humbled; and *peccavi* was written in forcible characters on his countenance. Instead of a tyro he had found a master.

MARRIED LIFE.

A great portion of the wretchedness which has often imbittered married life, has originated in the negligence

of trifles. Connubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly. It is a sensitive plant, which will not even bear the touch of unkindness : a delicate flower, which indifference will chill, and suspicion blast. It must be watered with showers of tender affection, expanded with the glow of attention, and guarded by the impregnable barrier of unshaken confidence. Thus matured, it blooms with fragrance in every season of life, and sweetens even the loneliest of declining years.

GRAY, AND HIS EXCELLENT MOTHER.

The mother of Gray, the Poet, to whom he was indebted for that education which elicited his brilliant talents, seems to have been a woman of most amiable character, and whose energy supplied to her child that deficiency which the improvidence of his other parent would have occasioned.

The following extract from a case submitted to Mrs. Gray to her lawyer, develops the disposition and habits of her husband in a light not the most favourable, while it awakens no common sympathy and respect for herself :

“That she hath been no charge to the said Philip, and during all the said time hath not only found herself in all manner of apparel, but also for her children, to the number of twelve, and most of the furniture of his house, and paying forty pounds a year for his shop ; almost providing every thing for her son whilst at Eton school, and now he is at Peter House, Cambridge.

“Notwithstanding which, almost ever since he hath been married, he hath used her in the most inhuman manner, by beating, kicking, punching, and with the most vile and abusive language ; that she hath been in the utmost fear and danger of her life, and hath been obliged this last year to quit his bed and lie with her sister. This

she was resolved to bear, if possible, not to leave her shop of trade, for the sake of her son, and to be able to assist in the maintenance of him at the University, since his father will not."

To the love and courage of this mother, Gray owed his life when a child ; she ventured, what few women are capable of, to open a vein with her own hand ; and thus removed the paroxysm arising from a fullness of blood, to which, it is said, all her other children had fallen victims. We need not wonder that Gray mentioned such a mother with a sigh.

THE GLANCE OF RECOGNITION.

Hours had flown and years had fled,
 Since I mark'd or since I met thee ;
 Time, that taught me " hope was dead,"
 Had not taught me to forget thee !
 Music's strain and memory's power
 Oft to fancy's eye recall'd thee ;
 In gloom or glee or pleasure's hour
 One image and one heart enthralld me !
 If I saw that flow'ret blown,
 Which thy bosom oft would bear,
 Soon 'twas pluck'd to deck my own,
 And *then*, who held dominion there ?
 If I heard that soothing strain,
 Which I had lov'd and thou had'st sung,
 Thy long lost notes across my brain,
 In fancy, all their magic flung.
 If I sought that lonely bower,
 Where thy wanderings oft would be—
 Train'd thy tree—or rear'd thy flower,
 Did it raise no thought of thee ?
 Yes ! and if that flow'ret droopeth,
 Chill'd by Autumn's touch severe ;
 If thy shrub, neglected, stoopeth,
 What's the cause ? *Thou art not here !*

We parted!—long, long days had roll'd,
 We met!—all, all save love, had perish'd;
 The "flattering tales, that Hope once told,"
 Had fled: still thou wert fondly cherish'd.

I saw thine eye—it met my own—
 It fleetly glanc'd and linger'd not;
 But in that hurried glance was shewn
 That I was still—still—unforgot.

Yes! yes! that glance so bright and brief
 Told more than volumes in its ray—
 It brighten'd joy—It banish'd grief—
 And wing'd each cankering care away!

And at that glance I read thy soul,
 And at that glance wak'd long hush'd feeling;
 The true heart's magnet to its pole
 Through storm and shine will still be stealing.

That momentary flash could shew
 Those eyes of luring light and love;
 Those dear dark locks, like shrubs thro' snow,
 Waving their winding wreaths above.

The flush that sweetly ting'd thy cheek,
 The smile that o'er thy lov'd lip flew,
 Far better told than words can speak,
 That I was dear—and thou wert true!

And thou art true, lov'd Lady, yet,
 And once more blest is my condition—
 But be it chang'd when I forget
 Thy glance of love and recognition!

ARCHERY.

In this island, Archery was greatly encouraged in former times, and many statutes were made for its regulation. The Artillery Company of London, though they have long disused the weapon, are the remains of the ancient fraternity of Bowmen or Archers. As to the time when shooting with the long bow first began amongst the En-

glish, there appears no certain account. Richard I. was killed by an arrow, in 1199 ; after this time, we read nothing of Archery, till that of Edward III., when an order was issued to the sheriffs of most of the English counties, to provide five hundred white bows, and five hundred bundles of arrows, for the then intended war against France. The famous battle of Cressy was fought four years afterwards, in which, it is stated, we had about two thousand archers, opposed to about the same number of French. In the fifth year of the reign of Edward IV., an act was passed, that every Englishman, and Irishman dwelling with Englishmen, should have an English bow of his own height, which is directed to be made of yew, wych, hazel, ash, or awburne, or any other reasonable tree, according to their power. The next chapter also directed, that butts should be made in every township, which the inhabitants were obliged to shoot at, every feast day, under the penalty of one halfpenny, when they should omit this exercise. During the reign of Henry VIII. several statutes were made for the promotion of Archery. An act of parliament, in Elizabeth's reign, regulated the price of bows. Charles I. is said to have been an Archer ; and, in the eighth year of his reign, he issued a commission, to prevent the fields near London being so enclosed as "to interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of shooting." So lately as the year 1753, targets were erected in the Finsbury fields, during the Easter and Whitsuntide holidays, when the best shooter was styled "Captain" for the ensuing year, and the second "Lieutenant." Edward VI., in his journal, says, that one hundred Archers of his guard shot, before him, two arrows each, and afterwards, all together ; and that they shot at an inch board, which some pierced quite through with the heads of their arrows, the board being well seasoned timber. The distance of the mark is not mentioned.

UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

On the trial of one of a gang of rioters, who had been charged with stealing a pistol, where there was no evidence to be adduced of the prisoner having been seen in the act of stealing, the following observation was emphatically made by the Counsel for the prosecution, in order to suppress any favourable supposition that might be suggested, as to the way in which the prisoner became possessed of the property in question :—" *Possession of stolen property is prima facie proof of guilt.* If it was long after the robbery, the presumption was not so strong; but, *if recently after it, the presumption of guilt was stronger.* But an innocent person could easily account for the possession of property that had been stolen; and nothing could be more easy for the prisoner, if he was innocent, than to account for the possession of the pistol."

To counterbalance this opinion, let the reader attend to the following anecdote :

"As I was travelling on the Home Circuit, last autumn," said the narrator, "with a brother barrister, we happened, between Tonbridge and Uckfield, to find a waggoner's great coat, which we took into our gig, with a view to leave it at a neighbouring public-house, to be returned to the owner. While conveying it along, the occurrence suggested to us, as professional men, the serious manner in which a similar incident might judicially affect a thoughtless, poor, pedestrian stranger. 'Suppose,' said my friend, 'that a person of that description had picked up such a coat, and been carrying it away: the loose morality, which allows a man to call his own whatever he may find, might lead the stranger, as it almost always leads the uninstructed vulgar, to congratulate himself on his good fortune. But, suppose that, without having had time to form any wrong resolution as to the disposal of the coat, he were met and accosted by its owner, and

questioned about the manner in which it came into his possession ; and suppose him embarrassed, or reluctant in satisfying the enquirer, as a man might very naturally have been in such a case, if the question had been hastily and harshly put. The owner's suspicions become awakened—he had lost his coat, and, from certain circumstances, might believe it had been stolen. He might swear, and safely swear, that he had placed it carefully in his waggon, and thence, erroneously, be led to charge the man who had it in his possession, with having obtained it unlawfully—What then would be the predicament of the unlucky finder ?

“With all our ingenuity, and notwithstanding we assumed the innocence of the suspected person, as to the crime of stealing, neither of us could make out, according to our own judgment, such a kind of defence as seemed likely to prevail upon a Jury to pronounce a favourable verdict.—The defence of having found the coat, would, we were aware, be reckoned nothing more than the usual stale, worn-out pretence. The finder might be convicted, with the concurrence of the Court, and without any doubt or any pity on the part of the audience ; because he would be found wanting in some of the indications that are regarded as the criterion of innocence. He would be found to be destitute of acquaintance in the country through which he had been tramping, and might prove to be not only friendless, but actually and miserably poor !”

To give this anecdote its due weight, all the addition necessary to make, is this small piece of information—that the learned Counsel who above asserted “that an innocent man could easily account for the possession of property, if recently acquired,” and the gentleman who originally related the anecdote, and frankly confessed the insuperable difficulty he experienced in vindicating his imaginary culprit—were *one and the same person* !

THE THREE STARS.

There are three cheering Stars of light,
 O'er life's dark path that shine,
 And these fair orbs, so pure and bright,
 Are Song, and Love, and Wine.

For oh ! the soul of Song hath power,
 To charm the feeling heart,
 To soothe the mourner's sternest hour,
 And bid his griefs depart.

And Wine can lend to Song its mirth,
 Can joys unwonted bring ;
 And paint this fair and lovely earth,
 In charms of deathless spring.

But thou, O Love, of all the throng,
 Art fairest seen to shine, —
 For thou canst soothe the soul like Song,
 And cheer the heart like Wine !

Then deign, fair orbs, to shed your ray
 Along my path of gloom,
 To guide me through life's lonely way,
 And shine upon my tomb !

For oh ! the song, the cup, the kiss,
 Can make the night divine ;
 Then blest is he who found the bliss
 Of Song, and Love, and Wine.

We never met with an anecdote more strikingly illustrative of the ruling passion, than the following simple one of Hearne the Antiquarian : “ O most gracious and merciful Lord God, wonderful in thy providence : I return all possible thanks to thee, for the care thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with most signal instances of thy providence, *and in one act yesterday, when I unexpectedly met three old manuscripts, for which, in a particular manner, I return my thanks.*”

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY'S DESCRIPTION OF A MILKMAID.

A fair and happy milkmaid is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all *face-physic* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her with her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying down in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with Chanticleer, her dame's

cock ; and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter ; for never came almond-glore, or aromatic ointment, on her palm, to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity ; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair ; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none ; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is *still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts and prayers, but short ones* ; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them ; only, a Friday's dream is all her superstition ; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

THE BLACKNESS OF NEGROES.

At a late Meeting of the Royal Society, Sir Everard Home communicated some interesting observations on the influence of the black substance in the skin of the negro, in preventing the scorching operation of the sun's

rays. He showed that by exposing the back of the hand, and other parts of the body, covered with thin white linen, to the direct influence of the sun's rays, they become irritated and inflamed ; small specks or freckles first appear, and these, on continued exposure, are followed by a vesicular separation of the cuticle ; the same happens when the surface is exposed. When, however, the part of the body thus exposed, is covered with a piece of thin crape, the temperature of such part, when exposed to the bright sunshine, exceeds that produced upon the bare skin, the scorching and blistering influence of the rays is entirely prevented. Thus the deleterious effect of the sun's rays is prevented by an artificial blackening of the skin ; and perspiration becomes more copious, as is especially remarked in the negro. The cause of the black colour of the negro has long appeared problematical to physiologists ; because black surfaces become much warmer by exposure to the sun than white, or those of a paler hue ; but it is evident, from the foregoing experiments, that the conversion of the radiant matter of the sun into sensible heat, by means of the black surface, tends to prevent the scorching effects, and to promote the cuticular secretion.

THE FIRST USE OF MAHOGANY.

As the mind of man is naturally curious in enquiring into the origin even of the smallest matters, some may be gratified by being informed, that the first use of mahogany in England was in a candle-box, as the following anecdote will show.

Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physican in the beginning of the last century, had a brother, a West India captain, who brought over some planks of this wood as ballast. As the Doctor was then building himself a house in King-street, Covent-garden, his brother thought they might be of service to him. But the carpenters finding the wood

too hard for their tools, it was laid aside for a time as useless. Soon after, Mrs. Gibbons wanting a candle-box, the Doctor called on his cabinet-maker, (Wollaston, in Long-Acre) to make him one of some wood that lay in his garden. Wollaston also complained that it was too hard. The Doctor said he must get stronger tools. The candle-box was made and approved ; insomuch, that the doctor then insisted on having a bureau made of the same wood, which was accordingly done ; and the fine colour, polish, &c. were so pleasing, that he invited all his friends to come and see it ; among whom was the Duchess of Buckingham. Her Grace begged some of the wood of Dr. Gibbons, and employed Wollaston to make her a bureau also ; on which the fame of mahogany and Mr. Wollaston was much raised, and things of this sort became general.

EFFECTS OF WINE.

Steele, speaking of the effects which were produced by wine upon his friend Addison, remarks : " When he is once arrived at his pint, and begins to look about and like his company, you admire a thousand things in him which before lay buried. Then you discern the brightness of his mind and the strength of his judgment, accompanied with the most graceful mirth. In a word, by its enlivening aid he is whatever is polite, instructive, and diverting. What makes him still more agreeable, is, that he tells a story, serious or comic, with as much delicacy of humour as Cervantes himself." The effects produced by wine upon different constitutions has been commented upon with considerable humour by Horace. One man weeps under the influence of the bottle, the miserable martyr of maudlin sensibility ; another becomes merry and loquacious ; a third grows noisy and quarrelsome ; and a fourth goes sottishly to sleep. It is a curious fact,

that when Addison and Steele dined in company with each other, such different results were produced from the same cause, that the former only began to be witty and facetious by the time the latter had absorbed wine enough to make him heavy and uncommunicative. One of the annotators on the *Tatler* goes so far as to assert that Addison shortened his existence by an immoderate use of Canary wines and Barbadoes water.

LOVE AND TIME.

We do not remember to have read a more pleasing combination of beautiful images and intelligible allegory, with a play of words, than are contained in the following elegant copy of verses imitated from a French poem :

Destined with restless foot to roam,
 Old Time, a venerable sage,
 Reaches a river's brink, and—" come,"
 He cries—" have pity on my age.
 What ! on these banks forgotten I,
 Who mark each moment with my glass !
 Hear, damsels, hear my suppliant cry,
 And courteously help Time to pass."

Disporting on the farther shore,
 Full many a gentle nymph look'd on ;
 And fain to speed his passage o'er,
 Bade Love, their boatman, fetch the crone :
 But one, of all the group most staid,
 Still warned her venturous mates—"Alas !
 How oft has shipwreck 'whelmed the maid,
 Whose pity would help Time to pass !"

Lightly his boat across the stream
 Love guides, his hoary freight receives,
 And fluttering 'mid the sunny gleam,
 His canvass to the breezes gives :
 And plying light his little oars—
 In treble now, and now in bass,
 "See, girls," the enraptured urchin roars,
 "How gaily Love makes Time to pass."

But soon—'tis Love's proverbial crime—
 Exhausted, he his oars let fall ;
 And soon these oars are snatched by Time,
 And—heard he not the tallier's call?—
 "What! tired so soon of thy sweet toil,
 Poor child! thou sleepest!—I, alas!
 In graver strain repeat the while
 My song—"Tis Time makes Love to pass!"

MR. WYNDHAM AND THE REPORTERS.

Mr. Wyndham took extraordinary pains with the preparation, delivery, and subsequent direction of his speeches ; and was very sore on the point of the reporters taking liberties with them. Some of his best speeches have been lost—that on the Scheldt expedition, for example. Owing to the reporters being offended by some censorious remarks of his, they put a blank after his name for a whole session. This treatment of theirs hurt him to the quick ; for no man, behind the scenes, courted their patronage more zealously. At his request, Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle* was spoken to, in order to have him again reported, without compromising his Parliamentary dignity by a retraction of his censures.—Mr. Perry could not persuade any of his establishment to "give in," but a gentleman from North Britain, who, to mend the matter, was not very remarkable for delicacy of hearing—the greater defect in Mr. Wyndham's case, as his voice was neither full nor sonorous. This gentleman said he would "take" Mr. Wyndham. The occasion was on the liberation of Mr. Gale Jones, of radical notoriety. Mr. Wyndham was against his liberation, chiefly on the ground of the inexpediency of the time at which it was demanded. The Scotchman's brother reporters, knowing his auditory failing, sat near him, to annoy him for his supposed want of independent spirit. The consequences were tremendous to Mr. Wyndham ;

the report was a tissue of absurdity and misrepresentation. We, at this moment, remember accurately but one specimen. "Would you," asked Mr. Wyndham, after alleging various causes of the inexpediency of the time, "on the vigil of the saint, liberate Barrabbas?" Thus rendered, "Would you stab him in the vitals like a saint, and send him to Barras?" The laughter in the house when Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Tierney complained of this wilful caricature, saved the printer the consequences.

BOTANY.

The following anecdote, as related by Ray, will prove how necessary it is for all classes of men to be in some measure acquainted with Botany. The counsellor who would be a judge, the student who would be a pleader, the juryman who would give an honest verdict, and the defendant who would gain his cause, will, in this instance, see the importance of botanical information.

Baal, who was a gardener at Brentford, in Middlesex, having cultivated a remarkably fine cabbage, sold a quantity of the seeds to several gardeners about the suburbs of London. They committed them to the ground after the usual manner; but instead of the sort Baal had made them believe would spring up, they proved to be chiefly the *brassica longifolia* instead of the *florida*. His incensed customers, in a body, instantly commenced in Westminster-Hall a prosecution against him. The unfortunate man being unable to prove his innocence before the judges, the court found him guilty of fraud; and he was condemned not only to restore the price given for the seeds, but likewise obliged to pay each gardener for the loss of time, and for the ground that had been uselessly occupied. His character and circumstances were consequently ruined; which impaired his health and caused him to pay an untimely debt to Nature.

Had the judges been at all apprised of the sexual hypothesis, or had this honest man known, from careful observation, the use of the farina in rendering the pistillum productive, Baal would not have been found guilty of a crime, but the accident would have been attributed to the true cause, namely, the fortuitous impregnation of the *brassica florida* by the farina of the *brassica longifolia* growing in the neighbourhood.

EMBALMING.

Diodorus Siculus informs us, that, among the Egyptians, (the inventors of this art) the person who performed this part of the act, fled as soon as he had discharged his office, and all who were present pursued him with stones, as one who had incurred the public malediction; for they regarded with horror every one who had offered any violence to a human body. But the ancient manner of embalming bodies, and of preserving them for many ages, is absolutely lost. Forty days were spent by the Egyptians in completing the operation, and the moderns have not been able to discover the ingredients of which their mummies were composed. What Herodotus relates of certain procedures in this art, has been proved impracticable in the memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions. In these latter days, however, dead bodies have been preserved for a considerable length of time. Brydone describes a convent of Capuchins near Palermo, in which there is a vast subterraneous apartment, divided into large commodious galleries, the walls on each side of which are hollowed into a variety of niches, as if intended for a great collection of statues; these niches, instead of statues, are all filled with dead bodies, set upright upon their legs, and fixed by the back to the inside of the niche: their number is about 300; they are all dressed in the clothes they usually wore, and form a most re-

spectable and venerable assembly. The skin and muscles, by a certain preparation, become as dry and as hard as a piece of stock-fish ; and although many of them have been here upwards of 250 years, yet none are reduced to skeletons.

Here the people of Palermo pay daily visits to their deceased friends, and recal with pleasure and regret the scenes of their past life ; here they familiarise themselves with their future state, and choose the company they would wish to keep in the other world. It is a common thing to make choice of their niche, and to try if their body fits it, that no alteration may be necessary after they are dead ; and sometimes, by way of a voluntary penance, they accustom themselves to stand for hours in these niches. A few years ago might be seen in the Protestant church of St. Thomas, at Strasburg, the bodies of two noble persons, a father and his daughter, which have been preserved upwards of 300 years ; they were habited in the dresses which they wore previous to their deaths, not a hair of an eye-brow was wanting ; the eyes were open, and they appeared to be still alive. The Minister of St. Thomas's stated, that the cases in which they were enclosed, were concealed during the period of the Revolution ; for as each of them has valuable rings on the fingers, they would, in all probability, have been destroyed.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

She was—

“ One of those forms which flit by us, when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face ;
And oh ! the loveliness at times we see
In momentary gliding—the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty, which agree
In many a nameless being we retrace,
Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall know,
Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below.”

A FATHER'S WISHES.

ADDRESSED BY-BISHOP CORBETT, APPOINTED TO THE SEE OF NORWICH,
IN 1632, TO HIS SON VINCENT, TWO YEARS OF AGE.

What I shall leave thee, none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well :—
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health :
Not too much wealth, nor wit, come to thee,
Too much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show ;
Enough for to instruct, and know ;
Not such as gentlemen require,
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at Court—
Not to build on, but to support ;
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy, nor contentious days :
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

HEALTHS.

This custom is as ancient as the time of the Greeks and Romans, who used at their meals to make libations, pour out, and even drink wine in honour of the Gods, as well as drinking to the healths of their benefactors and acquaintance. Besides which, the men of gallantry, (as we learn from Martial,) used to take off as many glasses to their respective mistresses as there were letters in the name of each. The *Tatler* (No. 24.) gives a curious account of the origin of the word "Toast," as used in the drinking of healths. It states that it had its rise from an accident at Bath, in the reign of Charles II. It happened that on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times

was in the Cross Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half-fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the *liquor* he would have the *toast*. He was opposed in his resolution ; yet this whim (says the paper in question) gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquor, who has ever since been called a Toast. There are writers, however, who dispute this origin of the term, and assign it (used in this sense) a much more ancient one—an opinion apparently corroborated in the following lines of Hudibras, which was published before the period alluded to :

“ Who would not rather suffer whipping,
Than swallow *toasts of bits of ribbin.*”

And indeed the Tatler's anecdote seems likelier to have been a *consequence*, than the *cause*, of this singular use of the word.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the winds of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads ; the flowers of the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands ; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us ; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us ; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our

energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs alike are left behind us ; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor ; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed ; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of his waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants ; and of our farther voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal !

METHODS OF IMPROVING HEALTH.

People in general suppose, that by extracting and insulating what they conceive to be the nutritious principle or principles of any given alimentary substance, they are able, with greater certainty and effect, to nourish the body of the sick and delicate ; thus we continually hear of strong beef-tea, pure arrow-root jelly, and the like, prepared with great care for such persons. But it will surprise many to hear, that a dog fed on the strongest beef-tea alone rapidly emaciates, and dies within a short period ; and that precisely the same consequences would ensue on confining the strongest man to the same food. It is also a fact, that a dog fed on fine white bread (usually considered by far the most nutritive kind of bread) and water, both at discretion, does not live beyond the 50th day ; and that a rabbit, or Guinea pig, fed on the best wheat alone, dies with all the symptoms of starvation, commonly within a fortnight, and sometimes much sooner : the same effects follow if they are fed on oats or barley singly. An ass, fed with rice boiled in water, does not survive above a fortnight. The reason of all this is, that diversity of aliment, and a certain bulk, are essential to nutrition ; and it teaches us, that we ought never to

confine any individual, especially if sick, to one or two sorts of concentrated food; and that we should not endeavour to combine too much nutriment in too small a space. When so given, it will, even in health, be followed by fermentation instead of digestion; as is proved by the fact, that pure arrow-root jelly, taken alone, or with the slightest addition of any other substance, almost invariably acidulates on the stomach, and fails to nourish. It follows, that strong soup, beef-tea, arrow-root, animal jellies, and such articles of diet, should at all times be taken with some other alimentary substance, and particularly with bread.

THE BAROMETER.

To the husbandman the barometer is of considerable use, by aiding and correcting his prognostication of the weather, drawn from local signs familiar to him; but its great use as a weather-glass seems to be to the mariner, who roams over the whole ocean, under skies and climes altogether new to him. The watchful captain of the present day, trusting to this extraordinary monitor, is often enabled to take in sail, and to make ready for the storm, where, in former times, the dreadful visitation would have fallen upon him unprepared. The marine barometer has not yet been in use for many years, and the author was one of a numerous crew who probably owed their preservation to its almost miraculous warning. It was in a southern latitude. The sun had just set with a placid appearance, after a beautiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the evening watch was proceeding, when the captain's orders came to prepare with haste for a storm. The barometer had begun to fall with appalling rapidity. As yet the old sailors had not perceived even a threatening in the sky, and they were surprised at the extent and hurry of the preparations; but the required measures were

not completed, when a more awful hurricane burst upon them, than the most experienced had ever braved. Nothing could withstand it; the sails, already furled and closely bound to the yards, were riven away in tatters; even the bare yards and masts were in a great part disabled; and at one time the whole rigging had nearly fallen by the board. Such, for a few hours, was the mingled roar of the hurricane above, of the waves around, and of the incessant peals of thunder, that no human voice could be heard; and, amidst the general consternation, even the trumpet sounded in vain. In that awful night, but for the little tube of mercury which had given the warning, neither the extraordinary strength of the noble ship, nor the skill and energies of the commander, would have saved one man to tell the tale. On the following morning the wind was again at rest, but the ship lay upon the yet heaving waves an unsightly wreck!

TRIAL BY JURY.

It is a very common, but erroneous, opinion, that Trial by Jury was first established in England by Alfred. The Saxon County Courts had what were called *Sectatores* and *Compurgators*, which in some respects were similar to a Jury, but their number was irregular and unlimited, consisting principally of the freemen, or as they were called, *suitors* of the County Court, Leet Court, or Court Baron. A jury, properly so called, was first known among the Scandinavians, and called *namba*. It fell into disuse among them, but was revived about A. D. 820, by Reignerus, surnamed Lodbrog. Rollo, when he invaded Normandy, introduced it into that dukedom. The first mention we find of a Jury in England, was in the reign of William the Conqueror, in a cause upon a question of land, when Gundolph, Bishop of Rochester, was a

party. The king had referred the cause to the County Court; that is, to the *sectatores*. But Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, who presided with the Sheriff, as was then the custom, being dissatisfied with the decision of the *sectatores*, directed they should choose twelve from among their number, according to the Norman custom, who should, on their *oaths*, declare their verdict. Glanville also says it was essential for jurors in his day to know (of their own individual knowledge) the merits of the dispute *before* they were on the Jury.

BEAUTY.

Beauty is defined by an eminent painter to be "a symmetry of limbs, accompanied with goodness of colour." It was this principle that governed the magic pencil of Apelles, when he delineated the "sea-born goddess," so lovely and inimitable, so full of grace and fascination! Lucian, who was an admirable judge of the subject, bestows high encomiums on Homer, for comparing Menelaus' naked arms to ivory gently dyed in purple; for such, according to his opinion, should be the colour of the whole body. Ausonius, the celebrated Roman poet, who loved so enthusiastically the beautiful daughter of the Emperor Valentinian, the incomparable Bissula, addresses a painter whom he employed to draw her portrait: "Go, then, artist, and confound red roses with many lilies, and what reflection the air takes from them, let that be the colour of her face." Petrarch, in describing Laura, represented the lily and the rose blooming on her cheeks, and that, when she smiled, she displayed "a brilliant row of pearls, set in orbs of coral." Lord Byron thought that beauty never appeared so lovely, "as when, like an April flower, it was bathed in tears." But the finest features, even if arranged with the most harmonious symmetry,

and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated with a glowing expression, before they can strike the passions, or enchain the admiration of love. To invest beauty with the power of conquest, it is necessary, as the noblest of poets observed, that there should be

“Heart on the lips, and soul within the eyes.”

Among the most peculiar and attracting graces of a beautiful face, the dimple has always borne away the palm of pre-eminence, and the reason is evident ; dimples illuminate the countenance with the light of smiles, which reflect, as a mirror, the sensibility of passion and sweetness of temper that connect beauty with sentiment, and express a winning charm, which is not the characteristic of any other particular set of features, but is, perhaps, possible to all.

The thought in the last stanza of the following description of a youthful beauty, is singularly delicate and poetical :

He saw a face which once had moved his heart,
A countenance so beautiful, so bland,
So unpolluted by the skill of art,
It seemed just given from the Creator's hand ;
Sent down the homage of the world to claim,
And represent the Heaven from which it came.

Her arching eye-brows owned no pencil's aid,
Her face no delicately softened streak,
Save that which He who the first roses made,
And tinted, had conducted to her cheek.
O, how unlike the hues by folly spread,
Where ghastly white relieves the staring red !

Not yet matured, the charms which were her own,
Yet ne'er to be surpassed in life's full flood :
Magnificent, I grant, the flower when blown,
But exquisitely beautiful the bud !
I love the blossom ; and, with sorrow mute,
Behold it fade, though fading into fruit.

THE PROGRESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

What is this mystery of human life?—

In rude or civilized society,
Alike—a pilgrim's progress through this world
To that which is to come, by the same stages ;
With infinite diversity of fortune
To each distinct adventurer by the way !

Life is the transmigration of a soul
Through various bodies, various states of being ;
New manners, passions, tastes, pursuits in each ;
In nothing, save in *consciousness*, the same.
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are always moving onward, always losing
Themselves in one another, lost at length,
Like undulations on the strand of death.

The Sage of three-score years and ten looks back,—
With many a pang of lingering tenderness,
And many a shuddering conscience-fit—on what
He hath been, is not, cannot be again ;
Nor trembles less with fear and hope, to think
What he is now, but cannot long continue,—
And what he must be through uncounted ages !

The Child ;—we know no more of happy childhood,
Than happy childhood knows of wretched age ;
And all our dreams of its felicity
Are incoherent as its own crude visions :
We but begin to live from that fine point
Which memory dwells on, with the morning star,
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing,
Or the first daisy that we ever pluck'd,
When thoughts themselves were stars, and birds, and flowers,
Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild perfume.

The Boy, the Girl ; when all was joy, hope, promise ;
Yet who would be a boy, a girl again,
To bear the yoke, to long for liberty,
And dream of what will never come to pass ?

The Youth, the Maiden ;—living but for love ;
Yet learning soon that life hath other cares,
And joys less rapturous, but more enduring.

The Woman ;—in her offspring multiplied ;
A tree of life, whose glory is her branches ;

Beneath whose shadow, she—both root and stem—
 Delights to dwell in meek obscurity,
 That they may be the pleasure of beholders.

 The Man ;—as father of a progeny,
 Whose birth requires his death to make them room,
 Yet in whose lives he feels his resurrection,
 And grows immortal in his children's children.

 Then the gray Elder ;—leaning on his staff,
 And bow'd beneath a weight of years, that steal
 Upon him with the secrecy of sleep,
 Till he forget sensation, and lies down
 Dead in the lap of his primeval mother ;
 She throws a shroud of turf and flowers around him,
 Then calls the worms, and bids them do their office :
 “ Man giveth up the ghost,—and where is he ? ”

THE FOLLOWING DOMESTIC INCIDENT BEFEL SIR J. MACKINTOSH ABOUT 1802.

He travelled the Norfolk circuit at that time, and had left his wife near her accouchement. But that accouchement produced a most portentous augmentation of his domestic bliss, or rather his domestic inquietudes. It was as important an omen to his fortunes, which at that time were not prosperous, as the litter of the sow of imperial augury, “*triginta circum ubera matos*” was to the future fortunes of Rome. He was anxiously looking for letters at Bedford. At Huntingdon he received one, congratulating him on the birth of a fine boy. The next circuit-town is Cambridge ; there he found another despatch at the post-office, announcing the birth of a second : it was with a grave smile that he received the congratulations of the circuit-table, upon the coming of another Marcellus. But he had scarcely arrived at Bury, when a third boy was announced to him by letter. The letters had indeed been written after the birth of each of this extraordinary progeny ; but the first only was in time for the post ; the

second and third were written after the respective births they related, but, by some fatality, were not forwarded by one post. This monstrous fit of parturiency was enough to sadden any man's visage, but he bore it with great philosophy; nor did George Wilson, the amiable and respectable leader of the Norfolk circuit, in the slightest manner discompose him, when, in sly allusion to his Lectures on the laws of Nature and Nations, he proposed, with great gravity, the health of Mrs. Mackintosh and her three sons, Grotius, Puffendorff, and Vattel.

AN ECONOMICAL SPORTSMAN.

Mr. Osbaldeston was the youngest son of a gentleman of good family but small fortune in the North of England, who having imprudently married one of his father's servants, was turned out of doors with no other fortune than a favourite hound, big with pup, whose offspring proved a source of both profit and amusement to him. This Mr. Osbaldeston went to London, where he officiated as an attorney's clerk; and in spite of popular prejudices against the profession, he is said to have been an honest man. This honest limb of the law, had at least half a dozen children by his wife, whom, with as many couples of hounds, and a brace of hunters, he maintained—out of what? To support himself, a wife, six children, twelve dogs, and two horses, he had no more than *sixty pounds* per annum, and, if possible to increase the miracle, he did this in London for many years, paying every body their own, and keeping a tight coat for Sundays and holydays. But, to explain this seeming paradox, after the expiration of the time which Mr. Osbaldeston owed his master, he acted as an accountant for the butchers in Clare Market, who paid him in offal; the choicest mor-

sels of this he selected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds ; his horses were lodged in his cellar, and fed with grains which he had from a neighbouring brewhouse, and on damaged corn with which he was supplied by a corn-chandler whose books he kept. Once or twice a-week he hunted during the season, and by giving a hare now and then to the farmers over whose ground he sported, he secured their good-will and permission ; besides which, several gentlemen, struck with his extraordinary economy, winked at his going over their manors with his moderate pack. Accident, however, removed this uncommon character to Lewes, in Sussex, where on the same stipend, he maintained the same family. "Curiosity," says a gentleman who paid him a visit there, "led me to visit this extraordinary party : about their dinner-time, the two-legged part of it were clean, though not superfluously clothed, and seemed to live like brothers with the surrounding animals ; it looked, in short, like the 'golden age.' Mr. Osbaldeston seemed and acted like the father of the quadrupeds as well as of the bipeds, and as such decided with the utmost impartiality ; for Master Jackey having taken a bone from Jowler, he commanded instant restitution, and, on the other hand, Doxey having snatched a piece of liver from Miss Dorothea, was obliged on the spot to restore it to the young lady." The family afterwards removed to Croydon, Surrey. His residence at Croydon was in Pound Street, next to the chapel, where he still continued to keep his hounds in his garret, and to hunt with them as before. He had a small stable for his two horses, which he used to drive in a phaeton. He continued in this situation till he died. He is well remembered by several persons now living in Croydon, for his singularity. Before his death, he was much reduced, and, it is said, was entirely supported by his charitable friends.

JUDGE JEFFERYS.

When this arbitrary judge was not under state influence, he seemed to have a sense of the natural or civil rights of men, and an inclination to protect them. The Mayor, Aldermen, and Justices of Bristol had been used to transport convicts to the American plantations, and to sell them by way of trade—and finding the commodity turn to good account, they contrived a method to make it more plentiful. The legal convicts were but few, and the exportation was considerable. When, therefore, any petty rogues and pilferers were brought before them in a judicial capacity, they were sure to be terribly threatened with hanging; and some very diligent officers were always in attendance, who advised the ignorant, intimidated creatures to pray for transportation, as the only way to save them; in general, by some means or other, the advice was followed. Then, without any other form, each Alderman took one in his turn, and sold him for his own benefit; and sometimes warm disputes arose among them about the next turn. This trade had been carried on unnoticed for several years, when it came to the knowledge of Lord Chief Justice Jefferys, who, finding upon enquiry, that the Mayor was equally involved in the guilt of this cruel practice with the rest of his brethren, he made him descend from the bench where he was sitting, and stand at the bar in his scarlet and furs, and plead as a common criminal. He then took securities from them to answer informations: but the amnesty after the Revolution stopped the proceedings.

The foregoing is a proof of an observation no less common than true, that no character is completely consistent—the best being not entirely free from vice, nor the worst wholly destitute of virtue.

ABELARD AND ELOISA.

The common story of Abelard being employed as a tutor to Eloisa, and his being punished as soon as her uncle knew of her dishonour, is exceedingly remote from the truth. It is well known that Abelard was a person of the very highest eminence in philosophy and all the literature of the age ; that he became enamoured of Eloisa, and tempted the avarice of the old Canon, Hubert, with whom she lived, by offering him a large board on condition of his taking him into the house ; that the Canon added to the bargain the farther obligation of instructing his niece ; and that upon her proving with child, they both made their escape ; she lying-in at his sister's, and he soon after returning, apparently without any loss of respect, to prosecute his studies, and continue his school of philosophy.

The date of her delivery is fixed by a modern author, in the year 1118, when she was eighteen, and he thirty-eight. Abelard soon found means to appease Hubert, by promising marriage ; but Eloisa (as we know from one of those exquisite letters which Pope has imitated,) in a fit of romantic attachment, refused to be any thing more (or less) than his mistress,—and would not listen to a project, which, according to the customs of the age, would have put an end to the principal occupation of his life. A secret marriage was then agreed upon, to satisfy the uncle, with whom she continued to reside ; while the lover pursued his ordinary occupations, seeing her very seldom. At length, some worthy nuns began to gossip, and to complain of the reverend Canon's complaisance. He assured them of the marriage, which the lovers denied ; and this produced a quarrel with Hubert, and a second elopement of his niece. The author above alluded to, judiciously suggests, that the extreme unwillingness of Abelard to terminate all their difficulties by a

public marriage, and his suffering Eloisa to sacrifice herself for his advantage, may show, that (as not unfrequently happens in such attachments) there was more love on her side than on his. The catastrophe followed in all probability soon after the second elopement ; and five persons were engaged in it ; besides Hubert, and a treacherous servant of Abelard's. Of these, only one and the servant were taken ; they suffered by the *lex talionis*, and had their eyes put out besides ; and Hubert's goods were confiscated to the Church.

Abelard, resolving now to retire from the world, made his unfortunate mistress do the same ; though she seems not to have finally made up her mind for two years. She took the veil in 1122, at Argenteuil, after the usual novitiate of a year ; and he soon after professed at St. Denis. Being of a turbulent, austere, and even quarrelsome disposition, he could not remain long in this fraternity, but retired to a wild forest, near Nagent-sur-Seine, where he founded the Paraclete, some time between 1128 and 1130. Although at first he had only a hog-house for a chapel, and a few miserable huts for habitations, his great fame attracted scholars, who flocked round him, and led the lives of hermits, to receive his instructions. In this situation, he was chosen Abbot of St. Gildas de Ruyr, whither he immediately repaired. Meantime Eloisa's convent was dissolved, by the appropriation of its lands to another house ; and Abelard invited her to become Abbess of the Paraclete, where she established herself with some other refugees, among whom were two nieces of his. At St. Gildas, to which he returned as soon as he had put Eloisa in possession of the Paraclete, he, as usual, quarrelled with his monks : his misfortunes, indeed, seem to have soured his temper, naturally irritable. Peter of Cluni afforded him a retreat ; and he died in that monastery, of a cutaneous disease, in April, 1142, at the age of sixty-three. Eloisa survived him twenty years,

and died at the same age. Their only child, who, from his extraordinary beauty, was named Astrolabe, took orders, obtained a Canonry through the interest of the good Abbot of Cluni, and survived his father, but has left no further traces of himself in history. Some of Eloisa's letters speak of her anxiety for his advancement in the Church, with her characteristic earnestness and warmth of affection.

The remains of Abelard were transported to the Paraclete by Eloisa's desire, and she was herself buried in the same coffin. The bodies were afterwards separated, but in 1779 they were again united; and on opening the coffins, it was observed that Abelard's bones were reduced to dust, except the skull, which was of an extraordinary thickness; that Eloisa's were much better preserved; that her skull was also peculiarly thick, and the teeth of a beautiful whiteness. These remains were, during the Revolution, carried to Paris, and were, till lately, in the Museum of Ancient Monuments; but the piety of the restored Government has consigned them to a more consecrated place, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

Perhaps the longest period of widowhood on record, is that of Lady Margaret Hay, relict of Robert, third Earl of Roxburgh, who was drowned in the Gloucester frigate, coming down to Scotland with the Duke of York, in 1682. This lady died in the year 1753, after having survived her husband, without any second nuptials, no less than seventy-one years. She was twenty-five years of age at the time of the Earl's death, and lived to the advanced age of ninety-six. Had she lived two years more, she would have seen her great grandson, John, the celebrated bibliomanist, in possession of the title, being the fourth in succession from her husband.

THE FEELING HEART.

Addressed to a Friend, who asked the Author, "Which is the best boon from Heaven?"

You ask me—"Which, beneath the sun,
Is the best boon that heaven bestows?"
The task, my friend, is quickly done—

THE HEART THAT FEELS FOR OTHER'S WOES !

When want and dire disease surround,
And misery points her keenest dart,
Say, if on earth a bliss is found,
That can surpass a **FEELING HEART**.

Does gaudy pride, that rolls in state,
And nightly lulls in luxury's lap,
E'er turn aside the dart of fate,
From worth, oft prone to sad mishap ?

When by the hand of ruthless war,
The widow and the orphan smart,
The greatest bliss they find by far,
Is dealt them from a **FEELING HEART**.

And need I point the stranger's home,
Where many every day repair ;
And each, no more is deem'd to roam
The hapless victim of despair.

Go on, my friend, pursue thy plan,
And act a more than human part,
While all shall venerate the man,
Whose breast contains a **FEELING HEART**.

LANGUAGE.

It has frequently been observed that the mother-tongue is always spoken with more ease and elegance by people of fashion than by the literati. The former have, also, the additional advantage of writing exactly as they would converse ; but the scientific man, the finest scholar, unless he be a man of the world, and in constant habit of associating with the more highly refined circles, must ever

display the pedant : let him be ever so correct, he is more than occasionally destitute of taste, and unqualified, of course, to soothe the ear and please the fancy of his hearers. Letters may be written with strict adherence to grammar ; but the zest may be wanted. Compare, for instance, Addison and Cowper to Dr. Johnson. Racine, too, among the French, bears no comparison with the letters of the Marquis de Sevigné. The best familiar letters we know of are those of Cicero ; but Tully was not an orator ; he held high situations in the state, and frequented the company of the most accomplished persons. Never could Horace have had his delightful productions handed down to our admiring posterity, if, instead of being in intimacy with, and not unfrequently a guest of, Mæcenas, he had occupied some attic story in the streets of ancient Rome, or had been a pensioner to some bookseller of his day.

One of the most peculiar circumstances relating to language, is the mutation of the sense of words in different ages, so that the same word to which a good meaning was formerly affixed, may now have a signification directly opposite. This happens so universally, that perhaps no language, whether ancient or modern, has been exempted from it ; but the change proceeds so slowly and insensibly, that the life of one man is not sufficient to afford him an opportunity of perceiving it. With respect to our own language, if we look into those authors who flourished two centuries ago, numerous instances will occur : reading the following passage in Turberville's second Eclogue, a gentleman who was educated at Oxford, and wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, led to this observation :—

“ Among the rest of all the route,
 A passing proper lass,
 A white-hair'd *trull* of twenty years
 Or neere about there was.

" In stature passing all the rest,
 A gallant girl for hewe,
 To be compar'd to townish nimphe
 So faire she was to viewe;
 " Her forehead cloth with gold was purl'd
 A little here and there,
 With copper clasp about her neck
 A kerchief did she weare,
 " That reached to her breast and paps;
 The **WENCH** about her wast
 A gallant gandy ribande had
 That girt her body fast."

Here we find the poet, in describing an innocent country beauty, does not scruple to call her a *TRULL*, which now signifies a strumpet. In the same manner, Turberville puts wench for a young woman, which is now rarely used but by way of contempt, and seems to be threatened with the same fate as *trull*.

THE AMAZONS.

The attention of the learned has been for a long time fixed upon the existence of the Amazons; and the following result, deduced from the profound researches and extended investigations to which the subject has given rise, appears interesting and probable, and accords with the general tenor of history. An army of Sauromates having traversed Caucasus and Colchis, penetrated into the lesser Asia, and established themselves on the banks of the river Thermodon; content with finding a plain which recalled to their minds the recollection of their country, and feeling, as the Greeks under Xenophon subsequently felt, apprehensive of not being able to pass the large rivers—such as, the Halys, the Parthenius, and the Sangarius—these Normades lived in the plain of Themiscyra, upon the produce of their flock, and the booty which they acquired by pillaging their neighbours. In

Scythia the women accompanied their husbands to war, and to the chase ; and were skilful in horsemanship and the use of the bow ; here they guarded the shore. Some Greek sailors having met, fought with, and being conquered by them, reported these coasts to be entirely inhabited by women, who put every man that came amongst them to death ; and from hence arose the fables so prevalent in Greece. But that these pretended heroines at first took arms to avenge the death of their husbands, then to defend themselves, and at last to subjugate their neighbours ; that they had attempted an expedition against Athens ; and that their queen Thalestris had gone herself, or sent ambassadors to the camp of Alexander, is what, in defiance of the authority of many poets, philosophers, and historians of antiquity, we are no longer permitted to believe. We may remember the expression of Lysimachus, when Onerycritus read to him the history of Thalestris, with which he had embellished his work upon the exploits of Alexander—" Oh ! where was I at that time ?" said Lysimachus to him smiling. It is worthy of remark, that the names of Menalippe, Hippolyte, &c. given to these Sauromatides, these Amazons, are all Greek names ; although it is manifest, that these women must have borne barbarian names, and derived from the language which they spoke.

No man can tell, but he who loves his children, how many delicious accents make a parent's heart dance in the pretty conversations of those dear pledges:—their childishness, their stammerings, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many emanations of joy and comfort, to him that delights in their persons and society.

AN OLD STORY WELL TOLD.

We had lately the pleasure of passing a very agreeable evening in a mixed company of both sexes, where the conversation happening to turn upon the propriety of that power which men usually arrogate to themselves of ruling over their wives with despotic sway ; a young lady of wit and humour, then present, replied, “ it might possibly be so sometimes, but much oftener *the gray mare was the better horse* ;” and very obligingly entertained the company with the following account of the rise of that proverbial saying, which is made use of when a woman governs her husband.

A gentleman of a certain county in England, having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and with many other charms, yet finding in a very short time, that she was of a high, domineering spirit, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly, he went to her father, and told him, he found his daughter of such a temper, and was so heartily tired of her, that if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune. The old gentleman having enquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him, “ why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the marriage state ?”—The young gentleman desired to be excused, if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled ; and as most certainly no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife.—“ Son,” said the old man, “ you are but little acquainted with the ways of the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands,

though not all indeed by the same method ; however, to end disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable ; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing one hundred eggs ; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict enquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you find your eggs gone before your horses—I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune.

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected ; our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness, to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife. At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door ; here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further enquiry ; at the next he met with something of the same kind ; and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone ; when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county ; he knocked at the door, and enquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but, if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlour. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said, if his business was very urgent, she would wake her spouse to let him know it, but had much rather not disturb him. “ Why, really, madam,” said he, “ my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me : you will doubtless think it odd, and it may be deemed unpolite for any one,

much more a stranger, to ask such a question ; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, to desire to be informed, whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you ?"—“ Indeed, Sir,” replied the lady, “ this question is somewhat odd ; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say, that I have been always proud to obey my husband in all things ; but if a woman’s own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes.” The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favour ; upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most ; but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle ; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be most useful to them ; but madam still persisted in her claim to the gray mare. “ What,” said she, “ and will you not take her then ? But I say you shall ; *for I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse.*”—“ Well, my dear,” replied the husband, “ if it must be so ”—“ You must take an egg,” replied the gentleman carrier, “ and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live happy with my wife.”

PHILOSOPHICAL EPIGRAM.

Says the Earth to the Moon, “ You’re a pilfering jade ;
 What you steal from the Sun is beyond all belief ! ”
 Fair Cynthia replies, “ Madam Earth, hold your prate ;
 The receiver is always as bad as the thief.”

ESTEEM.

Of all the sentiments that we are capable of inspiring, that of Esteem is the most flattering. The following anecdote is strikingly illustrative of this truth.

A few days before that famous battle which decided the fate of Persia, and placed a new master on its throne, Alexander very imprudently bathed in a river, and was suddenly seized with dreadful shiverings; he fainted away, and seemed to be on the point of death. The attentive cares of his domestics soon restored him from the fit, but yet his life was considered in considerable danger. Philip, his physician, proposed to administer a potion to him that was calculated to restore him to health, and to place him again in a situation that he might pursue his conquests. Just at the moment he was about taking the draught, he had a letter put into his hands, written by his favourite Parmenio, which warned him to beware, for the potion was poisoned; that Darius had gained over Philip by presents and promises of honours, and that he had basely put poison into the medicine. Alexander, without betraying the slightest emotion, desired that his physician should be commanded into his presence. As soon as he appeared, he took the cup in one hand, and with the other gave him the letter; he then raised the chalice to his lips, and swallowed its contents. The reading of Parmenio's letter produced no other effect on Philip, than showing a thorough contempt for his accusers; and the sudden cure of Alexander was a convincing proof of the physician's fidelity. This sublime action of the conqueror of the world is one of the most memorable proofs of esteem which history has recorded. His confidence had no bounds; the knowledge of his physician's virtue annihilated distrust; he sacrificed every idea of suspicion, and abandoned the care of his life, and his glory—still more dear than existence—to his faithful Philip.

IT WAS NOT FOR THE DIAMOND RING.

It was not for the diamond ring upon your lily hand,—
 It was not for your noble name,—it was not for your land,
 I saw no gem, no lordly name, no broad domain with thee,
 The day you stole my trusting heart and peace of mind from me.

You came—I knew not whence you came—we met—'twas in the
 dance—

There was honey in each word of yours, and glamour in each
 glance ;

Though many were around me then, I nothing saw but him,
 Before whose brow of starry sheen fresh-fallen snow were dim.

You're gone !—it was a weary night we parted at the burn ;
 You swore by all the stars above, that you should soon return ;
 That you would soon return, light love ! and I your bride should
 be,—

But backward will the burnie roll, ere you come back to me !

They say, that soon a smiling dame, of lineage like to thine,
 Will take thee by the fickle hand thy falsehood placed in mine ;
 The music and the rose-red wine to greet her will appear—
 For wedding-song, a sigh I'll heave—for bridal pledge, a tear.

O would that thou had'st passed me by, in coldness or in pride !
 Nor wrought this deadly wrong to her, who on thy truth relied :
 The hunter's to the greenwood gone, his spear is in its rest,
 But he'll not wound the trusting dove that shelters in his breast.

STRONG FRIENDSHIPS NOT ALWAYS PRODUCED BY KINDRED MINDS.

It is not less true that there are minds, some of the
 strongest attachments of which may be ultimately referred,
 not to original identity, but to original diversity of opin-
 ions, if not of character. Perhaps not a few of the attach-
 ments which arise between persons of the different sexes,
 may, in one point of view, be considered as falling under
 this principle more than any other ; but there can at least
 be no doubt that it has its share in almost all of them.
 And it is quite the same in attachments of a less passion-

ate description. The chief friend of the hard-hearted, indomitable Luther, was the mild and gentle Melancthon, who must necessarily have regarded almost every subject in a way totally unlike his. The divine Plato was not so great a favourite with Socrates, as his fellow-disciple, the brilliant, headstrong Alcibiades. Charles V. preferred Peloux to Alva; and Samuel Johnson liked James Boswell better than Edmund Burke. Queen Elizabeth's favourites were not the Raleighs, but the Essexes; and her fairer rival was not ruined for a Surrey, but for a Darnley. Madame de Stael married Rocco, not Schlegel. The friendships of such men as Swift and Gay, and Rousseau and Hume, must evidently have originated, in like manner, from circumstances of difference rather than of similarity in feeling and character; and above all, in opinion. But, indeed, Homer, the great master of human nature, has sketched his Achilles and Patroclus quite upon this principle.

PALEY AND PROSODY.

Though Dr. Paley was not favoured with the patronage of the Crown, his distinguished merits were duly appreciated, and liberally remunerated, by his ecclesiastical superiors. After the publication of his incomparable work on the Evidences of the Christian Religion, he was presented by the Bishop of Durham to the living of Bishop Wearmouth, of the value of £1500 per annum. Soon after the presentation, Dr. Paley thought it proper to take *ad eundem* his Doctor's degree in Divinity at Oxford. In the thesis which he delivered upon that occasion, having occasion to make use of the word *profūgus*, he pronounced it *profūgus*, with the penult syllable long, instead of short. This little slip in so eminent a man, afforded a considerable degree of amusement to the young Oxonians, who have

never been accused of rating below its value a knowledge of prosody; and, next morning, the following placard appeared over the door of the house where the Doctor lodged :

“ *Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit Littora.
Errat Virgilius : forte profugus erat !*”

UNNOTICED COINCIDENCE.

It is well known that Dryden, the poet, indulged in the speculations of judicial astrology. An account is preserved of his having calculated the nativity of his son Charles, and named three periods of his life as pregnant with danger ; at eight, twenty-three, and thirty-three. The following details on the subject are curious : they are not, we believe, to be found in the common lives of Dryden.

“ Before we give an account of the Dramatic Works of Dryden, it will be proper here to insert a story concerning him, from the life of Congreve, by Charles Wilson, Esq. which that gentleman received from the lady whom Mr. Dryden celebrates by the name of *Corinna*, of whom it appears he was very fond, and who had the relation from Lady Chudleigh. Dryden, with all his understanding, was weak enough to be fond of judicial Astrology, and used to calculate the nativity of his children. When his lady was in labour with his son Charles, he being told it was decent to withdraw, laid his watch on the table, begging one of the ladies then present, in a most solemn manner, to take exact notice of the very minute the child was born, which she did, and acquainted him with it. About a week after, when his lady was pretty well recovered, Mr. Dryden took occasion to tell her that he had been calculating the child's nativity, and observed, with grief, that he was born in an evil hour, for Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun, were all under the earth, and the lord of his ascendant

afflicted with a hateful square of Mars and Saturn. 'If he lives to arrive at his eighth year,' said he, 'he will go near to die a violent death on his very birth-day; but if he should escape, as I see but small hopes,—he will, in his twenty-third year, be under the very same evil direction; and if he should escape that also, the thirty-third or thirty-fourth year, is, I fear, ——' Here he was interrupted by the immoderate grief of his lady, who could no longer hear calamity prophesied to befall her son. The time at length came, and August was the inauspicious month in which young Dryden was to enter into the eighth year of his age. The Court being in progress, and Mr. Dryden at leisure, he was invited to the country-seat of the Earl of Berkshire, his brother-in-law, to keep the long vacation with him at Charlton, in Wilts; his lady was invited to her uncle Mordaunt's, to pass the remainder of the summer. When they came to divide the children, Lady Elizabeth would have him take John, and suffer her to take Charles; but Mr. Dryden was too absolute, and they parted in anger;—he took Charles with him, and she was obliged to be content with John.

"When the fatal day came, the anxiety of the lady's spirits occasioned such an effervescence of blood, as threw her into so violent a fever, that her life was despaired of, till a letter came from Mr. Dryden, reproving her for her womanish credulity, and assuring her that her child was well; which recovered her spirits, and in six weeks afterwards she received an *éclaircissement* of the whole affair. Mr. Dryden, either through fear of being reckoned superstitious, or thinking it a science beneath his study, was extremely cautious of letting any one know that he was a dealer in Astrology, therefore could not excuse his absence on his son's anniversary, from a general hunting match Lord Berkshire had made, to which all the adjacent gentlemen were invited. When he went out, he took care to set the boy a double exercise in the Latin tongue, which

he taught his children himself, with a strict charge not to stir out of the room till his return, well knowing the task he had set him would take up longer time. Charles was performing his duty, in obedience to his father, but as ill fate would have it, the stag made towards the house, and the noise alarming the servants, they hastened out to see the sport. One of them took young Dryden by the hand, and led him out to see it also ; when just as they came to the gate, the stag being at bay with the dogs, made a bold push, and leaped over the court-wall, which was very low, and very old, and the dogs following, threw down a part of the wall, ten yards in length, under which Charles Dryden lay buried. He was immediately dug out, and after six weeks languishing in a dangerous way, he recovered—so far Dryden's prediction was fulfilled. In the twenty-third year of his age, Charles fell from the top of an old tower belonging to the Vatican, at Rome, occasioned by a swimming in his head, with which he was seized, the heat of the day being excessive. He again recovered, but was ever after in a languishing sickly state. In the thirty-third year of his age, being returned to England, he was unhappily drowned at Windsor ! He had, with another gentleman, twice swam over the Thames, but returning a third time, it was supposed he was taken with the cramp, because he called out for help, though too late. Thus the father's calculations proved but too prophetic."

In a medical publication, some years ago, we met with the following important caution to the fair sex :—"When heated, beware of the active use of fans. A very gentle use of them can hardly be injurious ; but if freely employed under a state of perspiration, they will seldom fail to check it, and thereby occasion an unfavourable change in the skin of the face and neck. They often, too, cause pimples, and injure the complexion."

THE NINE ELMS ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

The following neat poetical production, was written many years ago, to commemorate the *preservation* of the Nine Elms on Hampstead Heath. The subject derives additional interest at the present time from the unpopular efforts lately employed in the Senate to desecrate the rural charms of that Hygæan retreat.

“ Non vide il mondo sì leggiadri rami,
Ni mosse il vento mai sì verdi frondi.”

The Muses, since the first of time,
Have ever dwelt on heights sublime ;
On Pindus now they gather'd flow'rs,
Now sported in Parnassian bow'rs ;
And late, when MURRAY deign'd to rove
Beneath *Caenwood's* shelt'ring grove,
They wander'd oft, when all was still,
With him and POPE on Hampstead hill.
One eve, as they inhal'd the breeze,
They mark'd a little clump of trees,
And chose it for their fav'rite shrine—
The trees were *Elms*—the number, *Nine* !

That the sweet group may flourish fast,
Fierce *Boreas* checks his piercing blast ;
Keen *Eurus*, as he sweeps the glade,
Skims lightly o'er their hallow'd shade ;
Around them young *Favonius* flings
Fresh dew-drops from his balmy wings ;
And *Spring*, to deck the lovely scene,
Crowns them each year with cheerful green ;
While near the blest, enchanting spot,
Heard faintly from a lowly cot,
In concert with the sylvan choir,
An humble Bard thus strikes the lyre,
As their extending leaves display
The fost'ring hand of gentle *May* :

“ Shall then the Muses' nurslings feel
The axe's unrelenting steel ?
Shall *ERSKINE*, who the *Nine* invokes,
Raise 'gainst the Nine its impious strokes ?

G

Shall he the feather'd songsters daunt,
 And fright them from their sacred haunt?
 Who, owning all the powers that dwell
 Within the voice's magic shell,
 Is bound by every tie to be
 The guardian of sweet harmony!"

The Poet's prayer—the plaintive strain
 Reach'd not the Muses' ear in vain :
 "ERSKINE," they cried, "at our command
 Disarms his sacrilegious hand ;
 While yonder Castle* towers sublime, [**Windsor.*
 These Elms shall brave the threats of time ;
 And strong in our protection rise
 In rival height to meet the skies—
 Proud their rich foliage to adorn
 With the first ray that gilds the morn."

CULTIVATION OF THE FINE ARTS.

The fine and useful arts act and re-act very beneficially on one another ; if the one is the base, the other is the capital of the pillar of society ; and we cordially concur in the sentiment expressed by the Parliamentary Committee, appointed to report on the Elgin marbles—"that the cultivation of the Fine Arts has contributed to the reputation, character, and dignity of every government by which they have been encouraged, and is intimately connected with the advancement of every thing valuable in science, literature, and philosophy." Without entering into any thing like detail, we may briefly ask, who would have known that Fingal fought, had not his countryman Ossian sung ? The walls and wars of Troy survive only in the glowing verses of the Grecian bard ; and the same remark, with some modification, applies to the whole range of ancient history. What has become of the long line of the Ptolemies ? Alas ! so little do we know of the great Babel, that no man can tell with certainty where it stood ; while even the pyramids of Egypt, those

stupendous piles that appear to be as enduring as the hills, have been unable to transmit to posterity the names of the founders. But amidst the lapse of ages, and the revolutions of Empires, something is still preserved in the Ark of genius ; and such is the omnipotence of mind, that even the little pencil of Apelles, the chisel of Phidias, the ballads of the mendicant Homer, or the casual observations of the martyred Socrates, have been able to effect more than all the towers and temples of Tyre and Carthage, Thebes and Babylon. The accidental discovery of a stray copy of the Pandects of Justinian, was the first thing that dispelled the moral eclipse that brooded over Europe during the dark ages.

OLD MAIDS.

It happens not unfrequently that people are ridiculed for circumstances and situations in life, which, perhaps, if investigated, would redound to the credit and honour of those on whom they draw down, we may almost say, contempt. Among the number thus marked out for derision, a woman who has passed the bloom of youth without forming a matrimonial alliance, is assuredly one. With many ungente upbraidings, she is stigmatized with the appellation of *old maid*, and as such, sneered at by the matronly dames who have escaped the opprobrium, and by the younger fair ones who look forward with better hopes. Various observations are made, and many surmises suggested, to find reasons which may have caused the spinster to be so long overlooked by all the beaux who have for so many years surrounded her.

"She always carried her head so high," says one, "that she thought nobody good enough for her."

"I suppose she required a king's son," says another.

"O, she was never handsome," says a third.

“Then her grandfather was this, and her great-grandfather was that,” says a fourth—and so on.

But the attachment which parental authority may have forbidden, and the intended union which death may have stopt for ever, are not taken into the catalogue of preventives: and while the single heart, faithful to the ashes of the promised bridegroom, with widowed feelings, shrinks from new connexions, and clings, with conjugal affection, to the urn of him who should have led her to the altar, her fidelity is termed preposterous, and her constancy absurd; and the reproachful name *old maid*, rancorously degrades, under all circumstances, her, whose hand is ungraced by a golden chain.

LOPE DE VEGA.

Every body knows the extraordinary fertility of this great genius, the poet, who of all others, formed in his day the delight of his country, and who reigned like a perfect monarch on the Spanish stage: how his printed verses are reckoned by millions: and how his biographer, Montalban, relates, that to his knowledge, eighteen hundred of his comedies were actually represented, besides four hundred sacred dramas,—and that of these, more than a hundred were written in a day. “His imagination was,” says one writer, “an exhaustless fountain, or rather a Vesuvius in continual eruption.” The quality of the verses so vomited forth, may be judged of by their quantity. Apart from those comedies, where the sprightliness of the dialogue, the choice of characters, and the rapid succession and ingenuity of incident sustain the reader’s attention, in despite of his utter disregard of the unities, we think no one could submit to the drudgery of reading any of his longer compositions, written, as they generally were, without plan or preparation. Followed, flattered, and caressed, as Lope was, from the superfluity of his intellectual wealth,

admired by monarchs, adored by the people he amused, and mourned at his death, as by a nation that had received a "deep, immedicable wound," his title to a high reputation now, may be said to lie interred under a mighty mass of writings, that serve, indeed, as a monument of his universal genius ; but, from that monument what mortal hand can disinter it ? Who will undertake to collect the spirit of fifty or a hundred volumes into one ? What sturdy labourer will winnow off the loads of chaff from the precious grain that lurks amidst them ?

If Lope de Vega had never written, (says Lord Holland) the master-pieces of Corneille and Molière might never have been produced ; and were not those celebrated compositions known, he might still be regarded as one of the best dramatic authors in Europe. This is a somewhat equivocal panegyric ; but he has unquestionably left behind him a rich legacy to the theatres of all countries ; and contrasting what he has achieved with the state of the Spanish Drama before his time, every one must cordially admit the truth of his lordship's concluding observation, that " It is but an act of justice to pay honour to the memory of men, whose labours have promoted literature, and enabled others to eclipse their reputation ; and that such was Lope de Vega, once the pride and glory of Spaniards, who in their literary, as in their political achievements, have, by a singular fatality, discovered regions, and opened mines, to benefit their neighbours and their rivals, and to enrich every nation of Europe but their own."

Lope de Vega died in 1635, under Philip the Fourth, and left the stage to Calderon and Moreto. The Duke of Sesa, his testamentary executor, celebrated his obsequies with a magnificence unparalleled in the history of literature. The Duke himself, with the grandees and other lords of Spain, marched at the head of the procession. The ceremonies of the interment lasted nine days,

and were heightened in their effect by the music of the chapel royal, and the pomp of public worship : on each of these days a different bishop officiated, in his pontifical robes, and in the funeral orations pronounced over his tomb, exalted, no less the holy purity of his life, than the surpassing splendour of his talents.

FRAGMENT.

If when

The careful consort rules her household well,
 Her husband governs with a gentle sway,
 And courts her lov'd embrace—what home-felt joy,
 What inward comforts seize her raptured breast !
 But if he, scornful, slights her converse sweet,
 'Tis better for her far to die than live.
 Man, when oppress'd with black domestic cares,
 Ranges abroad, to seek relief, and meets
 The healing comforts of a faithful friend,
 Or fellowship of some companion dear ;
 But helpless, hapless Woman, when denied
 Those tender joys, which from her husband's love
 She justly claims, must seek it no where else.

A ludicrous incident is mentioned by Sir John Sinclair, in his history of the public revenue, with regard to the "benevolences," as they were termed, exacted by Edward IV. from his rich subjects. An opulent widow, advanced in years, was personally applied to by King Edward for her benevolence. She was so much pleased with Edward's person, (who was considered the handsomest man of his time) and the graceful manner in which he made the request, that she immediately answered,—“By my troth, for thy lovely countenance, thou shalt have even twenty pounds.” This sum was then so very considerable, that the king thought himself bound, in token of his satisfaction, to give the old lady a kiss ; who was so much delighted with this unexpected mark of royal favour, that she added another twenty pounds to her former donation.

**FOX'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS FRIENDSHIP
WITH BURKE.**

He (Mr. Fox) could declare, that such was his sense of the judgment of his Right Honourable friend—such his knowledge of his principles—and such the value he set upon them, and the estimation in which he held his friendship, that if he were to put all the political information which he had learnt from books, all which he had gained from science, and all which any knowledge of the world and its affairs had taught him, into one great scale; and the improvement which he had derived from his Right Honourable friend's instruction and conversation, were placed in the other, he should be at a loss to decide to which to give the preference. He had learnt more from Mr. Burke, than from all the men with whom he had ever conversed.

ON THE FALSE NOTIONS OF HONOUR.

The false principle, which some men set up in the place of conscience, to be their director in life, is what those who pretend to it, call HONOUR. This word is often made the sanction of an oath; it is reckoned a great commendation to be a man of strict honour; and it is commonly understood, that a man of honour can never be guilty of a base action. This is usually the style of military men, of persons with titles, and of others who pretend to birth and quality. It is true, indeed, that in ancient times it was universally understood that honour was the reward of virtue; but if such honour as is now-a-days going, will not permit a man to do a base action, it must be allowed there are very few such things as base actions in nature. No man of honour, as that word is usually understood, did ever pretend that his honour obliged him to be chaste or temperate; to pay his creditors; to be useful to his country; to do good to mankind; to endeavour to be

wise or learned ; to regard his word, his promise, or his oath ; or if he hath any of these virtues, they were never learned in the catechism of honour ; which contains but two precepts—the punctual payment of debts contracted at play, and the right understanding the several degrees of an affront, in order to revenge it by the death of an adversary.

THE GRAVE.

Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and there meditate ! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition.

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet ;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear ; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave ; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret ; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

MY FAVOURITE CHILD.

Yes, let me tell of Jennet, my last child ;
 In her the charms of all the rest ran wild,
 And sprouted as they pleased. Still by my side,
 I own she was my favourite, was my pride,
 Since first she labour'd round my neck to twine,
 Or clasp'd both little hands in one of mine :
 And when the season broke, I've seen her bring
 Lapfuls of flowers, and then the girl would sing
 Whole songs, and halves, and bits, O, with such glee !
 If playmates found a favourite, it was she.
 Her lively spirit lifted her to joy ;
 To distance in the race a clumsy boy
 Would raise the flush of conquest in her eye,
 And all was dance, and laugh, and liberty.
 Yet not hard-hearted, take me right, I beg,
 The veriest romp that ever wagg'd a leg
 Was Jennet ; but when pity sooth'd her mind,
 Prompt with her tears, and delicately kind,
 The half-fledged nestling, rabbit, mouse, or dove,
 By turns engaged her cares and infant love ;
 And many a one, at the last doubtful strife,
 Warm'd in her bosom, started into life.
 At thirteen she was all that Heaven could send,
 My nurse, my faithful clerk, my lively friend ;
 Last at my pillow when I sunk to sleep,
 First on my threshold, soon as day could peep,
 I heard her happy to her heart's desire,
 With clanking pattens and a roaring fire.
 Then, having store of new-laid eggs to spare,
 She fill'd her basket with the simple fare,
 And weekly trudged (I think I see her still)
 To sell them at yon house upon the hill.
 Oft have I watch'd her as she stroll'd along,
 Heard the gate bang, and heard her morning song ;
 And, as my warm, ungovern'd feelings rose,
 Said to myself, " Heaven bless her ! there she goes."
 Long would she tarry, and then dancing home,
 Tell how the lady bade her oftener come,
 And bade her talk and laugh without controul :
For Jennet's voice was music to the soul.

INSENSATE LUXURY OF THE ANCIENTS.

Seneca says, that in his time the women wore no less than three pearls in each ear, of such extraordinary value, that the smallest was worth an ample patrimony. Their vanity in this particular was carried to such a pitch, that their very shoes were bordered with them. Pearls were always considered by the ancients as one of the most valuable productions of nature. They not only formed part of the dress of the rich, but from a refinement in luxury, truly ridiculous, they were served at entertainments as an uncommon delicacy. Every one is acquainted with the extravagance of Cleopatra, that crowned courtesan, who laid a wager with Anthony, that she would consume alone, at a single supper, ten millions of sesterces, about eighty thousand pounds sterling. She actually began with swallowing a pearl worth half that sum, which she had dissolved in vinegar. She was going to do the same with a second, when Plancus, the umpire, seized the pearl, and declared that Anthony had lost. After this too celebrated princess had fallen into the hands of the conqueror, this second pearl was cut, and made into two ear-pendants for the Venus of the Pantheon. Thus, the half of a supper for this courtesan served to decorate a goddess. Cleopatra and her lover did not, however, bear away the palm in this kind of insensate luxury. The son of the tragedian, Esopus Claudius, whose father had left him immense wealth, furnished an example of this scandalous magnificence ; and the action of the player was greater, if that epithet may be applied to such actions, since it was not provoked by a wager. Claudius wished to have the glory of being the first that tried the taste of pearls—he thought it wonderfully fine; and that he might not enjoy the pleasure alone, he caused one to be served to each of the guests who were at his table.

THE TIDES.

Mr. Martin, the inventor of a perpetual motion, which was publicly exhibited in 1807, gives the following opinion relative to the ebbing and flowing of the tide. When a boy, he says, he used to amuse himself by blowing up a pea upon the end of a tobacco-pipe ; and he observed, that while the pea performed its revolutions round the end of the pipe, it also oscillated, in some degree, like a small pendulum ; he therefore concludes that this circumstance will sufficiently account for the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the tide, on the following hypothesis :—As the earth goes round once in twenty-four hours, and makes four vibrations in that time, floating upon the atmospheric air, similar to the pea on the end of the tobacco-pipe, and being influenced by the north and south poles, cannot find a resting place, it is thereby made to vibrate like a pendulum, which causes the tides to flow at regular periods. “ Were there no moon,” says Mr. Martin, “ the tides would still continue regularly to ebb and flow, only with this difference—that there would be no spring tides.”

ABSENCE OF MIND.

The following is a remarkable instance of absence of mind : the object was a rich individual residing, at the time, in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, at Paris. On leaving 'Change, he went home, mentally occupied with the transactions of the morning. Finding the doors all wide open, and arrived, without meeting with any obstruction, in the dining-room, where he found the table covered for him and his wife, and the plate exposed to the mercy of the first person who might enter as he had, but with different intentions—“ The rascals !” muttered he, between his teeth, “ the doors all open ; my plate exposed to pillage ;

where the devil are they ? One might take away all the house !” These last words inspired him suddenly with the idea of giving a lesson to his servants, which should make them more cautious in future. No sooner said than done. Our *distrain*, without more ado, gathered up the plate, and filled his pockets with it. At this moment a door opened at the bottom of the room, and a lady and gentleman advanced, who, seeing a man disposing of the plate in the manner just described, began to call “thieves” with all their might. The house was instantly in a bustle; the servants ran and laid hold of the astonished gentleman, who then perceived his mistake. He had been deceived by the resemblance of the apartments to those of his own house, by a perfect correspondence of circumstances. His confusion may be imagined : but as his character for probity was well known, his neighbours and friends found in this instance of abstraction, only a subject for joke and laughter.

THE YELLOW DOMINO.

The following original and comical scene occurred at the masked ball given on the occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin to the Archduchess of Austria, and which was the cause of much diversion to Louis XV. A large beaufet, splendidly furnished, afforded refreshment in profusion to the company at the ball. A mask in a yellow domino came there frequently, and made unconscionable havoc among the cooling liquors, the exquisite wines, and all the solid provisions. No sooner did this mask disappear, than he came back more hungry than before. He was observed by some masks, who showed him to others ; the yellow domino at length became the object of universal curiosity. His Majesty wished to see him, and anxious to know who he was, had him followed—it was found that this was a domino belonging in common to the

Hundred Royal Swiss Guards, who, putting it on alternately, succeeded each other at this post, which, we need scarcely add, was not the worst in the room, until they had nearly all shared in the repast. It is well known to those acquainted with the history of the Fifteenth Louis, that one of the then Swiss Guards was equal to three or four men in corpulence, and that he devoured as much as ten ordinary persons; so that it was just as if a thousand mouths had been fed at the beaufet.

HISTORY.

The history of any nation is sufficiently humiliating to those who love their country, and sufficiently mournful to those who have any sympathy for their fellow-creatures. The examples of history may seem, if regarded singly, to teach perversity and indifference: violence, treachery, and corruption, may there be seen justified by success: but, regarded from a higher point of view, and on the general scale, the history of the human race has always a moral aspect; it displays to us without intermission, that Providence, which, having placed in the heart of man the necessity and the power of bettering his condition, has not allowed that the course of events can, for a moment, render doubtful the existence of those faculties with which it is endowed. Another reflection should be added to this, and it is an awful one. The course of Providence is not more distinctly marked in the improvement of the human race, than in those lessons of collective retribution which all history holds forth; for while the progress of mankind is thus ordained, nations, like the individuals of whom they are composed, are free to choose between good and evil; and individual vice does not more surely produce individual misery; than national corruption brings on, in certain consequence, the decay and downfall of states.

LINES

Addressed to a sprightly little girl at Scarborough, who hearing that the writer, a Clergyman, occasionally wrote verses, requested some from him.

Margaret, we never met before,
 And, Margaret, we may meet no more ;
 What shall I say at parting ?
 Scarce half a moon has run her race,
 Since first I saw thy fairy face,
 Around this gay and giddy place,
 Sweet smiles and blushes darting ;
 Yet, from my soul I frankly tell,
 I cannot help but wish thee well.
 I dare not wish you stores of wealth,
 A troop of friends, unfailling health,
 And freedom from affliction ;
 I dare not wish you beauty's prize,
 Carnation lips, and bright blue eyes ;
They look through tears, *they* breathe in sighs—
 Hear, then, my benediction :
 Of these good gifts be you possess'd
 Just in the measure God sees best.
 But, little Margaret, may you be
 All that His eye delights to see,
 And all He loves and blesses.
 The Lord, in darkness be your light,
 Your help in need, your shield in fight,
 Your health, your treasure, and your might,
 Your comfort in distresses ;
 Your hope through every future breath,
 And your eternal joy in death.

When Mr. Charles Yorke was returned a Member for the University of Cambridge, about the year 1770, he went round the Senate to thank those who had voted for him. Among the number was a Mr. P. who was proverbial for having the largest and most hideous physiognomy that ever eye beheld. Mr. Yorke, in thanking him, said, "Sir, I have great reason to be thankful to my friends in general, but confess myself under a particular obligation to you, for the very remarkable *countenance* you have shown me upon this occasion."

THE BRITISH FIRE-SIDE.

The pleasures and gratifications which flow from the Fire-side, may be considered as almost peculiar to these islands. In warmer climates the aid of fire is demanded for little else than culinary purposes; whilst in the northern regions of continental Europe, the gloomy and unsocial stove forms, in general, the only medium through which the rigours of their intense winter are mitigated. To the enlivening blaze, and the clean swept hearth, and to all the numerous comforts which, in this country, so usually wait upon their junction, they are perfect strangers.

Delightful and interesting as is the aspect of nature, under the warmth, and splendour, and genial influence of a summer sun, it is, we confess, not without a preference, that we look forward to those seasons, when the falling leaf or drifting snow, draws closer the family circle, and ushers in that social and intellectual intercourse which constitutes the dearest charm, and, next to religion, the highest privilege of human existence.

When all without is wrapped in darkness, and the freezing blast howls, eager for entrance, round your dwelling, with what enjoyment do its inmates crowd to the cheerful hearth, and as the flame glows brighter on their cheeks, listen, with a sensation of self-gratulating security, to the storm that shakes their solid roof. It is here that the power of contrast is experienced in all its force, not only in reference to the exposure, fatigues, and hazards, which may have been actually incurred ere the day-light closed; but imagination is at work to paint the lot of those less fortunate than ourselves, and who, still exposed to all the horrors of the storm, feel the bitterness of their destiny augmented by intrusive recollections of domestic ease, and fire-side enjoyments.

We owe the following lines to the learned and accomplished biographer of the poet Kirke White, who, de-

scribing, in his *Madoc*, the adventurous vessel of his hero driving before the storm, beautifully says :—

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
'Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us ; but—to hear
The roaring of the raging elements,
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not ; to look round, and only see
The mountain wave incumbent, with its weight
Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark,—
O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing !
And he who hath endur'd the horror, once,
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner !

The celebrated Haydn delighted in telling the origin of his good fortune, which he said he entirely owed to a bad wife. When he was first married, he said, finding no remedy against domestic squabbles, he used to quit his bad half, and go and enjoy himself with his good friends, who were Hungarians and Germans, for weeks together. Once, having returned home after a considerable absence, his wife, while he was in bed next morning, followed her husband's example ; she did even more, for she took all his clothes, even to his shoes and stockings, along with her. Thus situated, he was under the necessity of doing something to provide for himself ; and this, he himself acknowledged, was the first cause of his seriously applying himself to the profession which has since made his name immortal. He used to laugh, saying, "I was from that time so habituated to study, that my wife, often fearing it would injure me, would threaten me with the same operation, if I did not go out and amuse myself ; but then," added he, " I was grown old, and she was sick, and no longer jealous."

BOOKS.

There are three capital mistakes in regard to books :— First, some persons, through their own indolence, and others, from a sincere belief of the vanity of human science, read no book but the Bible. But these good men do not consider, that, on the same principle, there ought to be no sermons.

Second—Some collect great quantities of books for show, and not for service. Of such as these, Louis XI. of France aptly observed, that “ they resembled hunch-backed people, who carried a great burden which they never saw.” This is a vain parade, even unworthy of reproof. If an illiterate man think by this art to cover his ignorance, he mistakes ; for while he appears to affect modesty, “ he dances naked in a net,” &c.

Third—Then there are others, who purchase large libraries, with the sincere design of reading all the books ; a very large library, however, is but a learned luxury. Nations may sometimes become celebrated by such accumulations—but the individual is likely to be overwhelmed with the vastness of his stores. *Book-collecting* and *book-reading* are two very different things.

The condition of a yeoman before or about Elizabeth's time, is exemplified in the case of Bishop Latimer's father. “ My father,” says Hugh Latimer, “ was a yeoman, and had no land of his own ; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year, at the utmost ; and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had a walk for a hundred sheep ; and my mother milked thirty kine, &c. He kept his son at school, till he went to the University, and maintained him there ; he married his daughters with five pounds, or twenty nobles a-piece ; he kept hospitality with his neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor ; and all this he did out of the said farm.”

SHAKSPEARE.

There rise authors now and then, who seem proof against the mutability of language, because they have rooted themselves in the unchanging principles of human nature. They are like gigantic trees, that we sometimes see on the banks of a stream ; which, by their vast and deep roots, penetrating through the mere surface, and laying hold on the very foundations of the earth, preserve the soil around them from being swept away by the overflowing current, and hold up many a neighbouring plant, and, perhaps, worthless weed, to perpetuity. Such is the case with Shakspeare, whom we behold, defying the encroachments of time, retaining in modern use the language and literature of his day, and giving duration to many an indifferent author, merely for having flourished in his vicinity.

THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

In the reign of Elizabeth, an accurate acquaintance with the phrases, and all the peculiarities of the ancient poets, historians, and orators, was made an indispensable, and almost the principal, object, in the education, not only of a gentleman, but even of a lady. Among the females of high rank, who gained the reputation of classical scholars, the queen herself, and the beautiful and unfortunate Lady Jane Gray, were the most conspicuous. Roger Ascham, their learned preceptor, speaks in raptures of the progress which they both made in the Greek and Latin authors. He says, that he had read all Cicero, and a great part of Livy, with the princess Elizabeth. She began the day with reading a portion of the Greek Testament, and then studied some select orations of Isocrates, and the tragedies of Sophocles. She often conversed with him in Greek, with tolerable facility ; and spoke Latin

readily, justly, and even critically. Before he went abroad, he paid a visit to Lady Jane Gray, whom he found in her chamber, reading the *Phædo* of Plato, in Greek, and "that," said he, "with as much delight, as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace; while the duke and duchess, and the rest of the family, were hunting in the park."

This fondness for the classics was sometimes displayed in a ludicrous and extravagant manner. It appeared in the shows and pageants exhibited during the progress of the queen through different parts of her dominions, and in the entertainments held in her honour; wherein emblems allusive to classical mythology were constantly introduced.

A FEMALE MISANTHROPE.

With a warm heart and a good understanding, she has contrived to multiply enemies, and to distance friends; mortification has embittered her life; disappointment soured a temper originally uncertain; and now, instead of looking on the sunny side of events and characters, she sees every thing in shade; she runs away from society, not choosing to pay the current coin of little civilities and sacrifices required; shuts herself up, with her own prejudices, by her own fire-side, and then complains of being left alone.

From the custom of drinking a beverage made with honey, for thirty days' feast after a grand wedding, comes the expression *honey-moon*, which is a Teutonic phrase, not to be found in the warm latitudes. Attila, king of Hungary, notorious for the horrible ravages that he committed both in Gaul and Italy, drank so freely of hydromel, (mead, or metheglin, as the word imports) on his wedding-day, that he was found suffocated at night; an event which occurred in the year 453; and with him expired the empire of the Huns.

SONNET.

To have a jealous ugly wife,
 In hopeless love to pass one's life ;
 To sail upon a stormy sea,
 Without an hope from death to flee ;
 Alone through deserts drear to roam,
 Or in a prison find one's home ;
 To deal with Scotchmen, or with Jews,
 Or time in ceremonies lose ;
 In travelling to pass one's days,
 Disputing turnpikes, boys, and chaise—
 All these are states we well term evil :
 But if in life you wish to know,
 The climax of all earthly woe,
 London *sans* money is the devil.

COMPARATIVE MERITS OF SOME OF OUR
 BEST ENGLISH WRITERS.

The following critical remarks upon the writings of some of the most talented of our English moderns, are from the polished and classical pen of the Earl of Orrery : they are recorded in one of those elegant epistles, dedicated to his son Hamilton Boyle, upon the life and writings of Dean Swift. His lordship's reflection, that it is only amidst the best authors, and in a free conversation with men of letters, that we are enabled to adorn the mind, and give it a serene and a just way of thinking, will be admitted as incontrovertibly true.

SWIFT.

“ In all Swift's writings you will find his own peculiar vein of humour. The same liberty of expression would have been improper and absurd in any other writer, but it produced the consequences which he desired. His seeming arrogance gained him more favour than the humility, and affected benevolence, of others. His raillery

and freedom of censure, are conveyed in a manner more prevalent, and perhaps often more agreeable, than flattery. He seldom praised but where merit was conspicuous. A single stroke of his pen pleased more, and gave more honour, than a long flattering dedication from any other author. His style was masterly, correct and strong: never diffusive, yet always clear; and if we consider it in comparison with his predecessors, he has outdone them all; and is one, perhaps the chief, of those few select English writers, who have excelled in elegance and propriety of language.

BACON.

“ Lord Bacon is the first author who has attempted any style that can be relishable to the present age; for I must own to you, that I think Swift, and his cotemporaries, have brought our language to the utmost degree of perfection, without the help of a Longinus, a Quintilian, or even of a dictionary, or a grammar. Lord Bacon has written with an infinite fund of knowledge: every science that he treats upon, is discussed by him with the greatest learning and dignity; and he shews himself at once a philosopher, an historian, a politician, and a divine: but his dialect (for that demands our present attention) is quibbling and pedantic; and never more so than when he condescends to flatter his royal master, and the minions of that Court.

MILTON.

“ Consider the prosaical works of Milton; you will find them more nervous than elegant; more distinguished by the strength of reason, than by the rules of rhetoric. His diction is harsh, his periods are tedious; and when he becomes a prose-writer, the majesty that attends his poetry vanishes, and is entirely lost; yet, with all his faults, and exclusive of his character as a poet, he must

ever remain the only learned author of that tasteless age in which he flourished : and it is probable, that his great attention to the Latin language, might have rendered him less correct than he otherwise would have been, in his native tongue.

HARRINGTON.—SYDNEY.

“ Harrington has his admirers ; he may possibly have his merits, but they *flow not* in his style. A later writer, of the same republican principles, has far excelled him ; I mean Algernon Sydney, whose discourses concerning government are admirably written, and contain great historical knowledge, and a remarkable propriety of diction ; so that his name, in my opinion, ought to be much higher established in the temple of literature, than I have hitherto found it placed.

CLARENDON.

“ Lord Clarendon is an historian whose dignity of expression has justly given him the preference to any of our biographical authors. But his periods are the *periods of a mile*. His parentheses embarrass the sense of his narration ; and certain inaccuracies, appearing throughout his works, are delivered with a formality that renders them still more conspicuous.

SPRAT.

“ Among our English writers, few men have gained a greater character for elegance and correctness, than Sprat, Bishop of Rochester ; and few men have deserved it less. When I have read his works, I have always wondered from whence such a piece of good fortune might have arisen, and could only attribute it to Mr. Cowley ; who, in a very delicate copy of verses, has celebrated his friend Dr. Sprat for eloquence, wit, and a certain *candid style* ; which the poet compares to the river Thames, gliding

with an even current, and displaying the most beautiful appearances of nature. Poets and painters have their favourites, whom they transmit to posterity in what colours and attributes they please : but I am mistaken, if, upon a review of Sprat's works, his language will not sooner give you an idea of one of the insignificant tottering boats upon the Thames, than of the smooth noble current of the river itself.

TEMPLE.

"Sir William Temple is an easy, careless, incorrect writer, elegantly negligent, politely learned, and engagingly familiar.

"Thus, my dear Ham," continues his Lordship, "I have cursorily mentioned some of the brightest sons of fame among our English authors, only to point out to you the preference due to Dr. Swift : but he is not entitled alone to the olive garland : he has had his coadjutors in the victory. The triumvirate, to whom we owe an elegance and propriety unknown to our forefathers, are Swift, Addison, and Bolingbroke. At the sight of such names, no dispute can arise in preferring the English moderns to the English ancients. The present century, and indeed all future generations, may be congratulated upon the acquisition of three such men."

Till the time of Cato the Censor, the Romans knew nothing of physicians or physic. They were introduced when he was in office ; and after a trial, banished at his interposition. " Here (says the veteran) have I lived to be four-score and five ; and here, too, is my wife in extreme old age ; and we neither of us had or wanted physician or physic. Let them go about their business."

ANCIENT MODE OF WRITING.

It appears, from some old inscriptions, that the Eastern mode of writing, from the right to the left, was practised by the Greeks. They afterwards adopted a new method, by writing alternately from the right to the left, and the left to the right, which was called *boustrophedon*, as if the practice was adopted from the manner in which oxen plough the furrows of a field.

Of this a curious specimen is extant in the Sigæan monument; and down to the time when Solon, the great lawgiver of Athens, flourished, this continued to be the method of writing. In this manner his laws were written. At length, the movement of the hand from left to right being found more convenient and agreeable, the practice of writing in this direction has prevailed, not only in England, but in all other countries in Europe.

THE BADGE OF HONOUR.

Ellen, my fair, accept from me,
The humblest of thy martyrs,
A wreath to bind each ivory knee;
A silken pair of Garters.

May never these their trust beguile,
In slips to ladies shocking;
Nor ever quit, o'er hill, or stile,
Their old ally, the stocking.

“Now, *honi soit qui mal y pense*,”
Quoth EDWARD, knighthood's donor,
When, shuffled off in mazy dance,
The garter slipp'd its owner.

“And let it not, my lords, be told,
To worthy knight's disgrace,
That smiles among our barons bold
Ere flush'd a lady's face.

“Nor e’er shall waggery deride,
 Or fling his jests upon her;
 Lords, earls, and dukes, shall kneel with pride,
 To wear this badge of honour.”

Hence, if we trust historic fame,
 Truth’s general recorder,
 Th’original of knighthood came,
 And Garter’s sacred Order.

THE HORN OF THE ALPS.

In the midst of the most impressive and sublime scenery of Switzerland, there is one custom which even adds to the feelings it creates, and is strongly characteristic of the primitive simplicity of the inhabitants. This custom is thus described by a Swiss writer :

“The horn of the Alps is employed in the mountainous districts of Switzerland, not solely to sound the cow-call, (*Küh-reihn, Ranz-des-Vaches*) but for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the valleys, and its last rays are just glimmering on the snowy summit of the mountains, then the herdsman who dwells on the loftiest, takes his horn, and trumpets forth, (*Ruft durch diess Sprachrohr.*) ‘Praise God the Lord.’ All the herds in the neighbourhood, on hearing this, come out of their huts, take their horns, and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, whilst on all sides the mountains echo the name of God. A profound and solemn silence follows; every individual offers his secret prayer on bended knees, and with uncovered head. By this time it is quite dark—‘Good-night!’ trumpets forth the herd on the loftiest summit; ‘Good-night!’ is repeated on all the mountains, from the horns of the herds and the clefts of the rocks. Then each one lays himself down to rest.”

ILLITERATE CHARACTER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

With respect to the state of Europe, (says Anderson in his *Origin of Commerce*) in point of learning, according to some authors, and particularly to Archbishop Nicholson, in his "*English Historical Library*," and to Baron Holberg, in his "*Introduction to Universal History*," this century was among the most rude and illiterate; yet surely that opinion must be understood only of the former part of it. "Learning," says the latter, "was looked on as a sort of heresy. There were even Bishops who did not so much as know their letters; so that, in their subscriptions to synodal acts, the following words are to be found, viz: 'As I cannot write myself, N.N. hath subscribed for me:' or, 'As my Lord Bishop cannot write himself, at his request, I have subscribed.'"

A BLESSED SPOT.

Hamadin is my native place;
And I must say, in praise of it,
It merits, for its ugly face,
What every body says of it.

Its children equal its old men
In vices and avidity;
And they reflect the babes again,
In exquisite stupidity.

It is believed that we are the only people in the Christian world, who repeat the Lord's prayer in an ungrammatical manner: and I remember, (says Lord Orrery in one of his letters to his son) to have heard, that when a motion was made in the Convocation, to alter the word *which* for the word *who*, the proposition was rejected by the majority!

THE PIANO-FORTE.

The invention of the piano-forte has formed an era in the art of music. It has been the means of developing the sublimest ideas of the composer, and the delicacy of its touch has enabled him to give the lightest shades, as well as the boldest strokes, of musical expression. The first piano-forte was made by Father Wood, an English monk, at Rome, about the year 1711, for Mr. Crisp, the author of *Virginia*. The tone of this instrument was much superior to that produced by quills, with the additional power of producing all the shades of *piano* and *forte* by the fingers; it was on this last account it received its name. Fulk Greville, Esq. purchased it from Mr. Crisp for one hundred guineas, and it remained *unique* in this country for many years, until Plenius, the maker of the lyrichord, made one in imitation of it. After the arrival of John Chr. Bach in this country, and the establishment of his concert in conjunction with Abel, all the harpsichord masters tried their mechanical powers at piano-fortes; but the first attempts were always on the large size, till Zumpé, a German, constructed small piano-fortes of the shape of the virginal, of which the tone was very sweet, and the touch, with a little use, was equal to any degree of rapidity. These, from their low prices, the convenience of their form, as well as power of expression, suddenly grew into such favour, that there was scarcely a house in the kingdom where a keyed instrument ever had admission, but was supplied with one of Zumpé's piano-fortes, for which there was nearly as great a demand in France as in England. In short he could not make them fast enough to gratify the public fondness for them. Pohlman, whose instruments were very inferior in tone, fabricated a great number for such as Zumpé was unable to supply. From this period, the piano-forte has constantly been improving, until it has attained its present complete state.

MATRIMONY.

The following are the opinions of three ladies of eminent literary attainments, on the subject of Matrimony :—

Mrs. E. MONTAGUE, in her letter, says : “ I can define matrimonial happiness, only, like wit, by negatives. 'Tis not kissing—that's too sweet; 'tis not scolding—that's too sour; 'tis not raillery—that's too bitter; nor is it the continual shuttle-cock of reply—for that's too tart. In short, I hardly know how to reason it exactly to my taste; but I would neither have it tart nor mawkishly sweet,—I should not like to live entirely either upon metheglin or verjuice.”

Again she says : “ I fancy in matrimony one finds variety in the charming vicissitude of—

“ Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling,
To-day kissing, to-morrow snarling.”

“ Could that kind of love,” says Mrs. THRALE, “ be kept alive through the marriage state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would be no longer sought for : in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found; but reason shows us that it is impossible, and experience informs us that it never was so; we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily, as we can.”

“ Hope not,” says the celebrated MADAME DE MAINTENON to the Princess of Savoy, on the eve of her marriage with the Duke of Burgundy, “ for perfect happiness; there is no such thing on earth; though if it were, it would not be at court. Greatness is exposed to afflictions often more severe than those of a private station. Be neither vexed nor ashamed to depend on your husband. Let him be your dearest friend—your only confidant. Hope not for constant harmony in the marriage state. The best husbands and wives are those, who bear occasionally from each other sallies of ill-humour with patient mildness. Be obliging, without putting great value on your favour. Hope not for a full return of your tenderness; men are

tyrants, who would be free themselves, and have us confined. You need not be at the pains to examine whether their rights be well-founded ; it is enough if they are established. Pray God to keep you from jealousy. The affections of a husband are never to be regained by compliments, reproaches, or sullen behaviour."

THE GOOD WIFE.—*Written in 1598.*

Let no man value at a little price
A virtuous woman's council : her wing'd spirit
Is feather'd oftentimes with heavenly words,
And, like her beauty, ravishing and pure—
The weaker body, still the stronger soul,
When good endeavours do her powers apply,
Her love draws nearest man's felicity.

O what a treasure is a virtuous wife !
Discreet and loving : not one gift on earth
Makes a man's life so highly bound to Heaven :
She gives him double forces to endure
And to enjoy, by being one with him,
Feeling his joys and griefs with equal sense,
And (like the twins Hippocrates reports)
If he fetch sighs, she draws her breath as short ;
If he lament, she melts herself in tears ;
If he be glad, she triumphs ; if he stir,
She moves his way : in all things his sweet ape,
And is in alterations passing strange—
Himself divinely varied without change.

Gold is right precious, but his price infects
With pride and avarice : authority lifts
Hats from men's heads, and bows the strongest knees,
Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts ;
Music delights but one sense, nor choice meats—
One quickly fades, the other stir to sin ;
But a true wife both sense and soul delights,
And mixeth not her good with any ill ;
Her virtues, ruling hearts, all powers command ;
All store without her, leaves a man but poor,
And with her, poverty is exceeding store ;
No time is tedious with her—her true worth
Makes a true husband think his arms enfold
(With her alone) a complete world of gold.

ARISTOTLE AND EPICURUS.

The first made useful experiments and discoveries, and was engaged in a real pursuit of knowledge, although his manner is much perplexed. The second was full of vanity and ambition : he was an impostor, and only aimed at deceiving. He committed the government of all things to *chance*. His natural philosophy is absurd ; his moral philosophy wants its proper basis—the fear of God. M. Bayle, one of his warmest advocates, is of this last opinion, where he says, “ *On ne sçauroit pas dire assez de bien de l’honnêteté de ses mœurs, ni assez de mal de ses opinions sur la religion.*” His general maxim, that happiness consisted in pleasure, was too much unguarded, and must lay a foundation of a most destructive practice.

In the following anecdote we recognise an extraordinary mixture of that wildness, and instinctive energy of intellect, so peculiar to madmen in a state of recovery : the subject is very aptly illustrative of the folly of pursuits, the expense of which is greater than the pleasure produced is worth.—A physician of Milan, who undertook the cure of madmen, had a pit of water in his house, in which he kept his patients, some up to their knees, some to the girdle, and some to the chin, according to the greater or less degree of madness with which they were affected ; one of the madmen, who was on the point of his recovery, happening to be standing at the house-door, saw a young nobleman pass with his hawk upon his fist, well mounted, and with the usual equipage of hawking, dogs, falconers, &c. behind him. The madman demanded to know to what use was all this preparation, and was courteously answered, to kill certain birds : “ and how much,” said the madman, “ may be worth all the fowls you kill in a year ?”—The noble replied, “ Five or ten crowns.”—

“And what,” said the madman, “may your hawks, spaniels, horses, &c. stand you in within the year?”—“About five thousand crowns,” replied the nobleman.—“Five thousand crowns!” replied the madman; and gazing at him a moment, with the wild earnestness of an approaching phrenzy, he seized him by the shoulder, and forcing him into the pit, immersed him several times in the water (the usual practice with his master with his most desperate patients); having thus ducked him, he led him back to the door: “Hark ye, my friend,” said he, addressing him, “take my advice, and make all possible haste from this house; for, should our doctor come home, he’ll drown you but what he’ll cure you.”

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

The migrations of the feathered tribe, it is well known, are most numerous; but it is not so generally known that the same species which is migratory in one country, is in some cases stationary in another; as the linnet, which is migratory in Greenland, but stationary in Britain. Migrating birds are either summer birds of passage, which arrive in this country in spring; or winter birds of passage, which arrive in autumn and depart in spring.

The summer birds of passage, are, among water-birds, the terns and gulls; among land-birds, the swallow, quail, turtle-dove, &c. The winter birds of passage chiefly belong to the tribe of water-fowls. The swallow, about whose migrations so many idle stories have been propagated and believed, departs from Scotland about the end of September, and from England about the middle of October. In the latter month Mr. Adamson observed them on the shores of Africa, after their migrations from Europe. He informs us, however, that they do not build

their nests in that country, but only come to spend the winter. M. Prelong has not only confirmed the observations of Adamson, in reference to swallows, but has stated, at the same time, that the yellow and grey wag-tails visit Senegal at the beginning of winter. The former (*Motacilla flava*) is well known as one of our summer visitants. The nightingale departs from England about the beginning of October, and from the other parts of Europe about the same period. During the winter season it is found in abundance in Lower Egypt, among the thickest coverts, in different parts of the Delta. Those birds do not breed in that country, and to the inhabitants are merely winter birds of passage. They arrive in autumn, and depart in spring; and at the time of migration, are plentiful in the islands of the Archipelago. The quail is another of our summer guests which has been traced in Africa. A few, indeed, brave the winters of England, and in Portugal they appear to be stationary. But, in general, they leave this country in autumn and return in spring. They migrate about the same time from the eastern parts of the continent of Europe, and visit and revisit, in their migrations, the shores of the Mediterranean, Sicily, and the islands of the Archipelago. While these birds perform those extensive migrations, which we have here mentioned, others are contented with shorter journeys. Thus the razor-billed auk (*Alca torda*) and the puffin (*Alca artica*) frequent the coast of Andalusia during the winter season, and return to us in the spring.

Our summer birds of passage thus appear to come to us from southern countries, and, after remaining during the warm season, return again to milder regions. A few of our summer visitants may winter in Spain or Portugal; but it appears that in general they migrate to Africa, that unexplored country, possessing every variety of surface, and consequently great diversity of climate. It is true that we are unacquainted with the winter retreats of many

of our summer birds of passage, particularly of small birds ; but as these arrive and depart under similar circumstances with those whose migrations are ascertained, and as the operations which they perform during their residence with us are also similar, we have a right to conclude, that they are subject to the same laws, and execute the same movements. What gives weight to this opinion, is the absence of all proof of a summer bird of passage retiring to the north during the winter season.

In proof of the accuracy of the preceding conclusion, we may observe, that it is a fact generally acknowledged, that the summer birds of passage visit the southern parts of the country a few days, or even weeks, before they make their appearance in the northern districts. Thus, the common swallow (*Hirundo rustica*) appears in Sussex about the beginning of the third week of April ; while in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh it is seldom seen before the first of May. The cuckoo appears in the same district about the last week of April ; in Edinburgh seldom before the second week of May. The reverse of this holds true with these summer visitants at their departure. Thus, dotterels (*Charadrius morinellus*) forsake the Grampians about the beginning of August, and Scotland by the end of that month ; while they return to England in September, and remain there even until November. A difference of nearly a month, too, takes place between the departure of the gnatsucker, (*Caprimulgus Europæus*) from Scotland and from the south of England.

White, in his history of Selborne, speaking of the singing of birds, says, " Many birds which become silent about Midsummer, re-assume their notes again in September ; as the thrush, blackbird, woodlark, willow-wren, &c. ; hence August is by much the most mute month, the Spring, Summer, and Autumn through. Are birds,

(he adds) induced to sing again because the temperament of Autumn resembles that of Spring?"

Birds that sing in the night are but few :

Nightingale "In shadiest covert hid."
 Woodlark "Suspended in mid air."
 Less reed-sparrow "Among reeds and willows."

ENGLISH CHARACTER.

The national character of the English is pride, and the meanest of all pride,—purse-pride. Even a poor Lord is despised ; and to increase his fortune, a necessitous Peer will *condescend* to marry into a rich citizen's family. An over-weening affection for money, an idolatrous worship of gain, have absolutely confounded the general intellect, and warped the judgment of many, to that excess, that in estimating men or things, they refer always to "What is he worth?" or, "What will it fetch?" Were we to point out a person, and say, "There goes a good man, one who has not a vice!" he would scarcely be noticed ; but exclaim, "That man is worth £500,000," and he will be stared at till out of sight. This sordid habit of thinking was finely hit off by a keen fellow of a neighbouring nation, who had carried on business in London, and failed. Sitting in a coffee-house one day, where a few wealthy citizens were discussing some money concerns, and observing him very attentive, one person turned aside and said to him, "What's your opinion, Sir, of the matter?" "S'blood, Sir," returned he peevishly, "what opinion can a man have in *this* country, who has not a *guinea* in his pocket?" This makes good what Mr. Burke says,—"*That a merchant has no faith but in his banker ; his ledger is his bible ; the Exchange is his church ; the desk his altar ; and his money is his God.*"

DIRGE

*To the Memory of Miss Ellen Gee, of Kew, who died in consequence of
being stung in the eye.*

Peerless, yet hapless, maid of Q !

Accomplish'd LN G !

Never again shall I and U

Together sip our T.

For, ah ! the Fates, I know not Y,

Sent 'midst the flowers a B,

Which ven'mous stung her in the I,

So that she could not C.

LN exclaimed, "Vile, spiteful B !

If ever I catch U

On jess'mine, rose-bud, or sweet-P,

I'll change your stinging Q.

"I'll send you, like a lamb or U,

Across th' Atlantic C,

From our delighted village Q,

To distant O Y E.

"A stream runs from my wounded I,

Salt as the briny C,

As rapid as the X or Y,

The O I O, or D.

"Then fare thee ill, insensate B !

Which stung, nor yet knew Y ;

Since not for wealthy Durham's C,

Would I have lost my I."

They bear with tears fair LN G,

In funeral RA ;

A clay-cold corse now doom'd to B,

Whilst I mourn her DK.

Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B,

List to the reason Y !

For should A B C U at Q,

He'll surely sting UR I.

Now in a grave L deep in Q,

She's cold as cold can B ;

Whilst robins sing upon A U

Her dirge and L E G.

ORIGIN AND USE OF BELLS.

Matthew Paris observes, that, in ancient times, the use of bells was prohibited in time of mourning ; though at present they make one of the principal ceremonies of mourning. Mabillon adds, that it was an ancient custom to ring the bells for persons about to expire, to advertise the people to pray for them ; whence our passing bells. The passing bell, indeed, was anciently rung for two purposes : one, to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing ; the other, to drive away the evil spirits which stood at the bed's foot, and about the house, ready to seize their prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage ; but by the ringing of that bell, (for Durandus informs us, evil spirits are much afraid of bells) they were kept aloof ; and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or had what is by sportsmen called, *law*. Hence, perhaps, exclusive of the additional labour, was occasioned the high price demanded for tolling the greatest bell of the church ; for that being louder, the evil spirits must go farther off to be clear of its sound, by which the poor soul got so much the start of them ; besides, being heard farther off, it would likewise procure the dying man a greater number of prayers. This dislike of spirits to bells, is mentioned in the Golden Legend, by W. de Worde. "It is said, the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon of thayre, doubte moche when they hear the belles rongen : and this is the cause why the belles ben rongen whan it thondreth, and whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the ende that the feinds and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee, and cease of the movynge of tempeste." Lobineau observes, that the custom of ringing bells at the approach of thunder is of some antiquity ; but that the design was not so much

to shake the air, and so dissipate the thunder, as to call the people to church, to pray that the parish might be preserved from that terrible meteor.

Nankin, in China, was anciently famous for the largeness of its bells ; but their enormous weight having brought down the tower, the building fell to ruin, and the bells have ever since lain on the ground. One of these bells is near twelve English feet high, the diameter seven and a half, and its circumference twenty-three ; its figure almost cylindric, except for a swelling in the middle ; and the thickness of the metal about the edges seven inches. From the dimensions of this bell, its weight is computed at 50,000 pounds, which is more than double the weight of that of Erfort, said by Father Kircher to be the greatest bell in the world. These bells were cast by the first Emperor of the present dynasty, about 300 years ago. They have each their name ; the hanger (*tchoui*), the eater (*che*), the sleeper (*choui*), the will (*fi*). Father le Compte adds, that there are seven other bells in Pekin, cast in the reign of Youlo, each of which weighs 120,000 pounds. But the sounds even of their biggest bells are very poor, being struck with a wooden, in lieu of an iron clapper.

The practice of ringing bells in change, or regular peals, is said to be peculiar to England ; whence Britain has been termed the *ringing island*. There are in London several societies of ringers, particularly one known by the name of the *College Youths* ; of this, it is said, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, was in his youthful days a member ; and in the life of this learned and upright judge, written by Bishop Burnet, some facts are mentioned which favour this relation. In England, the practice of ringing is reduced to a science, and peals have been composed which bear the name of the inventors.

OPINIONS OF THE HOLY BIBLE,

AS GIVEN BY BISHOP HALL AND SIR WILLIAM JONES.

To peruse the Holy Scriptures is one of the first employments of childhood. We cannot fail to congratulate ourselves that our time has been thus occupied, when our judgment is sufficiently mature to form a comparative estimate of the various productions of literature, and we are fully able to determine their usefulness. And it will be found, as life is verging to its close—when every other book begins to be insipid and uninteresting, that the **HOLY BIBLE**, which includes the most ancient records of time, the clearest evidences of a divine revelation, and the joyful promises of eternal happiness, will attract us more and more as old age advances; and will afford us that divine solace, and inexpressible satisfaction, which no other writings can give.

“I durst appeal,” says Bishop Hall, “to the judgment of a candid reader, that there is no history so pleasant as the sacred. Setting aside the majesty of the inditer, none can compare with it for the magnificence and antiquity of the matter, the sweetness of compiling, the strange variety of memorable circumstances:—and if the delight be such, what shall the profit be esteemed of that which was written by God for the salvation of men? I confess, no thoughts did ever more sweetly steal me, and time away, than those which I have employed in this subject; and I hope none can equally benefit others; for if the mere relation of these holy things be profitable, how much more when it is reduced to use?”

In conformity with these observations as to the excellence of the Scriptures, was the opinion of the late Sir William Jones, a person as much distinguished by the soundness of his judgment, as by his extensive and various learning. On the last leaf of his Bible, these words were written: “I have regularly and attentively read these

Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more simplicity and beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed."

SIMILE ON YOUTH.

—She had just arriv'd

At life's best season ; when the world seems all
One land of promise ; when Hope, like the lark,
Sings to the unrisen sun, and Time's dread scythe
Is polish'd to a bright and flattering mirror,
Where Youth and Beauty view their growing image,
And wanton with the edge.

Mr. Locke having been introduced by Lord Shaftesbury to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax, they, instead of conversing with the philosopher, as might naturally have been expected, on literary subjects, in a short time sat down to cards. Mr. Locke, after looking on for some time, pulled out his pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. One of the company observing this, took the liberty of asking him what he was writing. " My Lord," said Locke, " I am endeavouring as far as possible, to profit by my present situation ; for, having waited with patience for the honour of being in company with the greatest geniuses of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than to write down your conversation ; and, indeed, I have set down the substance of what you have said for this hour or two." This well-timed ridicule had its desired effect, for these noblemen, fully sensible of its force, immediately quitted their play, and entered into a conversation more rational, and better suited to the dignity of their characters.

RUTH.

She stood breast-high amidst the corn,
 Clasp'd by the golden light of morn;
 Like the sweet-hearts of the sun,
 Who many a burning kiss had won.
 On her cheek an Autumn flush
 Deeply ripen'd—such a blush
 In the midst of brown was born,
 Like red poppies grown with corn.
 Round her eyes her tresses fell—
 Which were darkest none could tell;
 But long lashes veil'd a light,
 Which had else been all too bright.
 And her hat with shady brim,
 Made her forehead darkly dim;
 Thus she stood among the stooks,
 Praising God with her sweet looks.
 "Sure," I said, "Heaven did not mean
 Where I reap thou should'st but glean;
 Lay thy sheaf adown, and come,
 Share my harvest and my home."

The celebrated Linnæus, when he was 43 years of age, was subject to such violent attacks of the gout, that they deprived him of sleep and appetite.—During a fit he happened to eat some strawberries, after which he had a refreshing sleep. The next day he ate, at intervals, a large quantity, and on the second after was quite recovered, and able to quit his bed. In the summer of the following year he again dispelled attacks of the disease by taking ripe strawberries. The third year the attacks were renewed, but in a slighter degree than in the preceding years. After this, Linnæus never neglected to eat strawberries every summer: his blood seemed to be purified by these means, his countenance more cheerful, his colour fresher, and he was ever after free from the gout, though he lived to the age of 70 years.

TALKERS.

There is a class of society called *silent* talkers ; people who say very little, and very frequently have a great deal to say. This class, however, is but small. It is chiefly composed of persons who have had very little to do with the world, and do not care much about it ; who are not desirous of shining, and who being too fond of retiring and quiet, would rather listen to other people talking nonsense than hear themselves talk sense. They are not generally deficient in talent, but they want courage to display it ; and they suffer empty-headed fools to engross all the conversation with the flippant babble of their own vain tongues, instead of boldly excluding them from the field, by putting forth the strength of their powerful intellects. Amongst this class may in general be reckoned those men of letters who have spent more time in study than in society, and who, as Addison said of himself, are not worth nine pence of ready cash in conversation, but who can draw for thousands in the retirement of their own closets. These are the people whom Cowper mentions when he says—

We sometimes think we could a speech produce
 Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose ;
 But being tied, it dies upon the lip,
 Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip.
 Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
 Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

And this is also the case, more or less, with every man on his first entrance into life, unless he be insufferably impudent, when he will not care what he says, or any body else either.

Just the reverse to these are your *incessant* talkers, who whether they talk sense or nonsense, are almost equally annoying. They are people, who in Shakspeare's words, have got " the disease of not listening." When

you unexpectedly meet with a man of this kind, it is like getting under a shower-bath, and when you expect the pelting stream to cease, finding it still flowing on with unabating violence. There is no safety with such people but in flight. It is in vain to remonstrate, or rather to strive to remonstrate, for you might as well think to cram another hour in twenty-four, or to stop with your fore-finger the whirl of a water-wheel, as to interpose a word in such discourse, or stop it before the speaker's breath is spent. If you endeavour to urge any topic in mitigation of punishment, you only add fresh fuel to the flame; if you tell your enemy you have an engagement, he will give you a history of his own, past, present, and to come; if you plead indisposition, he will tell you all about his last influenza and all the doctor said; in short there is not a single topic upon which he will not "discourse most excellent music." Men and women and children of all ranks and ages mingle in this class.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF ANNALS.

The love of fame, and a desire to communicate information, have influenced men in almost every age and every nation, to leave behind them some memorials of their existence, actions, and discoveries. Thus has the curiosity of man secured, by methods very rude and incomplete, and in succeeding times by records more improved and satisfactory, his favourite enjoyments.

The method of conveying to posterity an account of important facts, was in the earliest ages of the world very vague and uncertain. The most obvious and easy mode was first resorted to. When Joshua led the twelve tribes of Israel over the river Jordan, in a miraculous manner, he set up twelve stones for a memorial; but it was necessary for tradition to explain it. "Joshua spake unto the

children of Israel, saying, when your children shall ask their fathers, in time to come, what mean these stones ? then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land."—Songs were the only records among the ancient Germans ; and their war-song, when rushing to battle, recalled to mind the exploits of some departed hero. Poets who sung to the harp the praises of deceased warriors, at the tables of kings, are mentioned by Homer. The Scandinavians, Gauls, and Germans, had their bards ; and the savages of America preserved similar records of the past in the wild poetry of their country. To supply the defects of such oral tradition as this, founders of states, and leaders of colonies, gave their own names to cities and kingdoms. Devices were fixed upon shields and banners, and national festivals and games were established to commemorate extraordinary events. From such imperfect attempts to rescue the past from the ravages of time and oblivion, the progress to inscriptions of various kinds was made soon after the invention of letters. The Babylonians recorded their first astronomical observations upon bricks ; and the most ancient monuments of Chinese literature, were inscribed upon large tables of very hard stone. The names of magistrates, and the recital of the most remarkable events which happened during their transaction of public business, were preserved. Two very curious monuments of this kind are still extant ;—the names of the consuls registered upon the Capitoline marbles at Rome ; and the Arundelian marbles, upon which are inscribed, in Greek capital letters, some records of the early history of Greece, from the time of Cecrops down to the age of Alexander the Great. They were brought from the Island of Paros, and are now preserved in the University of Oxford.

Such was the commencement of annals, and of a regular series of chronology. In succeeding times, when nations became more civilized, and the various branches of

literature were cultivated, private persons employed themselves in recording the actions of their contemporaries, or their ancestors; and history, by degrees, assumed its proper form and character. It was at first, like painting, the rude outline of an unskilful designer; but, after repeated essays, the great masters of the art arose, and produced the harmonious light and shade, the glowing colours and animated groups of a perfect picture.

HOOR-GLASSES.

Hour-glasses for the purpose of measuring the length of a sermon, were coeval with the Reformation, as appears from the frontispiece prefixed to the Holy Bible of the Bishop's translation, "Imprinted by John Day, 1569, 4to." In this frontispiece, Archbishop Parker is represented with an hour-glass standing on his right-hand. Clocks and watches being then but rarely in use, it was thought fit to prescribe the length of the sermons of the Reformists to the time of an hour, that is, the run of an hour-glass. This practice became generally prevalent, and continued to the time of the Revolution in 1688: the hour-glass was placed either on the side of the pulpit, or on a stand in front of it. "One whole houre-glasse," "one halfe-houre glasse," occur in the inventory, taken about 1632, of the goods and implements belonging to the church of All Saints, Newcastle-upon Tyne. In some churches of the metropolis, those relics of our ancestors' patience and piety remained till of late years, though the sermons have, for most part, dwindled into about a quarter of the time. An hour-glass frame of iron remained fixed in the wall, by the side of the pulpit, in 1797, in the church of North Moor, Oxfordshire; and the frame of one in St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, which was of massy silver, was but a few years since melted down, and made into two staff-heads for the parish beades.

TO-MORROW.

See where the falling day
 In silepce steals away,
 Behind the western hills withdrawn;
 Her fires are quench'd—her beauty fled—
 With blushes all her face o'erspread,
 As conscious she had ill perform'd
 The promise of the dawn.

Another morning soon shall rise,
 Another dawn salute our eyes,
 As smiling and as fair as this,
 And make as many promises:
 But do not thou the tale believe,
 They're sisters all—and all deceive.

“ I would never (says Sir Matthew Hale) convict any person of murder or manslaughter, unless the fact were proved to be done, or at least the body found dead, for the sake of two cases.” The two cases to which he refers are very curious, especially one of them. A young girl, who lived with her uncle, (who was also his heir-at-law,) was overheard to say, ‘ Good uncle, do not kill me !’ Very soon afterwards, the child disappeared; and the uncle, being committed on suspicion of having murdered her, was admonished by the judges of assize to produce her against the next assizes. When the next assizes came, the uncle produced a child whom he declared to be his niece, and who certainly very much resembled her; but who was proved by witnesses well acquainted with the person of the real niece not to be the same. On these presumptions the uncle was found guilty, condemned, and executed. But some years after, the real niece, who had been induced to run away by the ill-treatment of her uncle, and had been received and brought up in a distant part of the country by a benevolent stranger, appeared, and, being now of age, laid claim to her inheritance. Her indentury was established on the clearest evidence, and her claim allowed.

FLOURISHING STATE OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS DURING THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

An era of the highest refinement commenced with the reign of Augustus, whose palace was adorned with the rich vases of Corinth. Grecian artists were invited to Rome, and the masterly execution of the medals of that period, prove their great superiority to those of former times. It is remarked by Suetonius, that Augustus found Rome built of brick, and that he left it built of marble. It displayed, under his auspices, in palaces, temples, and theatres, the majesty and elegance of Grecian architecture. The public edifices were furnished with the choicest ornaments brought from the same country; and the streets and squares exhibited the exquisite statues of all the Pagan deities.

The same obligations which the Romans owed to Greece for inspiring them with a love of the arts, were extended to philosophy and polite literature, with this remarkable difference, that in the former they were only admirers, and in the latter they ventured to be competitors with their great masters. A fondness for sculpture and painting, and the cultivation of eloquence and poetry, kept nearly an equal pace; and the same age saw them arise and flourish together. Writers, whose works are the glory of ancient Italy, and the praise of every age, adorned this period, and reached that standard of excellence from which the unpolished style of their predecessors, and the degenerate affectation of their followers, seem equally remote. Horace and Virgil, Tibullus and Propertius, flourished in the court of Augustus. The two first, indeed, through the noble patronage and friendship of Mæcenas, enjoyed the smiles of the Emperor, who was himself distinguished by the elegance of his compositions, and the purity of his taste. The Lyric as well as the Epic Muse was grateful for his protection and liberality; and Horace

and Virgil, indulging the vanity of the Julian family, who claimed a divine origin, raised their patron to the rank of a deity, and perpetuated his fame in their incomparable poems.

Notwithstanding the external magnificence of Rome, and her prosperity during the reign of Augustus and his immediate successors, the manners of the people gradually underwent a great change : the state contained in her bosom the causes of her own decay, and the poison of dissolution preyed upon her vitals. She became as abject and degraded, as she had ever been great and powerful. The Empress of the World sunk into the most humiliating condition : her downfall may be attributed to the decay of patriotism, the introduction of luxury, and the total neglect of the ancient modes of education.

SELF-DENIAL.

Ribera, the Spanish painter, (by way of eminence called Spagnoletto) though nurtured in the lap of poverty, was yet early initiated in the old Castilian principles of virtue : having found his way to Rome, for improvement in his art, he was admitted as an academician, under the particular guidance of Francisco di Ribalta, but was obliged to employ part of his time in paintings of a common kind, to gain a paltry subsistence. A member of the conclave passing through the streets one day in his coach, observed a poor object, in tatters, employed in painting a sign-board for a house of the lowest order : the youth and abject appearance of the artist caught his attention ; he ordered his carriage to stop, whilst he contemplated the singular attention with which he pursued his work, and the rays of genius which burst forth through his squalid obscurity. It was Il Spagnoletto, earning a few paolos, of which he was evidently in the greatest

want: the Cardinal, calling him to the coach, and having enquired his name and history, directed him to proceed to his palace, where he placed him on the domestic establishment, with every facility of pursuing his favourite profession. Though virtuous whilst in extreme poverty, yet the blandishments of ease and affluence operated as a spell on the mind of the young painter, and he soon became a slave to those pleasures, which, whilst poor, he had despised; but virtue, as well as genius, though clouded for a moment, will yet dart forth from the clouds which overshadow it; and his feelings, though blunted, were yet not subdued; his moments of reflection told him, that his honour and his talents were alike in danger; and in a moment of enthusiasm, or rather, shall we say, of generous virtue, he tore himself from all the *agrémens* of his new mode of life; and whilst reassuming his native poverty, found himself restored to his nature, dignity of soul and independence. His self-denial was afterwards amply rewarded, by the profits and honours which attended his superior excellence in his art.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

I always desired (says the Rev. Joseph Spence, in a letter to his mother from Rome) to be acquainted with Lady Mary, and could never bring it about, though we were often together in London. Soon after we came to this place, her Ladyship came here, and in five days I was well acquainted with her. She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet. She is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, the most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best-natured, cruellest woman in the world; "all things by turns, and nothing long." She was married young; and she told me, with that freedom which travelling gives, that she was never in so great a hurry of thought as the

month before she was married ; she never slept any night that month. You know she was one of the most celebrated beauties of her day, and had a vast number of offers, and the thing that kept her awake, was who to fix upon. She was determined as to two points from the first ; that is, to be married to somebody, and not to be married to the man her father advised her to have. The last night of the month she determined, and in the morning left the husband of her father's choice buying the wedding-ring, and *scuttled away to be married* with Mr. Wortley.

BEES.

The cultivation of this useful animal has been long recommended by skilful naturalists and agriculturists ; and it is somewhat remarkable, that, in a country like ours, so little progress has been made in the pursuit of an object so lucrative. The following anecdote deserves attention : —“ A French Bishop being about to make his annual visitation, sent word to a certain Curate (whose ecclesiastical benefice was very small,) that he intended to dine with him ; at the same time requesting, that he would not put himself to any extraordinary expense. The Curate promised to attend to the Bishop's suggestion ; but he did not keep his word, for he provided a most sumptuous entertainment. His Lordship was much surprised, but could not avoid censuring the Curate, observing, that it was highly ridiculous in a man whose circumstances were so narrow, to launch out in such expense ; nay, almost to dissipate his entire income in a single day. “ Do not be uneasy on that score, my Lord,” replied the Curate, “ for I assure you that what you now see is not the produce of my curacy, which I bestow exclusively on the poor.”—Then you have a patrimony, Sir ?” said the

Bishop.—“No, my Lord.”—“You speak in riddles; how do you then contrive to”——“My Lord, I have a convent of young damsels here, who do not let me want for any thing.”—“How! you have a convent! I did not know there was one in this neighbourhood: this is all very unaccountable, very strange, Mr. Curate.”—“You are jocular, my Lord.”—“But come, Sir, I entreat that you would solve the enigma; I would fain see the convent.”——“So you shall, my Lord, after dinner; and I promise you that your Lordship will be satisfied with my conduct.” Accordingly, when dinner was over, the Curate conducted the Prelate to a large enclosure, entirely occupied by bee-hives; and pointing to them, observed, “This, my Lord, is the convent which gave us our dinner; it brings me in about 1800 livres per annum, upon which I live very comfortably, and with which I contrive to entertain my guests genteelly.” The surprise and satisfaction of the Bishop at this discovery may readily be conceived. The sequel of the story informs us, that afterwards, whenever a Curate made application to his Lordship for an improved living, he would only reply, “Keep bees! Keep bees!”

MUSIC.

Music is an object of universal love; and from its prevalence in every age, and by its cultivation in every part of the world, it seems as if there was something in the “concord of sweet sounds” congenial with the mind of man. Among rude and unpolished nations, it has ever risen to peculiar importance, and been introduced to aid the expression of joy and grief, upon the most serious and the most festive occasions—in the temple and in the theatre—in solemn processions and in the sprightly dance. It has ever been the solace and the delight of men of genius; and there is no subject which is praised in more

ardent expressions, or expatiated upon with more delight, by Homer, Shakspeare, Tasso, and Milton. It cheers the traveller, as he pursues the journey of life, and produces a sweet oblivion of fatigue.

For a description of the powers of Music, recourse can best be had to the sister art, to which sound is so frequently indebted for the most pleasing alliance of sense ; and perhaps it will not be found easy to produce a short description of its application to the various situations of life, and different feelings of the heart, more beautiful and just, than the following verses—

Queen of ev'ry moving measure,
 Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
 Music ! why thy powers employ
 Only for the sons of joy ?
 Only for the smiling guests,
 At natal, or at nuptial feasts ?
 Rather thy lenient numbers pour
 On those whom secret griefs devour :
 Bid be still the throbbing hearts
 Of those whom death or absence parts ;
 And with some softly whisper'd air,
 Smooth the brow of dumb despair.

As the notes used to excite any sensations, may be equally in unison with those of a similar nature, Music requires the aid of language to express any individual passion. If correspondent words are the associates of sound, they become, by this alliance, specific indications of the feelings and passions ; and the pleasure conveyed to the ear is attended by the more refined gratification of the understanding. Mysterious as the mode of the operation of sounds may be, it is clear that nature has connected certain emotions with them, and their effect is sufficiently ascertained and deeply felt ; for they are the keys which unlock all the passions of the soul. Sounds variously modified, and judiciously combined with words, can melt with pity, sink in sorrow, transport with joy,

rouse to courage, and elevate with devotion. They have a peculiar effect in cherishing the tender passions, and calling up the long forgotten images of the past, with all their attendant train of associated ideas. While the ear is delighted with the strains of harmony, the fancy is busied in the contemplation of the most affecting images, and the whole soul is exalted to the bright regions of joy and happiness.

The order of sounds in simple melody resembles in their principles that proportion of parts, which constitutes the symmetry of the human form. Our sight and hearing—the noblest of our senses—are indulged by the arts with their proper gratifications. As painting and sculpture produce the means of enjoyment to the eye, so Music supplies entertainment to the ear. Every country has its peculiar music, as every soil produces its peculiar fruits and flowers; and we are most attached to that kind of melody and harmony to which we have been habituated from our earliest years. Of all musical airs, none are more truly affecting than those which were anciently adapted to the popular ballads of particular countries—such as Switzerland and Scotland.

“They come o’er the ear, like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.”

They show, in the greatest degree, the power of the association of ideas. They can awaken the lively emotions of tenderness and melancholy pleasure in every susceptible mind: but their effect is felt in the highest degree by the natives of those countries, when far distant from home. As soon as the Swiss soldier hears the *Ranz des Vaches* sung in a foreign land, the transporting sounds instantly present to his mind all the attachments, the employments, and the scenery which endear his native country to him: his heart is melted with the recollection, he weeps with

emotion ; and his desire to return home produces a deep despondency, which nothing but the sight of his beloved objects can effectually remove.

The dignity of the art, however, is best displayed, when the efforts of its great masters are directed to Sacred Music. What can be more delightful than the anthems of Kent, Boyce, and Hayes, or more transporting than the airs of Handel. They disengage our minds from the common objects of life, lull our passions to repose, and remind us of the pleasure enjoyed by our first parents, when listening to the music of the angels in the garden of Eden.

THE BIRD AND THE MUSICIAN.

[It would seem impertinent to offer one syllable of comment on a subject so exquisitely handled as the following.]

—One morning early

This accident encounter'd me: I heard
 'The sweetest and most ravishing contention
 That art or nature ever were at strife in.—
 A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather
 Indeed, entranced my soul : as I stole nearer,
 Invited by the melody, I saw
 This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute
 With strains of strange variety and harmony
 Proclaiming (as it seemed) so bold a challenge
 To the clear quiristers of the woods—the birds,
 That as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
 Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.
 A Nightingale,
 Nature's best-skill'd musician, undertakes
 The challenge ; and for every several strain
 The well-shap'd youth could touch, she sung him down ;
 He could not run division with more art
 Upon his quaking instrument than she,
 The Nightingale, did with her various notes
 Reply to.
 Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
 Into a pretty anger ; that a bird

Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
 Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
 Had busied many hours to perfect practice :
 To end the controversy, in a rapture,
 Upon this instrument he plays so swiftly,
 So many voluntaries, and so quick,
 That there was curiosity and cunning
 Concord in discord, lines of differing method,
 Meeting in one full centre of delight !
 The bird (ordained to be
Music's first martyr,) strove to imitate
 Those several sounds ; which, when her warbling throat
 Failed in, for grief down dropt she on his lute,
 And brake her heart !

TOAD EATERS.

There are so many situations in life, in which Toad Eating becomes a profitable profession—it gains its object so easily, and requires so few qualifications, that we have little reason to be surprised at the numbers who embrace it. Old bachelors without heirs, and whose frequent visits to the Bank have induced a belief that they are warm, attract a host of Toad Eaters around them, who are ready to submit to any degradation, for the chance of a corner in their will. Their peculiarities are studied ; their opinions subscribed to ; and their peevishness humoured ; in short, all that is grateful to one party, and degrading to the other, is put in practice, for the remote prospect of a legacy which they may never receive ; or in the hope of profiting by that friendship which they may never secure. It is amusing to observe the attentions they pay to the crabbed Cræsus, when they have the good fortune to have him under their roofs. His predilections and antipathies are carefully studied ; and they lay wait before-hand for every expression that may enlighten them on the subject of his likings and aversions. On that day, the children

are under a temporary banishment, lest their prattle should disturb the comfort of their guest, who has been heard to remark how much he hated the squalling of brats. The snug arm-chair is placed by the fire, with an extra cushion and a foot-stool ; he is listened to as a Sir Oracle, with a gravity and a deference that would provoke the risibility of a stoic. Let it not be supposed that these preparations for his comfort are regarded with the complacency they would seem to deserve. It is not in his nature to be satisfied. " Ha ! a turkey ; Humph ! can't say I like turkey. Never liked it since Alderman Greedy helped me to a tough drum-stick, because he knew I was partial to the breast. You've got no soles : Ha ! I'm fond of soles. Never touch salmon ; and I hate turbot."—" Really, I'm very sorry that——"—" Dare say you are : can't help my aversions, you know. Never mind, I'll try next course. Ducks ! Ha, I never eat ducks : too strong for me. I'll try your beef : must trouble you again. Always eat it under-done. Wouldn't give a fig for it without the gravy."—" Take pease, did you say ?"—" Can't bear pease ; don't agree with me."—" Asparagus ?"—" No, I hate asparagus. You may help me to a potatoe : very watery, though."—" Marrow pudding ?"—" No, too rich."—" Plain pudding ?"—" No, not rich enough. Don't distress yourself ; make a good dinner yet. I'll wait for the cheese. Can manage a fill-up with bread and cheese. You've got no Stilton, I see ; Ha, I love Stilton."—" I'm sure if I had known——"—" Oh, never mind ; I'll take a bit of your Cheshire. Too new though ; and t'other's too old."—" Dear me !" exclaims the hostess, " I'm very sorry you've made such an indifferent dinner ; and really, I flattered myself I had hit your palate to a nicety."—" Dare say you did, Madam. Can't help these things, you know : generally make a good dinner at home, though."

We'll suppose the cloth cleared, and the wine and des-

sert on the table. These are honoured with as few encomiums ; but by the time he has swallowed a bottle, his ruggedness softens into a complacent egotism. " Suppose you've been at the Bank to-day, Sir," says mine host, with a simper. " You monied men are always at the Bank."—" Oh yes ! done a trifle this morning ; made a few hundreds. Like a little exercise that way, just to keep one from rusting. It's a bit of amusement for me, and helps to pass away time."—" Very pretty pastime, Sir, I think."—" Ha ! ha ! you are right. You are right. Come, I'll give you the good old lady of Threadneedle-street. I'll drink her in a bumper, though I can't say much for your port. Come, fill, fill."—" With all my heart, Sir. Here's to the good old lady in Threadneedle-street. I wish I were in her good graces."—" Time enough yet. Got a snug corner for you in a certain bit of paper."—" Much obliged to you, Sir, I'm sure. Don't expect such a thing, I assure you. Hope you may live many years to enjoy your wealth."—" Hope I may. Dare say I shall. Not very old you know. Only sixty-eight. Hearty as a buck. No wife to perplex me, no children to vex me. Free as air. Can't fret, you know. Care for nothing, so as I can keep a bit in the Bank, and take a glass with a friend. Friends are better than relations. Thank the Lord, I've none to trouble me ; and when I die"—" Pray heaven it may be many, many years first," adds the Toad Eater, with a sympathizing snivel. " When I die, I say, those I most respected shall be most rewarded. I don't forget kindness."—" Nay, I am sure you don't. Come, Sir, fill. This is a gloomy subject. The idea of your death makes me melancholy."—" And me too, I'm sure," adds his spouse ; lifting her handkerchief to her eyes :

And if there's nothing there,
She wipes that nothing thence.

Thus, deceiving and deceived, the man of wealth and

his parasite cajole each other ; and when death at last carries him off, and his will is examined, the chances are a hundred to one, that he has either forgotten his Toad Eater entirely, or left him five pounds for a mourning ring, as a testimony of his regard.

STATE-SCENE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

The Duke of Newcastle had been thirty years in the ministry, and was then at the head of the Treasury—the department which, in England, bestows all employments; from which, under the king, flow all favours; and which, from these causes, constitutes the person holding it the Prime Minister. But Mr. Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham) had silenced the Opposition; had formed all plans for war; and had left to the Duke of Newcastle the care of finding money to carry these into execution, as well as the pleasure of giving such places as did not depend upon his measures. They frequently differed in opinion; but Mr. Pitt always carried his point, in spite of the Duke. A curious scene occurred on one of these occasions.

It had been proposed to send Admiral Hawke to sea, in pursuit of M. de Conflans. The season was unfavourable, and even dangerous, for a fleet to sail, being the month of November. Mr. Pitt was at that time confined to his bed by the gout, and was obliged to receive all visitors in his chamber, in which he could not bear to have a fire. The Duke of Newcastle waited upon him in this situation, to discuss the affair of this fleet, which he was of opinion ought not to sail in such a stormy season: scarcely had he entered the chamber, when, shivering with cold, he said, “What, have you no fire?”—“No,” replied Mr. Pitt, “I can never bear a fire, when I have the gout.” The duke sat down by the side of the invalid, wrapt up in his cloak, and began to enter upon the sub-

ject of his visit. There was a second bed in the room, and the duke, unable to endure the cold, at length said, "With your leave, I'll warm myself in this other bed;" and without taking off his cloak, he actually got into Lady Esther Pitt's bed, and resumed the debate. The duke was entirely against exposing the fleet to hazard in the month of November, and Mr. Pitt was as positively determined it should put to sea. "The fleet must absolutely sail," said Mr. Pitt, accompanying his words with the most animated gestures. "It is impossible," said the duke, making a thousand contortions, "it will certainly be lost." Sir Charles Frederick, of the ordnance department, arriving just at that time, found them both in this laughable posture; and had the greatest difficulty in the world to preserve his gravity, at seeing two Ministers of State deliberating upon an object so important in such a ludicrous situation.

After their victories over the Persians, the Athenians made a law, that on one day in every year, there should be a public exhibition of a cock-fight. The following are the circumstances from which this custom arose. When Themistocles led an army of his countrymen against the barbarians, he saw two cocks fighting. The spectacle was not lost upon him. He made his army halt, and thus addressed them: "These cocks," said he, "are not fighting for their country, for their paternal Gods, nor do they endure this for the monuments of their ancestors, for the sake of glory in the cause of liberty, or for their offspring. The only motive is, that one is determined not to yield to the other." These words animated the Athenians; and what was then an incentive to their valour, was preserved as a monument, which might lead to the perpetration of similar exploits.

CHARACTER OF PITT.

It would have required the united skill of Lavater and Spurzheim to discover in William Pitt, *prima facie*, a great man. His position was stiff, his person meagre. His nose was ill-formed, and on a very *anti-Grecian* angle; his lips were inelegantly wavering in their line; his cheek-bone projected too much, and his chin too little. The countenance seemed expressive of much cleverness, but it was not till he spoke that the marks of genius seized upon the attention. He was, without all doubt, a consummate speaker; but, in the midst of his eloquence, it was impossible to avoid regarding him at all times, as being more of a philosopher than an orator. What to other men seems to be a most magnificent end, he appeared to regard only as one among many means for accomplishing his great purpose. What Plato vainly wished to see in a king, had he lived in our days he might have beheld in a minister.

By men of barren or paltry minds, it may be conceived quite possible that Pitt, as a speaker, might have been contemplated with very little admiration. That which they are qualified to admire in a speech, was exactly what he, from principle, despised and omitted. He presented what he conceived to be the truth, that is, the wisdom of the case, in simplicity, in noble simplicity, as it was. Minds of grasp and nerve comprehended him, and such alone were worthy of doing so. The small men, who spend their lives in pointing epigrams, or weaving periods, could not enter into the feelings which made him despise the opportunity of displaying, for the sake of doing; and they reviled him as if the power, not the will, had been wanting.

Instead of following, with reverent gaze, the far-as-

cending flight and beaming eye of the eagle, they criticised him, like the peacocks of the Hindoo fable, because he had no starry feathers in his tail, and because the beauty of his pinions consisted only in the uniform majesty of their strength.

The style of speaking which was employed by this great man, seems to be the only style worthy of such a spirit as his was, entrusted with such duties as he discharged. Intellect embodied in language by a patriot, —these few words comprehend every thing that can be said of it. Every sentence proceeded from his mouth as perfect, in all respects, as if it had been balanced and elaborated in the retirement of his closet; and yet no man for an instant suspected him of bestowing any previous attention whatever, on the form or language of his harangues. His most splendid appearances were indeed most frequently replies, so that no such supposition could exist in the minds of those who heard him. Among the many eloquent orators in England as well as elsewhere, perhaps the only one who never seemed to be at a loss for a single word, or to use the less exact, instead of the more precise expression, or to close a sentence as if the beginning of it had passed from his recollection, was William Pitt. The thoughts or the feelings of such a soul would have disdained to be set forth in a shape mutilated or imperfect. In like manner, the intellect of Pitt would have scorned to borrow any ornament excepting only from his patriotism. The sole fire of which he made use was the pure original element of heaven. It was only for such as him to be eloquent after that sort. The casket was not a gaudy one; but it was so rich, that it must have appeared ridiculous around a more ordinary jewel.

ECHOES.

Echo has always been so amusing to the imagination, that the poets have personified her; and in their hands she has been the occasion of many a beautiful fiction.—Nor need the gravest man be ashamed to appear taken with such a phenomenon, since it may become the subject of philosophical or mathematical enquiries.

All Echoes have some particular place to which they are returned stronger and more distinct than to any other; and that is always the place that lies at right angles with the object of repercussion, and is not too near, nor too far off. Buildings, or naked rocks, re-echo much more articulately than hanging wood or vales; because in the latter, the voice is, as it were, entangled and embarrassed in the covert, and weakened in the rebound.

At Charenton, a village near Paris, in a ruinous building, and without any roof, where the monastery of the Carmelites now stands, it was observed, that the same syllable pronounced at either end of it, was returned no less than seventeen times; and when pronounced in the middle, as often from each end: nay more, it would return a very strong voice no less than six-and-twenty times, the reflected sound still growing weaker before it quite ceased to be heard: this is more wonderful than what Plutarch relates of the Pyramids of Egypt, where the voice was returned four or five times; or of the portico at Olympia, where it was reflected seven. There are some who write, that in the great hall of the palace, at Pavia, the image of the voice is repeated thirteen times.

One should have imagined that echoes, if not entertaining, must at least have been harmless and inoffensive; yet Virgil advances a strange notion, that they are injurious to bees. After enumerating some probable and reasonable annoyances, such as prudent owners would

wish far removed from their bee-gardens, he adds :—

“—— aut ubi concava pulsu
Saxa sonant, vocisque offensa resultat imago.”

This wild and fanciful assertion will hardly be admitted by the philosophers of these days ; especially as they all now seem agreed that insects are not furnished with any organs of hearing at all.

We cannot perhaps furnish a more appropriate definition of an Echo, than is supplied by Addison, in an admirable description translated from the third book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* :—

“ Echo in other words her silence breaks ;
Speechless herself, but when another speaks :
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch the voice, and to return the sound :
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and speeches not her own.”

LONGEVITY.

That instances of longevity are not so rare in modern times as is usually imagined, the subjoined list, collected from various sources, is a curious proof. The date affixed to each name is the year in which each person died :—

Year.				Age.
1759	Donald Cameron	-	-	130
1766	John Delasomer	-	-	130
1766	George King	-	-	130
1767	John Taylor	-	-	130
1774	William Beatie	-	-	130
1778	John Watson	-	-	130
1780	Robert M'Bride	-	-	130
1780	William Ellis	-	-	130
1764	Elizabeth Taylor	-	-	131
1775	Peter Garden	-	-	131
1761	Eliza Merchant	-	-	133
1772	Mrs. Keith	-	-	133
1767	Francis Ange	-	-	134

1777	John Brookey	-	-	-	134
1714	Jane Harrison	-	-	-	135
1759	James Sheile	-	-	-	136
1768	Catherine Noon	-	-	-	136
1771	Margaret Foster	-	-	-	136
1776	John Mariat	-	-	-	136
1772	John Richardson	-	-	-	137
1793	—Robertson	-	-	-	137
1757	William Sharpley	-	-	-	138
1768	John M'Donough	-	-	-	138
1770	Thomas Fairbrother	-	-	-	138
1772	Mrs. Clum	-	-	-	138
1766	Thomas Dobson	-	-	-	139
1785	Mary Cameron	-	-	-	139
1732	William Leyland	-	-	-	140
—	Countess of Desmond	-	-	-	140
1770	James Sands	-	-	-	140
1773	Swarling (a Monk)	-	-	-	142
1773	Charles M'Finlay	-	-	-	143
1757	John Effingham	-	-	-	144
1782	Evan Williams	-	-	-	145
1766	Thomas Winsloe	-	-	-	146
1772	I. C. Draukenberg	-	-	-	146
1652	William Mead	-	-	-	148
1768	Francis Confi	-	-	-	150
1542	Thomas Newman	-	-	-	152
1656	James Bowels	-	-	-	152
—	Henry West	-	-	-	152
1648	Thomas Dampe	-	-	-	154
1670	Henry Jenkins	-	-	-	169
1735	Thomas Parr	-	-	-	152
1762	A Polish peasant	-	-	-	157
1797	Joseph Surrington	-	-	-	160
1668	William Edwards	-	-	-	168
1780	Louisa Truxo	-	-	-	175

All the above, however, are far surpassed by an individual whose name we do not recollect to have seen published. It appears from the register of burials in the Parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, that in the year 1588, on the 24th of January, was interred, THOMAS CARN, of Holywell Street, aged 207 years !

HOME.

He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favour, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul, as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honour among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

AUGUST.

August comes, her gifts bestowing;
 Filberts in the bosky dell;
 Ruddy apples, richly glowing,
 Luscious peach, and jargonelle.
 Fox-gloves on the cliffs are blooming,
 Creeping wild-thyme, purple heath,
 Shed their sweets, the air perfuming;
 Woodbine smiles, with spicy breath,
 Nature's wealth and beauty blending,
 Laughing plenty loads the land,—
 Golden grain in ripeness bending,
 Courts the cheerful reaper's hand.
 From ruthless sportsmen frightened muir-fowl fly,
 But on the heath-bell fall, and, fluttering, die.

Why is it that hardly any virtue in Latin is masculine, and nearly all feminine?—Because, not only in the opinion of the Latins, but of the Greeks and other nations, nothing is more amiable and charming than the female sex; so that women have a sort of grammatical consolation against those who object that the *vices* are of the feminine gender. And as the female sex is superior to the other both in *virtues* and *vices*, it seems equitable and just, that both, in the language of grammar, should be of the feminine gender.

LIFE.

Dryden, in his tragedy of *Aurenge-Zebe*, after his inimitable manner, thus soliloquises upon this phantom of mortality :—

When I consider Life, 'tis all a cheat ;
 Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit ;
 Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay :
 To-morrow's falser than the former day ;
 Lies more : and while it says we shall be bless'd
 With some new joys, cuts off what we possess'd.
 Strange coz'nage ! none would live past years again,
 Yet all hope comfort from what yet remain :
 And from the dregs of life think to receive
 What the first sprightly running could not give.
 I'm tir'd of waiting for this chymic gold,
 Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

TETZEL.

"Luther's breach," says Burnet, "was occasioned by the scandalous sale of Indulgences, which all the writers of the Popish Church give up, and allow, was a great abuse." This abuse was, perhaps, never carried so far as in the following instance, by Tetzel, a Dominican friar.

He had picked up a great sum of money at Leipsic, by the sale of Indulgences for Leo X. A gentleman of that city, who paid no regard to these superstitions, went to Tetzel, and asked him if he would sell him an indulgence for a certain crime, which he would not specify, and which he intended to commit. Tetzel said yes, provided they could agree upon the price. The bargain was struck, the money paid, and the absolution delivered in due form. Soon after this, the gentleman knowing that Tetzel was going from Leipsic well loaded with cash, waylaid him, robbed him, and cudgelled him pretty handsomely, and told

him at parting, that this was the crime for which he had purchased absolution of him.

The Duke of Saxony, a zealous friend of the court of Rome, hearing of this robbery, was at first very angry ; but being told the whole story, he laughed very heartily, and forgave the criminal.

"Tetzel," says Luther, in his 'Table-Talk,' "wrote and taught that the pope's Indulgences, or pardons, could remit and forgive even those sins which a man should intend to commit in future."

CONNUBIAL ATTACHMENT.

In the year 1815, the following extraordinary instance of connubial attachment was published in a Paris journal :—

A person of the name of Duminil, who had formerly been keeper of an eating-house at Versailles, and had retired to a small farm, which he cultivated for some time, at Aufargis, near Rambouillet, lost (in 1806) his wife, whom he tenderly loved, and ever after daily visited the spot where her remains were deposited. On the 20th of May, 1815, Duminil took an affectionate leave of his friends, telling them that he was setting out on a long journey. At night he dug up the remains of his wife, filled up the grave with wood, placed the bones upon it, fastened his feet, with strong iron wire, to a cramp which he had fixed in a wall contiguous to the grave, set fire to the faggots, and threw himself upon the pile. His body was thus consumed with the remains of his wife. He had fixed in the wall a piece of freestone, upon which he had rudely traced this epitaph : "Here lies a man who enjoyed happiness for half a century ! He mixed his ashes with those of his wife in 1815." In a niche formed on one of the sides of the tomb, was deposited the portrait of

his wife, with this inscription : “ Augustine Duminil, to Mary Jane Rafinet, his wife : died April 20th, 1806, aged 50. She was beautiful thirty years ; virtuous and amiable all her life ; no power can separate our ashes.” To the external wall of the tomb, was affixed a label, written with a tremulous hand : “ Do not pity me ; for this is a consummation which I have long and devoutly wished ; an object which I was resolutely bent upon accomplishing. Do not blame me. Do not despise me. Do not insult me. I make a present of my wife’s picture to the commune. Written this twentieth of May, at two in the morning, at the moment of precipitating myself on the flames ; in order to join my wife.—DUMINIL.”

DANCING.

Oh ! for the ball, the merry ball,
 Where Pleasure’s beaming form presides ;
 The smiling throng, the lighted hall,
 And Music’s dulcet charm besides.
 Every heart with mirth inspiring,
 Every eye with ardour firing,
 And on cheeks with roses glowing,
 Dimples trebly deep bestowing.
 Flying now with airy fleetness,
 Mazy figures swiftly tracing ;
 Footing now with agile neatness,
 Scarce the flower-wreath’d floor defacing :
 Even Care looks on the while,
 Catching the infectious glee ;
 Age forgets itself to smile,
 Pleased the sports of youth to see :
 Joy aloft, on fluttering pinion,
 Soaring guards his blithe dominion,
 Time’s brisk flight his bliss enchanting ;—
 What would life be, but for Dancing ?

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

The following curious letter is from the author of the "Night Thoughts" to Mrs. Howard. The date is uncertain, but it is supposed to be about 1727, or between that year and 1730 :

"Monday Morning.

"MADAM,—I know his Majesty's goodness to his servants, and his love of justice in general so well, that I am confident, if his Majesty knew my case, I should not have any cause to despair of his gracious favour to me.

"Abilities

"Good Manners

"Service

"Age

"Want

"Sufferings, and } for his Majesty.

"Zeal

"These, madam, are the proper points of consideration in the person that humbly hopes his Majesty's favour.

"As to *Abilities*, all I can presume to say is, I have done the best I could to improve them.

"As to *Good Manners*, I desire no favour, if any just objection lies against them.

"As for *Service*, I have been near seven years in his Majesty's, and never omitted any duty in it, which few can say.

"As for *Age*, I am turned of fifty.

"As for *Want*, I have no manner of preferment.

"As for *Sufferings*, I have lost £300 per annum, by being in his Majesty's service, as I have shown in a 'Representation,' which his Majesty has been so good as to read and consider.

“As for *Zeal*, I have written nothing without showing my duty to their Majesties; and some pieces were dedicated to them.

“This, Madam, is the short and true state of my case. They that make their court to the Ministers, and not their Majesties, succeed better. If my case deserves some consideration, and you can serve me in it, I humbly hope and believe you will; I shall, therefore, trouble you no farther, but beg leave to subscribe myself, with truest respect and gratitude,

“Yours, &c.

“EDWARD YOUNG.

“P.S. I have some hope that my Lord Townshend is my friend; if, therefore, soon, and before he leaves the Court, you had any opportunity of mentioning me with that favour you have been so good to show, I think it would not fail of success; and if not, I shall owe you more than any.”

Ignazio Somis, Professor of Physic in the University of Turin, published an account of three women, who were buried *thirty-seven* days in the ruins of a stable, by a heavy fall of snow from the mountains, at the village of Bergemoletto, near Piedmont, who all survived their confinement. The event occurred on March 19th, 1755, and the translation of Somis's narrative was published in London, in 1768.—On the 2nd of February, 1799, Elizabeth Woodcock, an inhabitant of Impington, returning home from Cambridge market, lost her way, through the inclemency of the weather, and being overwhelmed in a snow drift, continued in that deplorable situation, without food, nearly eight days and nights, but was at length discovered alive, recovered her health, and lived a considerable time afterwards.

THE "RAMBLER" SUSPECTED.

Mr. Murphy relates, that when the *Rambler* was first published in separate numbers, as they were objects of attention to multitudes of people, they happened to attract the notice of a Society that met every Saturday evening, in summer, at Romford, in Essex, and were known by the name of the Bowling-green Club. These men seeing one day the character of *Serviculus*, the fortune-hunter, or *Testrica*, the old maid—another day some account of a person who spent his life in hoping for a legacy—or of him who is always prying into other folks' affairs, began to think that *they* were betrayed, and that some one of the *coterie* sat down to divert himself by giving to the public portraits of all the rest. Filled with wrath against the traitor of Romford, one of them resolved to write to the printer, and inquire the author's name. Samuel Johnson, was the reply. No more was necessary:—*Samuel Johnson* was the name of the curate, and soon did he obtain the reproach of every one, for turning his friends into ridicule, in a manner so cruel and unprovoked. In vain did the guiltless curate protest his innocence:—one was sure that *Aliqui* meant Mr. Twigg, and that *Cupidus* was but another name for neighbour Baggs; till the poor parson, unable to contend any longer against such reasoning, rode to London, and brought them full satisfaction concerning the writer, who, from his own knowledge of general manners, quickened by a strong and vigorous mind, had happily delineated, though unknown to himself, the members of the Romford Bowling-green Club.

 EPIGRAM,—Written in 1598.

Life is a frost of cold felicitie,
And Death the thaw of all our vanitie.

JUNIUS.

Ever since this towering writer took leave of the public, in 1772, curiosity has been more or less upon the stretch, to know who he was ; as if the discovery would add to his merit, or depreciate his abilities. One person said he was Single-speech Hamilton, a Member remarked for having only spoken once in the House of Commons ; another said he was Mr. Dunning ; another, Lord George Germaine ; another, Mr. Burke, and another, Mr. Francis ; although in their writings there was but a very faint resemblance to the pithy declamation of Junius. Curiosity then slumbered. The late Henry Sampson Woodfall, who printed and published his letters in his daily paper, declared that he received them with the following words : " If you approve me, print me ; if not, burn me." He did the former ; and for publishing the letter to the king, was put to a heavy expense in defending a prosecution for a libel, which was not substantiated. Junius, to his eternal honour, sensible thereof, collected all his letters, and gave them, with notes, a dedication, and preface, to their first publisher, who had thence deserved well of him, in order to lighten his loss by their circulation in two pocket volumes, which produced the desired effect. In the dedication, Junius says he is the sole depositary of his own secret, and it shall perish with him ; his motto being *Stat nominis umbra*. Curiosity was now suspended until after the death of Henry Sampson Woodfall, when a new name was found for Junius, and a Mr. Boyd was the undoubted man. This provoked the late William Woodfall, who knew him, to give out a positive denial that he was the writer of letters so much above him, and who was only an occasional essayist in a newspaper. This checked inquiry after Junius until George Woodfall, the son of Sampson, gave the public a splendid edition of his

works, which has lately taught willing ears to believe Mr. Boyd to be the author, and not Mr. Francis.

After all this jumble of contradictions, this insubstant nothing, calculated rather to catch the penny of idle inquiry than to gratify truth, the author of Junius is unknown, and it is very little short of presumption and imposition to say the contrary. It is almost giving Junius himself the lie, who declares in his title-page, that his name is in a shade, and in his dedication, that it shall perish with himself. Undoubtedly he was an elevated man, in character, mind, and language, soaring above an ordinary level, well read and informed in moral and political, constitutional and legal affairs. One or two of his notes, however, are so unlike him, that they are hardly to be justified in an inferior penman. Of Lord North he says, "his tongue was too big for his mouth, his eyes for their sockets, and his head for his shoulders;" and of the Duke of Grafton, that "his conduct was infamous as a Minister, and unfeeling as a man, to his mistress, Anne Parsons;" also of Welbore Ellis and Tommy Bradshaw, that "one was a manikin, and the other old and cream-coloured, without the benefit of experience." After this, Junius was wise in keeping to his motto. Yet, walking in the higher circles, and connected with the higher ranks, he developed facts which none in the lower could possibly know. Had he put his name to his letters, it would have provoked hostilities, which he must have defended by an act of honour, and which, from the station of Mr. Boyd, had he been Junius, whom to a certainty he was not, he would have passed unnoticed for scurrility.

On the whole, Junius will ever be admired, leaving alone his exceptionable notes; but who he was will ever be unknown.

THE CHRISTENING.

*Bonum nomen,
Bonum omen.*

A hundred names were soon propos'd,
But every one the wife oppos'd;
No tongue could e'er run faster:
"Well, *Peter*, then," the husband cried:
"What! *Peter*?" the good dame replied;
"No! *he* denied his *Master*!"

"Through all the list;" said he, "I've run,
And know not, then, what's to be done,
To close this sad distress:
Suppose, my dear, he's *Joseph* call'd?"
"No, never, no!" she loudly bawl'd,
"For *he* denied his *Mistress*!"

A lady of distinction in Scotland, one of the greatest beauties in that part of the kingdom, incurred the displeasure of the Earl, her husband, for no other cause, than that of having brought him seven daughters, and no heir to his title and estates. His lordship even assured her, that he should sue for a divorce; when she replied, that he need not be under the necessity of doing that, for she would agree to a separation, provided he would give her back what he received with her. The Earl, supposing she alluded to pecuniary affairs, assured her that she should have her fortune returned to the last penny. "Na, na, my lord," replied the bonny Scot, "that winna do; you mun return me my youth, my spirits, and my innocence, and dismiss me as soon as you please." His lordship being unable to comply with these terms, spoke no more on the subject, and the following year they were blessed with a son, which event firmly cemented their affections for each other.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

Santeuil, the celebrated Latin poet, who wrote some excellent hymns for the service of the Catholic Church, but who had never taken priest's orders, seated himself one day in a confessional chair that belonged to his convent, and leaned over the elbow of it, as if in expectation of receiving a penitent. A handsome woman approached, knelt down, and began to enumerate her frailties. Santeuil, who was pleased with it at first, soon became tired of it; and by way of putting a stop to his penitent, cried out, "Why, you simpleton, I am no priest! why do you trouble me with all this detail?"—"Oh, Sir," replied the woman, "I shall go immediately and make my complaint to your Superior of your improper and scandalous conduct."—"Shall you so, my charming penitent," rejoined Santeuil: "then I shall go and complain to your husband."

THE IRISH BOY AND THE PRIEST.

A pretty Irish boy in humble life,
 Whose father took a Protestant to wife,
 To mother's Church an inclination had;
 But Father unto Mass would force the lad.
 Yet still the boy to Church on Sunday stole,
 And evidenc'd a wish to save his soul.
 The Rector eyed the youth—his zeal approv'd,
 And gave a Bible which he dearly loved.
 This made the enraged father storm and curse,
 Lock up the book, and use his son the worse:
 Yet still the boy to Church on Sunday stole,
 And evidenc'd a wish to save his soul.
 At length, on Sunday morn it came to pass,
 The father dragg'd the struggling boy to Mass;
 The zealous Papist help'd to force him in,
 And begg'd the priest to pardon all his sin:

"No, by the Mass," he said, "I cannot bless,
 Nor pardon, till the culprit first confess."—
 "Well," quoth the boy, "supposing I were willing,
 What is your charge?"—"I'll charge you but a shilling."—
 "Do all men pay, and all men make confession?"—
 "Yes, ev'ry one of Catholic profession!"—
 "And whom do you confess to?"—"Why, the Dean."
 "And does he charge you?"—"Yes, a white thirteen."—
 "And do the Deans confess?"—"Yes, boy, they do;
 Confess to Bishops, and pay smartly too."—
 "Do Bishops then confess, pay, and to whom?"—
 "Why, they confess, and pay the Church of Rome."—
 "Well," quoth the boy, "all this is mighty odd,
 But does the Pope confess?"—"Oh, yes, to God."—
 "And does God charge the Pope?"—"No," said the priest,
 "He charges nothing;"—"Oh, then God's the best;
 He's able to forgive, and always willing—
 To him I will confess, and *save my shilling*."

THE RIVAL WIVES.

About the middle of the thirteenth century, and in the pontificate of Gregory the Ninth, a curious incident happened.

Count Gleichen was taken prisoner in an engagement against the Saracens, and condemned to slavery. He was employed at work in the gardens of the seraglio, and happened to be taken notice of by the sultan's daughter. She found out that he was a person of distinction, conceived a passion for him, and offered to contrive his escape, if he would marry her.

He honestly told her that he had a wife already. She replied, that she made no manner of scruple of that circumstance, as the custom of her country allowed men a plurality. Upon these terms, then, they agreed, and had the fortune to get safe together to Venice. The Count hastened to Rome, and upon promise to make Miss Saracen turn Catholic, obtained a dispensation to keep both

wives. The first wife was so much rejoiced at recovering her husband, upon any conditions, that she acquiesced in the articles, and showed herself grateful, in the highest instance, to his fair deliverer. The story mentions another unnatural circumstance also in this matter—that the Saracen had no children, but evinced a mother's fondness towards those of her rival.

They were buried in the same tomb, in the Church of the Petersburg Benedictines, and lie under a stone, with this epitaph, which the Count, who outlived them both, ordered to be inscribed upon it :—

“Here lie the bodies of two rival wives, who, with unparalleled affection, loved each other as sisters, and me extremely. The one fled from Mahomet to follow her husband—the other was willing to embrace the spouse she had recovered. United by the ties of matrimonial love, we had, when living, but one nuptial bed ; and, in our deaths, only one marble to cover us.”

MADAME DE SAINT BALMONT.

It was in the year 1638, (says Abbé Arnauld, in his very amusing Memoirs) that I had the honour to become acquainted with that Amazon of our times, Madame de Saint Balmont, whose life was a prodigy of courage and of virtue ; uniting in her person all the valour of a determined soldier, and all the modesty of a truly Christian woman. She was of a very good family of Lorraine, and was born with a disposition worthy of her birth. The beauty of her face corresponded to that of her mind ; but her shape by no means agreed with it, being small and rather clumsy. Providence, which had destined her for a life more laborious than that which females in general lead, had formed her more robust and more able to bear bodily fatigue. It had inspired her with so great a contempt for beauty, that when she had the small-pox she was as pleased to be marked with it, as other women are

afflicted on a similar occasion, and said, that it would enable her to be more like a man.

She was married to the Count de Saint Balmont, who was not inferior to her either in birth or in merit. They lived together very happily till the troubles that arose in Lorraine obliged them to separate. The Count was constantly employed by the Duke, his sovereign, in a manner suitable to his rank and disposition, except when he once gave him the command of a poor feeble fortress, in which he had the assurance to resist the arms of Louis XIV. for several days together; at the risk of being treated with the extreme severity of military law, which denounces the most infamous and degrading punishment against all those officers who hold out without any prospect of success. M. de Saint Balmont went, indeed, farther, and added insolence to rashness; for at every shot of cannon that was fired at the fortress, he appeared at the windows, attended by some fiddlers, who played by his side. His madness (for one cannot call it by a more gentle name) had nearly cost him very dear; for when he was taken prisoner, it was agitated in the Council of War, composed of the officers whom he had treated with this insolence, whether he should not be hung up immediately; but regard was paid to his birth, and perhaps to his courage, however indiscreet.

Madame de Saint Balmont remained upon his estates to take care of them. Hitherto she had only exerted her soldier-like disposition in hunting and shooting, (which is a kind of war) but very soon an opportunity presented itself of realising it, and it was this: an officer in the cavalry had taken up his quarters upon one of her husband's estates, and was living there at discretion. Madame de Saint Balmont sent him a very civil letter of complaint on his ill behaviour, which he treated with great contempt. Piqued at this, she was resolved that he should give her satisfaction; and, merely consulting her resent-

ment, she wrote him a note, signed "Le Chevalier de Saint Balmont." In this note she observed to him, that the ungentlemanlike manner in which he had behaved to his sister-in-law, obliged him to resent it, and to desire that he would, with his sword, give him that satisfaction which his letter had refused. The officer accepted the challenge, and repaired to the place appointed. Madame de Saint Balmont met him, attired in male apparel. They immediately drew their swords, and our heroine had the advantage of him; when, after having disarmed him, she said, with a very gracious smile, "You thought, Sir, I make no doubt, that you were fighting with the Chevalier de Saint Balmont; it is, however, a female of that name who returns you your sword, and begs you in future to pay more regard to the requests of the ladies." She then left him covered with shame and confusion; and, as the story goes, he immediately absented himself, and no one ever saw him afterwards. But be that as it may, this incident serving to inflame the courage of the fair challenger; she did not rest satisfied with merely preserving her estates, by repelling force by force, but she afforded protection to many of the gentlemen in her neighbourhood, who made no scruple to take refuge in her village, and to put themselves under her orders when she took the field, which she always did with success, her designs being executed with a prudence equal to her courage.

I have often (says the Abbé) been in company with this extraordinary personage, at the house of Madame de Feuquières, wife to the celebrated Marshal of that name, at Verdun; and it was quite ridiculous to see how embarrassed she appeared in her female dress, and (after she had quitted it in the town) with what ease and spirit she got on horseback, and attended the ladies that were of her party, and whom she had left in her carriage, in their little excursions into the country.

The manner of living, however, of Madame de Saint Balmont, so far removed from that of her sex—and which, in all other females who have attempted it, has ever been found united with libertinism of manners—was, in her, accompanied with nothing that bore the least resemblance to it. When she was at home, in time of peace, her whole day was employed in the offices of religion; in prayers, in reading the bible, and books of devotion; and in visiting the poor of her parish, whom she was ever assisting with the most active zeal of charity. This manner of living procured her the admiration and esteem of persons of all descriptions in her neighbourhood, and insured her a degree of respect that could not have been greater towards a queen.

AILEEN AROON.

The origin of this beautiful Irish Air, which was first introduced to the British public a few years ago, (most unfairly) as a Scottish Melody, by the name of “Robin Adair,” is thus historically and correctly related:—

Carol More O'Daly, (brother to Donogh, a turbulent Connaught chieftain, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,) was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Ellen, the daughter of a chieftain named Cavanagh, a lovely and amiable young lady, who returned his affection, but her friends disapproved of the connection. O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for some time, and they availed themselves of the opportunity which his absence afforded them, of impressing on the mind of Ellen a belief of his falsehood, and of his having gone to be married to another. After some time, they prevailed on her to consent to marry a rival of O'Daly. The day was fixed for the nuptials, but O'Daly returned the evening

before. Under the first impression of his feelings, he sought a sequestered spot on the sea shore, and, inspired by love, composed the song of Aileen Aroon. Disguised as a harper, he, next night, gained access among the crowd that thronged to the wedding. It happened that he was called on by Ellen herself to play. It was then, touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting occasion inspired, he infused his own feeling into the song he had composed, and breathed into his softened strain the very soul of pensive melody. It began, Dtiuefa tu no a bhfanna tu Aileen Aroon—"Will you stay, or come with me, Ellen my dear." Ellen soon felt its force, and contrived to elope with him that very night.

INGENIOUS STRATAGEM.

The following ingenious stratagem was played off at Paris about forty years ago :—

The last time that the consort of Louis XVI. visited the Theatre in Paris, the wife of a financier, whose whole merit consisted in a heavy purse, and an ostentatious display of eastern magnificence, sat alone in a box opposite to that of her Majesty. She affected to make a parade of a costly pair of bracelets, which, as the queen now and then cast her eyes upon her, she fondly supposed attracted the admiration of her Sovereign. She was hugging herself in thoughts that exceedingly flattered her vanity, when a person dressed in the queen's livery, entered the box. "Madam," said he, "you may have perceived how attentively the queen has surveyed those magnificent bracelets, which, though so precious and costly, still receive a greater lustre from the dazzling beauty of the arm which bears them ; I am commissioned by her Majesty to request you will entrust me with one of them, that her Majesty may have a nearer view of the unparalleled

jewels. Melted by the flattering compliment, she did not hesitate, but delivered one of her bracelets. Alas ! she soon repented her blind confidence, and heard no more of her bracelet till the next morning, when an Exempt of the police begged to be admitted, and chid her politely for trusting so valuable a trinket in the hands of a stranger ; “ but, madam,” added he, “ the rogue is taken up, and here is a letter from the *Lieutenant de Police*, which will explain the whole.” The letter was indeed signed “ De Crone,” and contained a request, that the lady would repair at twelve o’clock to the Office, and in the mean time, to deliver to the Exempt *the other bracelet*, that it might be compared with the first, then in his hand, that he might have sufficient proof to commit the sharper. So much attention from the chief magistrate filled her with gratitude, which she expressed in the most lively terms, bestowing the greatest praise on the vigilance of the police, which in no country was so observant as in Paris. In fine, after ordering up a dish of chocolate for the Exempt, she put the other bracelet in his hand. They parted ; but it was for ever—this pretended Exempt being neither more nor less than the *worthy associate of the Queen’s bold messenger !*

The ancients considered salt as something sacred ; on which account they commanded that the salt-cellar should be always served up at table, and if it had been forgotten, the table was profaned, and some misfortune impending. It was also ominous if it was left all night on the table, and not locked up. The Romans derived this superstition from the Greeks,—and it still prevails among us, especially when it is spilled, which we take to derive its origin from very early antiquity.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum.

M

A MOTHER'S KISS.

Throughout the reign of childhood years,
 Its tender woes, its transient tears,
 Which mar its smiling bliss ;
 Oh, what is that so sweetly found
 A soothing balm for every wound ?
 It is—a Mother's Kiss.

A Mother's Kiss !—oh, sweeter far
 Than morning's sun, or evening's star,
 Or aught the tongue e'er tells :—
 It gladdens more than morning's light,
 Or that endearing ray at night,
 And every gloom dispels.

When infancy serenely sleeps,
 And watch the guardian mother keeps
 Above its tender head ;
 When peaceful seems each slumbering sense ;—
 It smiles, in dreams of innocence,
 Then starts, as if with dread ;

A mother's tender Kiss impress'd
 Can charm to peace the troubled rest
 Of one so loved, so fair :—
 Those smiles, on seraph pinions bright,
 Upon the lips again will light,
 And sweetly frolic there.

And when few months have pass'd away,
 And childhood first has learnt to stray,
 To seek the violet sweet ;
 A Mother's Kiss, so kind and true,
 Is *last* to bid a fond adieu,
 And *first* at home to greet.

ON A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE WHO DIED IN A CONSUMPTION.

She had no faults, save what trav'lers give the Moon—
 The light was bright, but died, alas ! too soon.

CANALS.

The great advantages of Canals as means of transport, result from the weight which may be moved along by a small power. The velocity with which boats can be drawn along a canal is confined within very narrow limits, owing, as Edgeworth has observed, to the nature of the resistance to which they are exposed; this resistance increasing in a geometrical proportion, as the squares of the velocity with which the moving body is impelled. For this reason, however advantageous canals may have been found, for transporting heavy loads, they will be found, upon trial, inferior to roads in promoting expedition.

Canals appear to have been first made in Egypt. Though less attended to by the Romans than roads, yet they formed some in this country near Lincoln and Peterborough. China is remarkable for its canals; and there are many in Hindostan. In Russia there are some; and especially in Sweden; one or two in Denmark; some in Germany, and a great many in Holland. The canal of Burgundy, in France, was commenced under Henry IV., and that of Languedoc finished by Riquet, the Brindley of France, under Louis XIV. Some attempts have been made to form canals in the hilly country of Spain; and a great many excellent ones are executed in America.

Navigable canals in Britain took their rise between 1755 and 1760, by the Sankey Brook Company, in Lancashire; but the great impulse was given by the Duke of Bridgewater about 1757; when he first commenced, under the direction of Brindley, the canal between his coal-works at Worsley and Salford. The Duke of Bridgewater has, in consequence, not improperly been called the father of canals in England; while his engineer, Brindley, by his masterly performances on the Duke of Bridgewater's

canal, altered and extended as the scheme thereof was, by the three subsequent acts of Parliament, secured to himself, and will, it should seem, (from a comparison of the great features and minutiae of execution in this the first canal, with most others in this country, even of the latest construction) long continue to hold that rank among the English engineers, to which Riquet seems entitled among foreigners.

Since the Duke of Bridgewater's time, the extension of canals in the British Isles has been rapid. A number of scientific engineers have arisen, of whom we need only mention Smeaton, Rennie and Telford, and point to the Caledonian Canal.

The gallant Epaminondas, a little before the battle of Leuctra, on being told that several inauspicious omens seemed to portend bad success, nobly answered, in a celebrated verse of Homer, "The best omen we can have is to fight manfully for our country."—When William the Norman, commonly called William the Conqueror, was landing on the Sussex coast, his foot slipped and he fell to the ground. One of his soldiers gave the incident a very courtly turn, by crying out with a loud voice, "Joy to you, Sir, you have already taken possession of England." A short time after, when the same prince was arming himself for the battle of Hastings, he perceived that in his hurry he had put on his coat of mail the lower side uppermost; but instead of showing any symptoms of superstitious discouragement, he cheerfully said to his attendants, "By this I prognosticate that my dukedom is turned into a kingdom."—Julius Cæsar is reported to have fallen in landing on the shore of Africa, and lest his followers should be disheartened by so unfavourable a beginning, he turned it off with saying, "Thus, Africa, do I embrace thee."

PHILIPPE THE HARDY.

The following anecdotes, extracted from the history of Burgundy and the Netherlands, under the Dukes of the Valois dynasty, refer to that portion of the French history in which the better qualities of that nation are somewhat brilliantly displayed.

Philippe de Rovre, duke of Burgundy, died in 1361, in the castle, near Dijon, where he was born, and from which he derived his surname. The estate fell, by succession, to the French king, Jean, then a prisoner to the English, but at that time in France on his parole, endeavouring to raise money for his ransom. What Francis I. boasted of in his misfortunes was emphatically true of this king: he preserved his honour, and, with a religious sense of duty, not being able to provide the stipulated sum, returned into captivity. Before he departed, he deposited with the chancellor of Burgundy, letters of donation, by which he separated that duchy from the crown of France, and made it over to his fourth son, Philippe, in perpetuity, to be held by him and his successors, with all the rights belonging to the former dynasty, reserving only that homage as duke and premier peer of France, which the preceding dukes had been accustomed to pay. The donation was to take effect at his death, which soon occurred. King Jean had reason for thus distinguishing Philippe, his favourite son; for, at the battle of Poitiers, when the Dauphin, and his brothers, the Dukes of Anjou and Berri, had been persuaded, more discreetly than valiantly, to leave the field "with clean hands," Philippe, the youngest of the four, (then only in his sixteenth year) stood by his father, and emulated his prowess, and was wounded and taken in defending him. "He exposed himself," said the king, "with a good will, to death with me; and wounded as he was, stood firm and without fear

in the battle, and was made prisoner with me, and has never ceased to give me proofs of his constant and filial love." From this, according to some writers, he was called Philippe the Hardy; which appellation was confirmed to him, (if not then first given) upon a characteristic circumstance occurring during his abode at the English court. Waiting, with other young nobles of both nations, upon the two kings at dinner, he observed that one of them, who was English, served his own sovereign before the stranger: upon which, "this Philip up with his fist, and gave him a wherret on the ear, saying, 'Dare you serve the King of England first, when the King of France sits at the table?'" The offended noble drew his dagger, but Edward loudly forbade him to strike, and with his wonted magnanimity, commending the fearless spirit of the young French prince, said to him, "*Vous êtes bien Philippe le Hardy.*"

King Jean soon died, and Philippe did homage to his brother Charles V., and took possession of his estates.—The late Duke of Burgundy, who died in boyhood, left a maiden widow, younger than himself, Margaret by name, daughter to Louis de Male, Count of Flanders, and his presumptive heiress. No other woman in that age had the prospect of so rich a dower, and Charles was blamed for not seeking her in marriage for himself; but, preferring love to ambition, he chose for himself a handsomer wife: having done this, he made it his business to secure so desirable a match for Philippe, with whom the want of personal attractions was no objection. Louis de Male had promised her to Edmund, Earl of Cambridge, one of Edward III.'s sons, an alliance to which he was well inclined, and which was earnestly desired by the Flemings, on account of the great trade which they carried on with England, and the mutual good will which a sense of mutual interest had produced between the two nations. But

Urban V., being French by birth and at heart, interposed his negation, and refused to grant a dispensation for the remote relationship which existed between the parties. The Count's mother, also, Madame Marguerite of France, took what may more fitly be called a ferocious than a decided part against the English alliance: she went to her son, who, under pretence of illness, had avoided an interview upon this matter with the King of France, and throwing her robe aside, when her arguments failed to persuade him, she laid bare her bosom, and said, "Since thou wilt not obey the will of thy king and of thy mother, I will cut off this bosom, which has suckled thee and none but thee, and throw it to the dogs for food! I will disinherit thee also, and thou shalt never have my county of Artois!" Such a speech may prepare the reader for the atrocious acts which characterize this period of history. Louis de Male yielded, and though the degree of relationship in which the youthful widow stood to Philippe le Hardi was precisely the same as that which was made by the Pope an insuperable bar to her marriage with the English prince, the said Pope, without scruple, granted his dispensation. As this power was one of the most preposterous and contradictory to common sense of any that the Popes exercised, so was it one which contributed, at one time, most effectually to their influence and power, and afterwards became as serviceable to their rapacity, as it had formerly been to their ambition.

This marriage was most important in its results. It connected the Count of Flanders more closely with the royal family of France, and gave him, in his son-in-law, a powerful support, of which he stood in need, against a people who were as turbulent as they had hitherto been free and prosperous.

MAY MORNING.

Before Milton suffered his imagination to be degraded into fellowship with vulgar mistakers, (whom by the way he soon despised, and there is reason to believe ultimately differed entirely with) he, a happy and innocent youth, did not scruple to thank the month of May, in that graceful little Ode of his, for its [amorous inspiration. We will quote the whole piece, as it is short, and altogether to our purpose. He calls it a *Song on May Morning*:

Now the bright Morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May! who dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale do boast thy blessing!

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

All you that are lovers of nature in Books,—lovers of music, painting, and poetry,—lovers of sweet sounds and odours, and colours, and all the eloquent and happy face of the rural world, with its eyes of sunshine,—you, that are lovers of your species, of youth, and health, and old age, of manly strength in the manly, of nymph-like grace in the female,—of air, of exercise, of happy currents in your veins,—of the light in great Nature's picture,—of all the gentle spiriting, the loveliness, the luxury, that now stands under the smile of Heaven, silent and solitary as your fellow-creatures have left it,—of the whole world of fields, trees, and brooks, and birds, as if our Paradise was close to us, and none would enter it,—go forth on the earliest fine May morning, and pluck your flowers and your green boughs to adorn your rooms with, and to show that you do not live in vain. Come forth, come

forth ; and if you should meet a money-getter or a bigot by the way, who calls upon you to turn, refer the one to the "time for all things," and "the lilies of the valley," and the other to the song of the lover, the king, and the wise man, whose glory these lilies surpassed :—

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

For lo ! the winter is past ; the rain is over and gone ;

The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come ; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

The following reflections from the elegant pen of Melmoth, are so much in unison with the foregoing, that we are sure the reader will not accuse us of unnecessarily elongating a subject fraught with so many delightful associations :—

"There is something (says Melmoth,) in the opening of the dawn, at this season of the year, that enlivens the mind with a sort of cheerful seriousness, and fills it with a certain calm rapture in the consciousness of its existence. For my own part, at least, the rising of the sun has the same effect on me, as it is said to have had on the celebrated statue of Memnon : and I never observe that glorious luminary breaking out upon me, that I do not find myself harmonized for the whole day.

"Whilst I was enjoying the freshness and tranquillity of this early season, and considering the many reasons I had to join in offering up that 'morning incense,' which the poet I just now mentioned represents as particularly arising, at this hour, 'from the earth's greatest altar;' I could not but esteem it as a principal blessing, that I was entering upon a new day with health and spirits. To awake with recruited vigour for the transactions of life, is a mercy so generally dispensed, that it passes, like

other the ordinary bounties of Providence, without making its due impression. Yet, were one never to rise under these happy circumstances, without reflecting what numbers there are, who (to use the language of the most pathetic of authors) when they said, 'My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint,' were, like him, 'full of tossings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day;' or 'scared with dreams, and terrified through visions'—were one to consider, I say, how many pass their nights in all the horrors of a disturbed imagination, or all the wakefulness of real pains, one could not find one's self exempt from such uneasy slumbers, or such terrible vigils, without double satisfaction and gratitude. There is nothing, indeed, contributes more to render a man contented with that draught of life which is poured out to himself, than thus to reflect on those more bitter ingredients which are sometimes mingled in the cup of others."

As Le Commandeur de Sillery, a Knight of Malta, who was ambassador from France to the Pope, was one day walking with the Venetian Ambassador in the square before the beautiful church of the Gesù at Rome, (where it seems there is always air, even in the hottest day of summer) he said to him, "What an odd thing it is, that there should be always something of a breeze here! can your Excellency account for it?"—"Perfectly well," replied the Venetian, "upon a tradition that has long been current in this city. The Devil and the Wind were one day walking together in the streets of Rome, when coming to the Jesuits' College in this place, the Devil said to the Wind, 'Pray be so good as to stay here a minute or two; I have a word to say to these good Fathers within.' The Devil, as the story goes, never returned to his companion, who has been ever since waiting for him at the door."

LANG SYNE.

'Tis sweet to view the gallant ship
 Scud o'er the silver sea !
 And 'tis sweet to mark the morning trip
 Like a sylph o'er the flowery lea !
 And the simmer sheen
 O' gowd and green,
 Mak' nature sweet and fine ;
 But 'tis far mair sweet
 When the parted meet,
 The friends o' lang syne.

O! sweet's the shade o' the gloamin gray
 To the sons o' toil and care ;
 And doubly sweet hope's morning ray
 On the night o' dark despair :
 When the noon of life
 Hath pass'd in strife,
 What joy half sae divine,
 As to calmly close
 Its eve with those
 We hae loved sin' lang syne.

THE BULL FIGHTS OF SPAIN.

At the head of the national amusements of Spain stands the Bull-fight, which may be said to belong almost exclusively to that nation. The Spaniards have for them an unbounded attachment ; persons of all ranks and ages alike flock to see them : a bull-fight, cruel and disgusting as it is, is an irresistible attraction even to the softer sex, old and young of the most delicate nerves. They generally take place during the summer and autumn. The arena of the amphitheatre, which is very extensive, is surrounded by a strong fence, above five feet in height, in which are four gates,—one for the entrance of the bulls, another for their egress ; one for the performers, and one for the removal of the dead bulls and horses. The first gallery is five feet from the boundary, exposed

to the open air, and is filled by the lower classes; the second, which is higher, is defended from the sun and rain by a tier of boxes. The exhibition is opened by a procession of guards, alguazils, piccadores, cholus, &c. to the sound of music. When the promenade is over, one of the alguazils, with great form, demands from the governor, whose duty it is to be present, the key of the bulls' house, which, having obtained, he carries to the gate-keeper. The circus being then cleared of all but the piccadores and cholus, a bull is admitted. The piccadores are always mounted; they wear rich laced waistcoats, light-coloured hats with low crowns and enormous brims, and breeches, with gaiters to the knee, of white leather, which are padded to an enormous size, to protect them from the bull. The horses are but of little value, ten or twelve being frequently killed in a day's sport. The cholus are on foot, and trust entirely to their activity: their dress is silk, richly ornamented, and breeches and stockings of white silk, and their hair in a net: some disguise themselves in a basket-work, resembling birds or animals. Their arms are bandarillas, a small dart ornamented with coloured paper, and they carry a large cloth of a bright colour. When the bull refuses to attack the piccadore, he provokes him by pricking him in the face with his lance, or throwing his huge hat at him: when the bull advances furiously, he receives him on the point of his lance in the neck, and dexterously wheels his horse to avoid his horns. Should the piccadore be overthrown during the attack, the cholus come to his assistance, and attract the bull by trailing or whisking their cloth in his face, and throwing bandarillas at him: when he pursues them to the boundary, they leap over, leaving their cloth to his fury. There have been instances of the bull also following over the enclosure. When the bulls are cowardly or nearly exhausted, the bandarillas are charged with fire-works, which, by their

explosions, render them almost mad. When the bull is so exhausted as to be unable to continue the combat, the matador comes forward with a red flag, which he holds before the eyes of the bull, and terminates his sufferings by one thrust of his straight sword between the shoulders. The circus is then cleared, and the meat given to the hospitals.—Some years back, a negro, from Buenos Ayres, exhibited in an extraordinary manner at these fights: having by means of a *lasso*, caught and confined one of the fiercest bulls, he fixed a saddle on his back, which having mounted, the bull was restored to liberty; when, in spite of all the animal's efforts, he kept his seat, and from this uncommon steed, attacked, in the manner of a piccadore, the other bulls.

Dr. Clarke says, the modern laws of Cos do not reward female chastity, but they discountenance, in a very singular manner, any cruelty in females towards their admirers. An instance occurred while our traveller was in the island, in which the fatal termination of a love affair occasioned a trial for what the Mohammedan lawyers describe as "homicide by an intermediate cause." The case was as follows:—A young man, desperately in love with a girl of Stanchio, eagerly sought to marry her; but his proposals were rejected. In consequence he destroyed himself by poison. The Turkish police arrested the father of the obdurate fair, and tried him for culpable homicide. "If the accused," argued they, with becoming gravity, "had not had a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love, consequently he would not have been disappointed, consequently he would not have swallowed poison, consequently he would not have died: but he (the accused) had a daughter, and the deceased had fallen in love," &c. Upon all these counts, he was called upon to pay the price of the young man's life; and this being fixed at the sum of eighty piastres, was accordingly exacted.

LIBRARIES.

Among modern libraries, the four largest are supposed to be the Emperor of Austria's at Vienna; the Vatican library; the library of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Florence; and the library at Paris. Of ancient libraries, the Alexandrian was the most celebrated. Among the other ancient libraries, that of Lucullus is said to have been very considerable, as was also that of Trajan, which was called after him the Ulpian library. One of the most elegant was founded at Rome by Simonides, preceptor of the Emperor Gordian: it is said to have contained 8000 rolls; and that the apartment in which they were deposited was paved with gilt marble. The walls were composed of glass and ivory; and shells, cases, presses, and desks, made of ebony and cedar.

Another authority, of recent date, considers the following to be the six most considerable, and, at the same time, most valuable, libraries in Europe:—

	Vols.	MSS.
Royal Library, Paris .	450,000 .	76,000
Bodleian, Oxford .	420,000 .	30,000
Royal Central, Munich .	400,000 .	9,000
Vatican, Rome .	100,000 .	40,000
University, Göttingen .	300,000 .	5,000
British Museum, London	300,000 .	Unascertained.

The lock of hair, called the "Love Lock," was much worn by the ladies in the reign of Charles I., as we may see from many of Vandyke's pictures. Bishop Hall, in a sermon, calls this "a loose lock swinging wantonly over the shoulders;" and Prynne also severely animadverted on it. It certainly did not equal in absurdity the enormous perukes afterwards introduced among the gentlemen by Charles II., and which were carried to such excess, as to size and material, that a pamphlet of that

reign says, "Forty, or fourscore pounds a-year is given for perriwigs, and but ten pounds to a poor chaplain to say grace to him who adores, not his God, but his hair, which is sufficient demonstration of their brains that wear them." Old men dyeing their hair and whiskers to prevent their grayness being seen, before this time, is laughably satirized by another writer, who tells us, that at every motion of the sun, or cast of the eye, they presented a different colour, and never a perfect one; much like unto those in the necks of doves or pigeons; for in every hair of those old coxcombs, you might meet with threedivers and sundry colours—white at the roots, yellow in the middle, and black at the points, like unto one of your parrot's feathers. This shows that dyes for the hair were long in use before the present age.

THE EARLY LIFE OF JOHN HORNE TOOKE.

A few years before his death, Mr. Tooke, having taken occasion to recommend to a literary man, whose welfare he seemed desirous to promote, the business of tuition, concluded the favourable opinion he was led to give of the office of a teacher, by acknowledging with a smile, that he himself had been engaged in that occupation.—"I am aware," said the person with whom he was conversing, and who had previously understood that H. T. had, at an early period of life, been assistant in an academy on Shooter's Hill, "I am aware you had once been engaged in that employ; but, I believe, you never had experience of its anxieties as the master of a school."—"True," replied he, "but I was long enough exercised in the duties of a travelling tutor. I travelled on the Continent with three young gentlemen successively for nearly seven years; and with my last charge alone, for no less a period than three. My last engagement of the

kind was carried on in a singular manner ; and had, as you may say, an equally singular beginning.

“ A young man of family, heir to a considerable property, had wearied all his friends with his restlessness and eccentricities. He possessed strong talents and determinations, but was desultory and inconsistent in his pursuits. He had gone abroad, alone, with the reluctant consent of his family, in consequence of his impatient desire to travel ; and after having been in France about three months, had become tired of the objects of his overweening anxiety, and was then as earnestly desirous to be allowed to return. In this stage of his irresolution, his friends resolved to try to settle him, by endeavouring to make him follow out the course he had previously chosen, and applied to me to undertake to produce the desired effect.

“ After I had acquired as much knowledge of his character as I could possess without personal acquaintance, I agreed to undertake the charge, provided that, on personal acquaintance, I perceived no further difficulties than those I then foresaw, and that the plan of management was left entirely to myself.

“ The young man was then at Brussels, and to Brussels I therefore went ; and having mixed, as a stranger, in the society which he frequented, I cultivated, apparently in a casual manner, such a particular acquaintance with him, as ripened, in a few weeks, on his part, into a considerable degree of attachment and esteem. At length, on an occasion I thought favourable to my purpose, I hinted to him my intention of speedily setting off on a tour through France. He became visibly concerned at the idea of our parting, and expressed his solicitude to know my destination. I told him I intended to travel for above three years, in order to pursue certain objects which I explained to him ; and with that view, to visit, among other places, some of those from which the Jesuits had been, not long

before, expelled. He became enamoured of the project, and exclaimed, "How rejoiced should I be to accompany you ; your's is a plan I should pursue with all my heart ; my misfortune was, I came abroad without any plan at all."

Mr. T. said, that having obtained from the young man a full confession of his inconsistencies, and having stated strongly his own determination of views, he acquiesced in the desire which his ardent new friend expressed to propose to his family the scheme of travelling with him. He insisted, however, as a preliminary, that a good understanding should be settled concerning the course they should pursue. "You shall be allowed to depart from my plan," said I to him, continued Horne Tooke, "whenever you please ; but you shall not disturb it. You may adopt any other plan for yourself ; but I will never deviate from mine."

A correspondence immediately took place, it seems, between the young gentleman and his family, relative to the revolution that had been brought about in his mind ; and after they had rallied him about his fickleness, and the novelty of the project that had captivated his imagination, and the sudden warmth that had been kindled in his breast for his companion, whom they pretended to believe was a thoughtless young fellow like himself, his father and mother went over to the Continent, on purpose to impress him with a sense of the concern that affected them on account of his unsteady behaviour. Young Mr. Horne was introduced to them, as a stranger, in a box at the Opera-house of Brussels ; and the necessary communications having been made, and the proper precautions having been taken, as if the parties had been mutually ignorant and distrustful of each other, they professed in due time, to surrender their consent to the projected arrangement. The young men then proceeded on the tour proposed. No deviation from the system occurred

to disturb their harmony or abridge the course prescribed; "and the young man," observed Horne Tooke, in the conclusion of his narrative, "who lived some years after our return, continued till his death to be ignorant that I had travelled with him as his tutor."

To those who were acquainted with the suavity of manners, and the address that accompanied the display of faculties which Horne Tooke manifested in private life, this instance of his ascendancy will not appear surprising, when the strength of mind he must have possessed, while in his prime, is taken into the account.

HINTS TO THE FAIR SEX.

The following judicious remarks form the portion of a popular lecture delivered some short time since in Scotland :

"If we wish our young ladies to possess health, fresh complexions, stout nerves, and exhilarating spirits, we must recommend the abolishing of that useless, cumbersome, unnatural, and mischievous piece of dress, ycleped stays, corsets, or boddice, till they have attained at least their twentieth year, and suffer nature to mould and form their bodies according to her inclination. They ought to rise early and go early to bed ; to walk much or ride on horseback ; to spend their hours of employment in learning what may be useful through life, and endeavour to blend profitable instruction with amusement. During spring and summer, a walk, ride, or other moderate exercise before breakfast, is singularly salutary to most constitutions, and gives an agreeable zest and relish for food, unknown to those who crawl from the bed-room to the breakfast-table. Pleasant company is particularly desirable, and a great portion of their amusements should be taken out of doors. Reading at proper intervals well

chosen authors, ladies' magazines, and the like, and learning to write a good legible hand, are of the first and highest importance to every young lady, as she requires to hold conversation easily upon general subjects, and correspond with her acquaintances upon the ordinary topics of life. But that pining love-sick habit of making the tour of the circulating library, is hurtful in the extreme. Wading through so many volumes of fictitious nonsense, tends not only to enervate the frame, but also to give girls a wrong idea of the world; and they sometimes learn from unpleasant experience, that we have no such heroes as "Sir Charles Grandison,"—such examples of virtue as "Joseph Andrews,"—such liberal-minded half-pay officers as "Captain Lesmabago,"—nor such guileless young men as "Humphrey Clinker." I by no means wish entirely to decry all the fashionable accomplishments and amusements of our young ladies, but I say that they give to them by far too much of their valuable time. Let them think upon the industry, the early hours and housekeeping maxims of their grand-mothers and great-grand-mothers; let them reflect upon the blessings of health and the value of time; let them consider of what service all those gaudy acquirements will be to them in the management of a house and family; and let them not forget that one short hour spent in religious meditations, will afford them more real happiness and peace of mind, than a whole lifetime spent in pursuit of vanity. It is impossible a lady can excel in every accomplishment, and nothing is so disgusting as a mere smattering. Besides, every young female ought to be reminded, that it is not to her airy footing it in the dance, to her dexterity in playing difficult pieces of music, nor to her caricatures of nature, that the man of sense and prudence looks in his choice of a wife."

To woman, whatever be her rank, (says Mrs. Hannah More) I would recommend a predominance of those more

sober studies, which, not having display for their object, may make her wise without vanity, happy without weaknesses, and content without panegyrists ; the exercise of which will not bring celebrity, but improve usefulness. She should pursue every kind of study which will teach her to elicit truth ; which will lead her to be intent upon realities ; will give precision to her ideas ; will make an exact mind : every study which, instead of stimulating her sensibility, will chastise it ; which will give her definite notions ; will bring the imagination under dominion ; will lead her to think, to compare, to combine, to methodise ; which will confer such a power of discrimination, that her judgment shall learn to reject what is dazzling, if it be not solid ; and to prefer, not what is striking, or bright, or new, but what is just. That kind of knowledge which is rather fitted for home consumption than foreign exportation,—is peculiarly adapted to women.

THE LATE PROFESSOR PORSON.

There was blended in this extraordinary character very opposite qualities. In some things he appeared to be of the most unshaken firmness ; in others he was wayward, capricious, and discovered the weakness of a child. Although in the former part of his life, more particularly, he would not unfrequently confine himself for days together in his chamber, and not suffer himself to be intruded upon by his most intimate acquaintance, he hardly ever could resist the allurements of social converse, or the late and irregular hours to which they occasionally led. That he was friendly to late hours, and generally exhibited Dr. Johnson's reluctance to go to bed, might naturally arise from the circumstance of his being from a child a very bad sleeper. Porson frequently spent his evenings with the late venerable Dean of Westminster, with Dr.

Wingfield, and with the late Bennet Langton ; yet he hardly ever failed passing some hours afterwards at the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane. The above individuals, being all of them very regular in their hours, used to give him to understand, that he was not to stay after eleven o'clock, with the exception of Bennet Langton, who suffered him to remain till twelve ; corrupted in this instance, perhaps, by Dr. Johnson. But so precise was Porson in this particular, that although he never attempted to exceed the hour limited, he would never stir before. On one occasion, when, from some incidental circumstance, the lady of the house gave a gentle hint, that she wished him to retire a little earlier, he looked at the clock, and observed with some quickness, that it wanted a quarter of an hour to eleven. In the former period of his early residence in the metropolis, the absence of sleep hardly seemed to annoy him. The first evening which he spent with Horne Tooke, he never thought of retiring till the harbinger of day gave warning to depart. Horne Tooke, on another occasion, contrived to find out the opportunity of requesting his company, when he knew that he had been sitting up the whole of the night before : this, however, made no difference ; Porson sat up the second night also till the hour of sun-rise. What shall we call it—waywardness, inconsiderateness, or ungraciousness ? But it is a well-known fact, that he spent the day of his marriage with a very learned friend, now a judge, without either communicating the circumstance of his change of condition, or without attempting to stir till the hour, prescribed by the family, obliged him to depart.

The following anecdote he would often relate himself, with the greatest good-humour. It is sufficiently notorious, that our friend was not remarkably attentive to the decoration of his person ; indeed he was at times disagreeably negligent. On one occasion, he went to visit the above-mentioned learned friend, where a gentleman, who did not know Porson, was waiting in anxious and impa-

tient expectation of the barber. On Porson's entering the library, where the gentleman was sitting, he started up, and hastily said to Porson, "Are you the barber?"—"No, Sir," replied Porson, "but I am a cunning shaver, much at your service."

When there was considerable fermentation in the literary world on the subject of the supposed Shakspeare manuscripts, and many of the most distinguished individuals had visited Mr. Ireland's house to inspect them, Porson, accompanied by a friend, went also. Many persons had been so imposed upon as to be induced to subscribe their names to a form, previously drawn up, avowing their belief in the authenticity of the papers exhibited. Porson was called upon to do so likewise: "No," replied the Professor, "I am always very reluctant in subscribing my name, and more particularly to articles of faith."

The story of his pertinacity in twice transcribing the perplexed and intricate manuscript of the *Lexicon of Photius*, has been well detailed in the *Athenæum*, and is perfectly true.

He was not easily provoked to asperity of language by contradiction in argument, but he once was. A person of some literary pretensions, but who either did not know Porson's value, or neglected to shew the estimate of it which it merited, at a dinner party, harassed, teased, and tormented him, till at length he could endure it no longer, and rising from his chair, he exclaimed with vehemence, "It is not in the power of thought to conceive, or words to express, the contempt I have for you, Mr. —."

The following anecdote is recorded of Dr. Cayus, who built Caius College: being very old, and living at that time only on woman's milk, he, while he fed upon the milk of an angry fretful woman, was so himself; and being advised to take it of a good-natured patient woman, he became so beyond the common temper of his age.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The occasion which elicited from the lips of this transcendant genius a public avowal of his paternity to the *Waverley* novels, is an event which we are sure every admirer of those inimitable productions will admit deserves a more imperishable record than the ephemeral columns of a newspaper.

It was towards the latter end of the month of February, 1827, that Sir Walter Scott was called upon to preside at the Theatrical Fund Dinner, held in Edinburgh. The Earl of Fife, Lord Meadowbank, and other magnates were of the party. In reference to the communication that took place, on the subject of the intended disclosure, Sir Walter himself says : " Just before we sat down to table, Lord Meadowbank asked me whether I was still anxious to preserve my incognito on the subject of what was called the *Waverley* novels ? I did not immediately see the purpose of his Lordship's question, although I certainly might have been led to infer it, and replied, that the secret had become known to so many people that I was indifferent on the subject. Lord Meadowbank was thus induced, while doing me the great honour of proposing my health to the meeting, to say something on the subject of these novels, so strongly connecting them with me as the author, that by remaining silent, I must have stood convicted, either of the actual paternity, or of the still greater crime of being supposed willing to receive indirectly praise to which I had no just title. I thus found myself suddenly and unexpectedly placed in the confessional, and had only time to recollect that I had been guided thither by a most friendly hand, and could not, perhaps, find a better public opportunity to lay down a disguise, which began to resemble that of a detected masquerader."

The usual toast of "The Theatrical Fund" having been drunk with due appreciation, and appropriately acknow-

ledged by Mr. Mackay, the far-famed representative of "Baillie Nicol Jarvie,"

LORD MEADOWBANK rose and said, he would propose, as a toast, the health of the patron, a great and distinguished individual, whose name must always stand by itself, and which, in an assembly such as this, or in any assembly of Scotsmen, can never be received, not, he would say, with ordinary feelings of pleasure, nor of delight, but with those of rapture and enthusiasm. In doing so, however, he felt that he stood in a somewhat novel situation. Whoever had been called upon to propose the health of his honourable friend, to whom he alluded, some time ago, would have found himself enabled, from the mystery in which certain matters were involved, to gratify himself and his auditors by allusions which found a responding chord in their own feelings, and to deal in the language, the sincere language of panegyric, without intruding on the modesty of the great individual to whom he referred. But it was no longer possible, consistently with the respect due to those by whom he was surrounded, at this time of day, now, to use, upon this subject, terms of either mystification, or of obscure or indirect allusion. The clouds have been dispelled; the "darkness visible" has been cleared away—and the Great Unknown (here the uproar of applause became so prodigious as to interrupt his Lordship for some time) the Minstrel of our native land, the mighty magician who has rolled back the current of time, and conjured up, before our living senses, not the shadows or the phantoms, but the realities of things gone and forgotten—the men and the manners of days which have long passed away,—stands revealed to the hearts and the eyes of his affectionate and admiring countrymen. If he himself were capable of imagining all that belonged to this mighty subject—were he even able to give utterance to all that, as a man, as a friend, and as a Scotsman, he must feel regarding it, yet

knowing, as he well did, that this illustrious individual was not more distinguished for his towering talents, than for those feelings which rendered such allusions ungrateful to himself, however sparingly introduced ; he would, on that account, still refrain from doing that which would otherwise be no less pleasing to him than to his audience. But while he should abstain from referring to those attributes, which made his honourable friend, as an individual, the delight and admiration of all who had the happiness to be known to him, yet this his Lordship hoped he would be allowed to say—his auditors would not pardon him were he to say less—“ We owe to him, as a people, a large and heavy debt of gratitude. He it is who has opened to foreigners the grand and characteristic beauties of our country, it is to him we owe, that our gallant ancestors, and the struggles of our illustrious patriots, who fought and bled in order to obtain and secure that independence and that liberty which we now enjoy, have obtained a fame no longer confined to the boundaries of a remote, and comparatively obscure nation ; and he it is, who has called down upon our struggles for glory and for freedom, the admiration of foreign countries. He it is, who has conferred a new reputation on our national character ; and were it only by her having given birth to himself, has bestowed on Scotland an imperishable name.”

The vehement applause which followed the conclusion of his Lordship's speech having subsided,

Sir WALTER SCOTT rose, not a little embarrassed by the overwhelming acclamations of those by whom he was surrounded. The popular Baronet commenced by saying, “ He certainly did not think that in coming there that day, he would have had the task of acknowledging, before three hundred gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it had been communicated to more than twenty people, had been remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be considered to be on trial

before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; yet he was sure that so far as his guilt was concerned, every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of *not proven*. He did not now think it necessary to enter into the reasons of his long silence. Perhaps he might have acted from caprice. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself.—(Long and loud cheering.)—He was afraid to think on what he had done. ‘Look on’t again I dare not.’ He had thus far unbosomed himself, and he knew that it would be reported to the public. He begged, therefore, to add, that when he said he was the author, he meant that he was the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested to him in the course of his reading. The wand therefore was now broken, and the rod buried. He would be allowed further to say with Prospero, ‘your breath has filled my sails.’ He craved one single toast in the capacity of the author of those novels: and he would dedicate the bumper to the health of one who had represented some of those characters, of which he had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a degree of liveliness which rendered him grateful. He would propose the health of his friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and he was sure that when the author of *Waverley* and *Rob Roy* drank to Nicol Jarvie, it would be received with that degree of applause to which that gentleman had always been accustomed, and that they would take care that on the present occasion also it should be **PRODIGIOUS!**—(Long and vehement applause.)

Mr. Mackay spoke with great humour in the character of “Bailie Jarvie.”—“My conscience! My worthy father the deacon could na ha’e believed that his son could ha’e sic a compliment paid to him by the Great Unknown.”

Sir WALTER SCOTT. “Not unknown now Mr. Bailie.”

In the preface to the "Chronicles of the Canongate," Sir Walter thus avows himself in print:—

"And now the reader may expect me, while in the confessional, to explain the motives why I have so long persisted in disclaiming the works of which I am now writing. To this it would be difficult to give any other reply, save that of Corporal Nym—It was the humour or caprice of the time. I hope it will not be construed into ingratitude to the public, to whose indulgence I have owed much more than to any merit of my own, if I confess that I am, and have been, more indifferent to success, or to failure, as an author, than may be the case with others, who feel more strongly the passion for literary fame, probably because they are justly conscious of a better title to it. It was not until I had attained the age of thirty years that I made any serious attempt at distinguishing myself as an author; and at that period, men's hopes, desires, and wishes, have usually acquired something of a decisive character, and are not eagerly and easily diverted into a new channel. When I made the discovery—for to me it was one,—that by amusing myself with composition, which I felt a delightful occupation, I could also give pleasure to others, and became aware that literary pursuits were likely to engage in future a considerable portion of my time, I felt some alarm that I might acquire those habits of jealousy and fretfulness which have lessened, and even degraded, the character of the children of imagination, and rendered them, by petty squabbles and mutual irritability, the laughing-stock of the people of the world. I resolved, therefore, in this respect to guard my breast (perhaps an unfriendly critic may add, my brow,) with triple brass, and as much as possible to avoid resting my thoughts and wishes upon literary success, lest I should endanger my own peace of mind and tranquillity by literary failure. It would argue either stupid apathy, or ridiculous affectation, to say that I have been insensible to public applause, when I have

been honoured with its testimonies ; and still more highly do I prize the invaluable friendships which some temporary popularity has enabled me to form among those most distinguished by talents and genius, and which I venture to hope now rests upon a basis more firm than the circumstances which gave rise to them. Yet feeling all these advantages as a man ought to do, and must do, I may say, with truth and confidence, that I have tasted of the intoxicating cup with moderation, and that I have never, either in conversation or correspondence, encouraged discussions respecting my own literary pursuits. On the contrary, I have usually found such topics, even when introduced from motives most flattering to myself, rather embarrassing and disagreeable.

“ I have now frankly told my motives for concealment, so far as I am conscious of having any, and the public will forgive the egotism of the detail, as what is necessarily concerned with it. The author, so long and loudly called for, has appeared on the stage, and made his obeisance to the audience. Thus far his conduct is a mark of respect. To linger in their presence would be intrusion.

“ I have only to repeat, that I avow myself in print, as formerly in words, the sole and unassisted author of all the novels published as the composition of the ‘ Author of Waverley.’ I do this without shame, for I am unconscious that there is any thing in their composition which deserves reproach, either on the score of religion or morality ; and without any feeling of exultation, because, whatever may have been their temporary success, I am well aware how much their reputation depends upon the caprice of fashion ; and I have already mentioned the precarious tenure by which it is held, as a reason for displaying no great avidity in grasping at the possession. I ought to mention, before concluding, that twenty persons at least were, either from intimacy, or from the confidence which circumstances rendered necessary, participant of

this secret; and as there was no instance, to my knowledge, of any one of the number breaking the confidence required from them, I am the more obliged to them, because the slight and trivial character of the mystery was not qualified to inspire much respect in those entrusted with it."

ON VISITING A SCENE OF CHILDHOOD.

"I came to the place of my birth, and said, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and Echo answered, 'Where are they?'"

Long years had elapsed since I gazed on the scene,
Which my fancy still robed in its freshness of green:
The spot where, a school-boy, all thoughtless I stray'd
By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the shade.

I thought of the friends that had roam'd with me there,
When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so fair;
All scatter'd—all sunder'd, by mountain and wave,
And some in the cold silent womb of the grave!

I thought of the green banks that circled around,
With wild flowers, with sweet briar, and eglantine crown'd.—
I thought of the river, all stirless and bright
As the face of the sky on a blue summer night.

And I thought of the trees under which we had stray'd,
Of the broad leafy boughs, with their coolness of shade;
And I hop'd, though disfigur'd, some token to find,
Of the names, and the carvings, impress'd on the rind.

All eager I hasten'd the scene to behold,
Render'd sacred and dear by the feelings of old;
And I deem'd that, unaltered, my eye should explore
This refuge, this haunt, this Elysium of yore!

'Twas a dream—not a token or trace could I view
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew;
Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day,
Like a tale that is told—they had vanish'd away!

And methought the lone river, that murmur'd along,
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its song,
Since the birds that had nestled and warbled above,
Had all fled from its banks, at the fall of the grove!

I paused—and the moral came home to my heart,—
Behold how of earth all the glories depart ;
Our visions are baseless—our hopes but a gleam,
Our staff but a reed, and our life but a dream.

Then, oh ! let us look—let our prospects allure
To scenes that can fade not, to realms that endure ;
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime,
O'er the blightings of Change, and the ruins of Time.

THE JASMINE.

If we may believe a Tuscan tale, we owe our thanks to Cupid for the distribution of this pretty shrub. We are told, that a Duke of Tuscany was the first possessor of it in Europe ; and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he wished to possess alone, that strict injunctions were given to his gardener, not to give a slip, nor so much as a single flower, to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful, had not the god of love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair but portionless peasant, whose want of a little dowry, and his poverty alone, kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birth-day of his mistress, the gardener presented her with a nosegay ; and to render the bouquet more acceptable, he ornamented it with a branch of jasmine. The *povera figlia*, wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into fresh earth ; the branch thus remained green all the year, and in the following spring it grew, and was covered with flowers ; it ultimately flourished, and multiplied so auspiciously, under the hand of the fair nymph's cultivation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her ; when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she bestowed her hand and her wealth on the happy gardener of her heart.

The Tuscan girls, to this day, it is said, preserve

the remembrance of this adventure, by invariably wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding-day; and they have a proverb which says, that a young girl, worthy of wearing this nosegay, is rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband.

STREET-MEETING.

The following is a characteristic specimen of that ancient formula, which may be termed *An Englishman's Dialogue* :—

- A. (*Advancing*) How d'ye do, Brooks?
 B. Very well, thank'ee; how do *you* do?
 A. Very well, thank'ee; is Mrs. Brooks well?
 B. Very well, I'm much obliged t'ye. Mrs. Adams and the children are well I hope?
 A. Quite well, thank'ee.
 (*A pause.*)
 B. Rather pleasant weather to-day.
 A. Yes, but it was cold in the morning.
 B. Yes, but we must expect that at this time a'year.
 (*Another pause,—neckcloth twisted and switch twirled.*)
 A. Seen Smith lately?
 B. No,—I can't say I have;—but I have seen Thompson.
 A. Indeed—and how is he?
 B. Very well, thank'ee.
 A. I'm glad of it—good morning.
 B. Good morning.

Here it is always observed, that the speakers having taken leave, walk faster than usual for some hundred yards.

A lady of high rank, and of exquisite discernment, observed of the difference between the wit of Lord Chesterfield and that of his contemporary Lord Bath, that the one was always striving to be witty, and the other could not help being so.

LORD CAMDEN.

Lord Camden, when Chief Justice, was on a visit to Lord Dacre, his brother-in-law, at Alely, in Essex, and had walked out with a gentleman to the hill, no great distance from the house, where, on the summit, by the roadside, were the parish stocks; he sat down upon them, and after some little time, asked his companion to open them, as he had an inclination to know what the punishment was; this being done, the gentleman took a book from his pocket, and sauntered on, until he forgot the Judge and his situation, and returned to Lord Dacre. The learned Judge was soon tired of his situation, but found himself unequal to open the stocks, and asked a countryman who happened to pass by, to assist him in obtaining his liberty, who said, "No, old gentleman, you were not placed there for nothing,"—and left him, until he was released by some of the servants, who were accidentally going that way. Not long after, he presided at a trial, in which a charge was brought against a magistrate for false imprisonment, and setting the plaintiff in the stocks. The Counsel for the defendant, in his reply, made light of the whole charge, and particularly of setting in the stocks, which, he said, every body knew, was no punishment at all. The Lord Chief Justice rose, and, leaning over the bench, said in a half whisper, "Brother, were you ever in the stocks? The barrister replied, "Really, my lord, never."—"Then I have," rejoined his Lordship, "and I do assure you, brother, it is not such a trifle as you represent!"

 THE OLIVE TO THE VINE.

I am Minerva's sacred plant;—

Press me no more, intruding VINE!

Unwreath your wanton arms!—avaunt!

A *modest maiden* loves not WINE!

THE BACHELOR'S THERMOMETER.

ÆTATIS 30.—Looked back through a vista of ten years; remembered that at twenty, I looked upon a man of thirty as a middle-aged man; wondered at my error, and protracted the middle age to forty. Said to myself—“Forty is the Age of Wisdom.” Reflected generally upon past life; wished myself twenty again, and exclaimed—“If I were but twenty, what a scholar I would be by thirty! but it's too late now.” Looked in the glass; still youthful, but getting rather fat. Young says—“A fool at forty is a fool indeed”—forty, therefore, must be the Age of Wisdom.

31. Read in *The Morning Chronicle*, that a watchmaker in Paris, aged 31, had shot himself for love. More fool the watchmaker! Agreed that nobody fell in love after twenty. Quoted Sterne—“The expression of *fall* in love, evidently shews love to be *beneath* a man.” Went to Drury-Lane, saw Kitty Crotch in *Rosetta*, and fell in love with her. Received her ultimatum—none but matrimonians need apply. Took three turns up and down Library, and looked in glass. Getting rather fat and florid. Met a friend in Gray's Inn, who said I was evidently in *rude* health. Thought the compliment ruder than the health.

32. Passion for dancing rather on the decline. Voted sitting out play and farce one of the impossibilities. Still in stage-box three nights per week. Sympathised with the public in vexation, occasioned by non-attendance the other three—can't please every body. Began to wonder at the pleasure of kicking one's heels on a chalked floor till four in the morning. Sold bay mare, who reared at three carriages, and shook me out of the saddle. Thought saddle-making rather worse than formerly. Hair growing thin. Bought a bottle of Macassar. Mem.—“A flattering unction.”

33. Hair thinner. Serious thoughts of a wig. Met Col.

Buckhorse, who wears one. Devil in a bush. Serious thoughts of letting it alone. Met a Fellow-Etonian in the Green Park, who told me I wore well—wondered what he could mean. Gave up cricket-club on account of the bad air about Paddington—could not run in it, without being out of breath.

34. Measured for a new coat. Tailor proposed fresh measure, hinting something about bulk. Old measure too short—parchment shrinks. Shortened my morning ride to Hampstead and Highgate, and wondered what people could see at Hendon. Determined not to marry—means expensive and dubious. Counted eighteen bald heads in the Pit at the Opera. So much the better—the more the merrier.

35. Tried on an old great coat, and found it an old little one—cloth shrinks as well as parchment. Red face on putting on shoes. Bought a shoe-horn. Remember quizzing my uncle George for using one—then young and foolish. Brother Charles's wife lay-in of her eighth child. Served him right for marrying at twenty-one—age of discretion too! Hunting-belts for gentlemen hung up in glovers' windows. Longed to buy one; but two women in shop cheapening mittens. Three grey hairs in left eye-brow.

36. Several grey hairs in whiskers—all owing to carelessness in manufactory of shaving soap. Remember thinking my father an old man at thirty-six. Settled the point! Men grew old sooner in former days. Laid blame upon flapped waistcoats and tie-wigs. Skated on the Serpentine. Gout. Very foolish exercise; only fit for boys. Gave skais to Charles's eldest son.

37. Fell in love again. Rather pleased to find myself not too old for the passion. Emma only nineteen. What then? Women require protectors: day settled; devilishly frightened—too late to get off. Luckily jilted. Emma married George Parker one day before me.

Again determined not to marry. Turned off old tailor, and took to new one in Bond-street. Some of those fellows make a man look ten years younger: not that *that* was the reason.

38. Stuck rather more to dinner-parties. Gave up country-dancing. "Money-musk" certainly more fatiguing than formerly. Fiddlers play it too quick. Quadrilles stealing hither over the Channel. Thought of adding to number of *grave* gentlemen who learn to dance. Dick Damper dubbed me one of the *over-grown*s. Very impertinent, and untrue.

39. Quadrilles rising. Wondered sober mistresses of families would allow their carpets to be beat after that fashion. Dinner-parties increasing. Found myself gradually *Tontineing* it towards top of the table. Dreaded *ultima thule* of hostess's elbow. Good places for cutting turkies—bad for cutting jokes. Wondered why I was always desired to walk up. Met two school-fellows at Pimlico—both fat and red-faced. Used to say at school that they were both of my age—what lies boys tell!

40. Looked back ten years. Remember at thirty, thinking forty a middle-aged man. Must have meant fifty. Fifty certainly the Age of Wisdom. Determined to be wise in ten years. Wished to learn music and Italian. Tried Logier. It would not do. No defect of capacity, but those things should be learned in childhood.

41. New furnished chambers. Looked in new glass; one chin too much. Looked in other new glass; chin still double. Art of glass-making on the decline. Sold my horse, and wondered people could find any pleasure in being bumped—what were legs made for?

42. Gout again; that disease certainly attacks young people more than formerly. Caught myself at a rubber of whist, and blushed. Tried my hand at original composition, and found a hankering after epigrams and satire. Wondered I could ever write love-sonnets. Imitated

Horace's Ode, "Ne sit ancilla." Did not mean any thing serious, though Susan certainly was civil and attentive.

43. Bought a hunting-belt. Braced myself up till ready to burst. Intestines not to be trifled with—threw it aside. Young men, now-a-days, much too small in the waist. Reading in *Morning Post* an advertisement, "Pills to Prevent Corpulency"—bought a box. Never the slimmer, though much the sicker.

44. Met Fanny Stapleton, now Mrs. Meadows, at Bullock's Museum. Twenty-five years ago wanted to marry her. What an escape! Women certainly age much sooner than men. Charles's eldest boy began to think himself a man. Starched cravat and a cane. What presumption! At his age I was a child.

35. A few wrinkles about the eyes, commonly called "Crow's feet." Must have caught cold. Began to talk about politics, and shirk the drawing-room. Eulogized Garrick—saw nothing in Kean. Talked of Lord North. Wondered at the licentiousness of the modern press. Why can't people be civil, like Junius and John Wilkes, in the good old times?

46. Rather on the decline, but still handsome, and interesting. Growing dislike to the company of young men—all of them talk too much or too little. Began to call chambermaids at inns "My dear." Thought the money expended on Waterloo Bridge might have been better employed. Listened to a howl from Captain Querulous, about family expenses, price of bread and butcher's meat. Did not care a jot if bread was a shilling a roll, and butcher's meat fifty pounds a calf. Hugged myself in a "single blessedness," and wished him a good morning.

47. Top of head quite bald. Pleaded Lord Grey in justification. Shook it, on reflecting that I was but three years removed from the "Age of Wisdom." Teeth sound,

but not so sound as heretofore. Something the matter with the dentrifice. Began to be cautious in chronology. Bad thing to remember too far back. Had serious thoughts of not remembering Miss Farren.

48. Quite settled not to remember Miss Farren. Told Laura Willis that Palmer, who died when I was nineteen, did not *look* forty-eight.

49. Resolved never to marry for any thing but money or rank.

50. "Age of Wisdom." Married my Cook.

A PUN—NOT A MISS.

Matilda, whose charms were beginning to fade,
A testy old widower seem'd to upbraid
With, "Pardon me, Sir,—but I think, to be plain,
"You'll not do amiss, if you marry again."

The Gentleman shrugg'd up his shoulders and said
In reply—" 'Tis a chance if again I shall wed;
"But you need not take pains to convince me of this,—
"If I marry again—it will not be *a Miss*."

In "Pepys's Diary," we find the following singular entry: "Dr. Croone told me, that at the meeting at Gresham College to-night (which it seems, they now have every Wednesday again,) there was a pretty experiment of the blood of one dog let out (till he died) into the body of another on one side, while all his own run out on the other side. He first died upon the place, and the other very well, and likely to do well. This did give occasion to many pretty wishes; as of the blood of a Quaker to be let into an Archbishop, and such like; but, as Dr. Croone says, may, if it takes, be of mighty use to man's health, for the amending of bad blood by borrowing from a better body."

SCOTCH PLEADING.

A Scotch advocate, full of claret, is said to have forgotten for which party, in a particular cause, he had been retained; and, to the unutterable amazement of the agent that had retained him, and the absolute terror of the poor client behind, to have uttered a long and fervent speech exactly in the teeth of the interests he had been hired to defend. Such was the zeal of his eloquence, that no whispered remonstrance from the rear—no tugging at his elbow, could stop him, *in medio gurgite dicendi*. But just as he was about to sit down, the trembling writer put a slip of paper into his hands with these plain words,—“ You have pled for the wrong party ;” whereupon, with an air of infinite composure, he resumed the thread of his oration, saying,—“ Such, my lord, is the statement you will possibly hear from my brother on the opposite side of this cause. I shall now beg leave, in a very few words, to shew your lordship how utterly untenable are the principles, and how distorted are the facts, upon which this specious statement has proceeded.” And so he went once more over the same ground, and did not take his seat till he had most energetically refuted himself from one end of his former pleading to the other.

Scot, in his “ Philomathologia,” says that “ a courtier, who had great place about her Majestie, [Queen Elizabeth] made suit for an office belonging to the law. Shee told him he was unfitt for the place. He confessed as much, but promised to find out a sufficient deputy. ‘ Do so,’ saith shee, ‘ and then I may bestow it upon one of my ladies; for they, by deputation, may execute the office of Chancellor, Chief Justice, and others, as well as you.’ This (says the author) answered him : and,” adds he, “ I would that it would answer all others, that fitt men might be placed in every office, and none, how great soever, suffered to keep two.”

SLEEP TALKERS.

A gentleman, who is very extensively engaged in trade as a brewer, baker, flour-dealer, &c., visited Glasgow some time ago, and took up his abode at the Buck's Head Inn. While there, he *foregathered* with a captain of the navy, and although their pursuits were very different, the two appeared to *draw* so well together, that the waiter, after stating that the house was very full of company, asked them if they would sleep in a double-bedded room? To this they had no objection whatever, and the brewer, after discussing a Welsh rare-bit, and a modicum of Glasgow punch to boot, rung for the chambermaid, and retired to rest. The captain followed, after a brief space, but had scarcely laid his head on the pillow, when his friend commenced talking through his sleep, and kept up the strain so pertinaciously, that the other at last lost all patience, and forgetting for the moment that his throne was confined to the quarter-deck, threatened most boisterously "to treat him to a round dozen at the gang-way, if he did not have done with his infernal jabber." But his threats were thrown away on the slumbering trader, whose tongue was as glib, and his fancy as airy and active as ever, and who continued to prate with most provoking fluency about the state of the grain and hop market—good and bad batches of bread, and brewsts of porter, ale, and beer; interlarded with many other topics, such as dam-heads threatened or damaged by *spates*, and granaries infested with rats and mice.

Again and again the man-of-war's man hallooed to the enemy, and begged for God's sake that he would either be quiet, or leave the room; but finding all his efforts fruitless, he turned and better turned himself in bed, closing his eyes, and putting his fingers in his ears, as one means of shutting out the annoyance. But 'twas all in vain; the flour-dealer's tongue rivalled in its ceaseless-

ness the eternal clacking of his own mills; and he who had weathered many a storm, and slumbered in a hammock when the warring of the waves gave it all the impetus of a *shuggy-shu*, found it totally impossible to close his eyes, until the Glasgow clocks had chimed, and the watchmen repeated, the hour of four o'clock in the morning. By this time the brewer became perfectly quiet, and the gallant captain, after muttering "I am glad of it—right glad that your cursed gabble has brought on locked jaw at last," determined to make the most of his time, and sunk immediately into the arms of Morpheus. But the travellers, after all, were well matched, for the captain is a great sleep-talker too, and long before the hour of five arrived, he was heard roaring at the very top of his voice, or rather as if Queen Mab had accommodated him with the use of a speaking-trumpet, for the special annoyance of the poor brewer, who awoke in a state of great trepidation; and, jumping out of bed, searched the whole room, from an idea that some invisible hand was making free with the contents of his well-lined pocket-book. But on discovering that the noise proceeded directly from his friend's bed, he laughed heartily at the cause of the alarm, and thinking the talking fit would soon be over, retired quietly to his own couch.

But in this he was just as much disappointed as the other had been in him; and it was soon evident that the captain's fancy was "far, far at sea," and actively engaged in preparing his ship to ride out the dangers of the coming storm.

"Pipe the hands up!—clew up the foresail—send the men aloft—in top-gallant sails—close reef the top-sails!—lay out, lay out, lay out!—why don't you lay out on the main top-sail yard there!—send down the top-gallant yards—starboard, quarter-master, starboard! steady!—what's all that noise in the mizen-top there?—send those fellows down here, Master Jones, I'll teach them to spin

yarns there !—where's the midshipman of the watch ?—send him aft here to heave the log !—I'll warrant she is going ten knots." These, and many other interjections, followed each other with prodigious rapidity, and completely prevented our friend the brewer from enjoying another moment's repose. For more than two hours he continued tumbling from side to side, and muttering many complaints in his turn ; and at last got up, shaved and dressed, and was just about to leave the room, when the other woke, and exclaimed jocosely, " Good morning to you,—I hope you have had a better night's rest than me."—" A good night's rest ! I tell you I got no rest at all, and I would like to know who could, that has the misfortune to be thrust into the same room with you. The racket you held about your ship, and the orders you gave to your men, was the most annoying thing I ever heard in my life ; and if you happen to be married, I wonder how your poor wife comes on. She need not, I think, weary for your coming ashore, if she values the blessing of a good night's rest."—" Indeed !" said the captain, yawning and laughing at the same time ; " you are a pretty fellow to tell me so. I sometimes, I believe, talk a little through my sleep, but time about is fair play ; and who, I would like to know, began the disturbance ?"—" Began the disturbance ! you, to be sure, began it, and kept it up too, as my aching eyes feel to their cost."—" The devil's in the man," rejoined the sailor ; " are you ignorant of your own noisy propensities ? From twelve to four o'clock your tongue never *lay* a moment, and the most rhapsodical nonsense I ever listened to, flowed as copiously out of your mouth, as the water flows into your mill-dam. But the thing's over now. If I annoyed you, you annoyed me, and we may say, as somebody said of a deceased fiddler,

' Time and Stephen now are even ;
Stephen beat Time, and Time beat Stephen. ' "

The sleep-talkers afterwards breakfasted together, and became better friends than ever ; and, at parting, the captain emphatically said—"I shall be very glad to meet with you again ; and I will even lie, if we cannot sleep, in the same room with you ; but should that ever happen, I shall certainly take care to get first to bed !"

THE BROKEN HEART.

A few days before the fall of Robespierre, a revolutionary tribunal, in one of the departments of the north of France, condemned to death M. des R——, an ancient magistrate, and a most estimable man, as guilty of a conspiracy. M. des R. had a water spaniel of ten or twelve years old, of the small breed, which had been brought up by him, and had never quitted him. Des R. saw his family dispersed by a system of terror : some had taken flight ; others were arrested and carried into distant gaols ; his domestics were dismissed ; his friends had either abandoned him, or concealed themselves ; he was himself in prison ; and every thing in the world was silent to him, except his dog. This faithful animal had been refused admittance into the prison ; he had returned to his master's house, and found it shut ; he took refuge with a neighbour, who received him ; but that posterity may judge rightly of the times in which we have existed, it must be added, that this man received him, trembling, in secret, and dreading lest his humanity toward an animal should conduct him to the scaffold. Every day, at the same hour, the dog left the house, and went to the door of the prison. He was refused admittance, but he constantly passed an hour before it, and then returned. His fidelity at length won upon the porter, and he was one day allowed to enter. The dog saw his master, and clung to him. It was difficult to separate them, but the gaoler

forced him away, and the dog returned to his retreat. He came back next morning, and every day; once each day he was admitted: he licked the hand of his friend, looked him in the face, again licked his hand, and went away of himself.

When the day of sentence arrived, notwithstanding the crowd, notwithstanding the guard, the dog penetrated into the hall, and crouched himself between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to lose for ever. The Judges condemned him.

He was forthwith reconducted to prison, and the dog from that time did not quit the door. The fatal hour arrives; the prison opens; the unfortunate man passes out; it is his dog that receives him at the threshold. He clings upon his hand—that hand which so soon must cease to pat his caressing head. He follows him; the axe falls; the master dies; but the tenderness of the dog cannot cease. The body is carried away; the dog walks at its side; the earth receives it; he lays himself on the grave.

There he passed the first night, the next day, the second night. The neighbour, in the mean time, unhappy at not seeing him, risks himself in search of the dog: guesses from the extent of his fidelity, the asylum he has chosen; finds him, caresses him, and makes him eat. An hour afterwards the dog escaped, and regained his favourite place.

Three months passed away, each morning of which he came to seek his food, and then returned to the grave of his master: but each day he was more sad, more meagre, more languishing; and it was evident that he was gradually reaching his end. An endeavour was made, by chaining him up, to wean him; but nature will triumph. He broke his fetters,—escaped, returned to the grave, and never quitted it more. It was in vain that they tried to bring him back; they carried him food, but he ate no longer. For four-and-twenty hours he was seen em-

ploying his weakened limbs in digging up the earth that separated him from the remains of the being he had so much loved. Passion gave him strength, and he gradually approached the body ; his labours of affection vehemently increased ; his efforts became convulsive ; he shrieked in his struggles ; his faithful heart gave way, and he breathed out his last gasp, as if he knew that he had found his master.

PART OF AN INTERESTING SCENE FROM A
POPULAR PLAY.

Bar. Indeed, Madam, I wish not to be thought forward ; but women always seemed to me less calculated for retirement than men. We have a thousand employments, a thousand amusements, which you have not.

Mrs. H. Dare I ask what they are ?

Bar. We ride, we hunt, we play, read, write.

Mrs. H. The noble employments of the chase I grant you.

Bar. Nay, but dare I ask what are your employments for a day ?

Mrs. H. Oh, my Lord, you cannot imagine how quickly time passes, when a certain uniformity guides the minutes of our life. How often do I ask, " Is Saturday come again so soon ?" On a bright, cheerful morning, my books and breakfast are carried out upon the grass-plot. Then is the sweet picture of reviving industry and eager innocence always new to me. The birds' notes, so often heard, still waken new ideas : the herds are led into the fields : the peasant bends his eye upon his plough. Every thing lives and moves ; and in every creature's mind, it seems as it were morning. Towards evening I begin to roam abroad, from the park into the meadows. And sometimes, returning, I pause to look at the village boys and girls, as they play. Then do I bless their innocence, and

pray to heaven those laughing, thoughtless hours could be their lot for ever.

Bar. This is excellent ! But these are summer amusements. The winter ! the winter !

Mrs. H. Why for ever picture winter like old age ;—torpid, tedious, and uncheerful ? Winter has its own delights : this is the time to instruct and mend the mind, by reading and reflection. At this season, too, I often take my harp, and amuse myself by playing or singing the little favourite airs, that remind me of the past, or solicit hope for the future.

Bar. Happy, indeed, Madam, are they who can thus create and vary their own pleasures and employments.

PROCRASTINATION.

Our greatest actions, or of good or evil,
The hero's and the murderer's, spring at once
From their conception : oh, how many deeds
Of deathless virtue and immortal crime
The world had wanted, had the actor said,
" I will do this to-morrow ! "

The people of Sybaris, a city in Calabria, are proverbial on account of their effeminacy ; and it is said that they taught their horses to dance to the music of the pipe ; for which reason, their enemies, the Crotonians, at a time when they were at war with them, brought a great number of pipers into the field, and, at the commencement of the battle, they played upon their pipes : the Sybarian horses, hearing the sound of the music, began to exhibit the most ludicrous capers ; and their riders, unable to manage them as they ought to have done, were thrown into confusion, and defeated with prodigious slaughter. This circumstance is mentioned by Aristotle ; and, if not strictly true, proves, at least, that the teaching of animals to exceed the bounds of action prescribed by nature, was not unknown to the ancients.

BALLADE TO A FISH OF THE BROOKE.

(The following lines are by the late Dr. Wolcot, (Peter Pindar) who seems to have had as much distaste to Angling as Dr. Johnson.)

Why flyest thou away with fear?
 Trust me, there's nought of danger near;
 I have no wicked hooke,
 All covered with a snaring baite,
 Alas! to tempt thee to thy fate,
 And dragge thee from the brooke.

O harmless tenant of the flood,
 I do not wish to spill thy blood;
 For Nature unto thee
 Perchance has given a tender wife,
 And children dear, to charme thy life,
 As she hath done to me.

Enjoy thy streame, O harmless fish,
 And when an Angler, for his dish,
 Through gluttony's vile sin,
 Attempts—a wretch—to pull thee *out*,
 God give thee strength, O, gentle trout,
 To pull the raskall *in*!

SCANDAL AND DETRACTION.

Were all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceed from the calumnies and reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a man living who is not, in some degree, guilty of this offence; though, at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed that we all consent in speaking ill of those persons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its rise either from ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves *agreeable*, an ostentation of wit, a vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world, or from the desire of gratifying any of these dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse.

Sheridan, in his excellent play of the *School for Scandal*, speaking of those who only propagate what they hear, very justly observes, that he would have law merchants for them too : and whenever the drawer of the lie could not be found, the injured party should have a right to come upon any of the indorsers.

A man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shews, sufficiently, that he has a true relish of Scandal, and consequently the seeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be more apt to do it, as he will imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A man should endeavour, therefore, to wear out of his mind this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the disreputation of others.

Horace has left us the following lesson, which cannot be better construed into English than in the language of Mr. Creech :

“He that shall rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandaliz'd, and not defends;
Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
And only to be thought a *witty* man;
Tells *tales*, and brings his friends in disesteem:
That man's a *knave*: be sure beware of him!

On the above subject another writer observes, *heret lateri lethalis arundo*—“against Scandal there is no defence.” Hell cannot boast so foul a field; nor man deplore so fell a foe: it stabs with a word—with a nod—with a shrug—with a look—with a smile: it is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most weary traveller cannot avoid—it is the heart-searching dagger of the assassin—it is the poisoned arrow, whose wound is incurable—it is the mortal sting of the deadly adder: murder is its employment; innocence is its prey; and ruin its sport.

LONDON IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

London, like the other principal cities of the Kingdom, was composed of very mean buildings, constructed with wood, and faced with clay of various colours. Brick and stone edifices scarcely began to be known among the highest nobility, and the use of glass for windows was limited to the same class. The foundation of the Royal Exchange, conducted by the celebrated Sir Thomas Gresham, was laid in 1566, and it was completed the following year. Elizabeth evinced her protection of trade, by visiting it in 1571, and giving it, by proclamation, the name which it still bears. We may judge, however, of the slender intercourse between the English and other nations, by the small number of foreigners found in the metropolis. On an accurate inquest, taken in 1567, there were not so many as five thousand in London, from every country in Europe; and the majority of those were Flemings, either compelled to fly for refuge to Elizabeth by the persecutions of Philip II. or induced to visit England for commercial motives.

It was to Gresham, one of the most distinguished characters of his time, that the crown was indebted for its emancipation from the necessity of recurring to Antwerp for loans, whenever money was wanted, on sudden and extraordinary emergencies. That opulent city, the greatest mart in the northern seas, could alone supply funds; and interest was exacted at the rate of ten or twelve per cent. By Gresham's example and exertions, London began to make these pecuniary advances; and parliament fixed the rate of legal interest, in 1571, at ten per cent.

Scarcely any of those obvious and necessary precautions for the salubrity and cleanliness of the capital, or the safety and protection of its inhabitants, which we denominate Police, were known at this period. London was infested with riotous, dissolute, and tumultuous vagabonds, against

whom it was frequently necessary to proceed with the utmost rigour and promptitude of justice. Similar, and even greater disorders, were common in the provinces, where troops of profligate and lawless persons frequently assembled, committed depredations, and set the laws at defiance. More than three hundred were executed every year, for theft and robbery only, in the various parts of the kingdom, during the commencement of Elizabeth's reign ; a circumstance very unfavourable to the idea of simplicity or purity of manners, among the inferior orders of the people.

Gipsies were another nuisance, of an astonishing magnitude: their numbers throughout England were supposed to exceed ten thousand ; and Parliament, as early as 1563, rendered it felony to be seen or found for one month in their company. The plague committed continual and terrible ravages ; nor were any wholesome regulations adopted to prevent its entrance. The garrison, which under the Earl of Warwick, had defended Havre-de-Grace, brought it to England, in the summer of 1563 ; and more than twenty thousand persons were carried off by its attacks, in the city of London alone.

The use of coals, as an article of fuel, seems to have been almost totally unknown in the metropolis, before 1574. Wood was universally used for fires. It was not till the reign of James the First, that, from the immense and increasing consumption of wood, coals began to be substituted in its place.

The sagacious Dr. Franklin used to say, that the purest and most useful friend a man could possibly procure, was a Frenchwoman of a certain age, who had no designs upon his person : " they are," added he, " so ready to do you service ; and, from their knowledge of the world, know so well how to serve you wisely."

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

During the government of Henry the Third, the *Joust*, a military pastime, (mentioned by William of Malmsbury, and said to have been practised in the reign of King Stephen) assumed a different appellation, and was called the **ROUND TABLE GAME**; this name was derived from a fraternity of knights who frequently justed with each other, and accustomed themselves to eat together in one apartment; and, in order to set aside all distinction of rank or quality, seated themselves at a *circular table*, where every place was equally honourable. Our historians attribute the institution of the *round table* to Arthur, the son of Uter Pendragon, a celebrated British hero, whose achievements are so disguised with legendary wonders, that it has been doubted if such a person ever existed in reality.

In the eighth year of the reign of Edward the First, Roger de Mortimer, a nobleman of great opulence, established a round table at Kenilworth, for the encouragement of military pastimes; where one hundred knights, with as many ladies, were entertained at his expense. The fame of this institution occasioned, we are told, a great influx of foreigners, who came either to initiate themselves, or give some public proof of their prowess. About seventy years afterwards, Edward the Third erected a splendid table of the same kind at Windsor, but upon a more extensive scale. It contained the area of a circle, two hundred feet in diameter; and the weekly expense for the maintenance of this table, when it was first established, amounted to one hundred pounds; which afterwards was reduced to twenty pounds, on account of the large sums of money required for the prosecution of the war with France. This receptacle for military men gave continual occasion for the exercise of arms, and afforded to the young nobility an opportunity of learning, by the way of pas-

time, all the requisites of a soldier. The example of King Edward was followed by Philip of Valois, King of France, who also instituted a round table at his court, and by that means, drew thither many German and Italian knights, who were coming to England. The contest between the two monarchs seems to have had the effect of destroying the establishment of the round table in both kingdoms, for, after this period, we hear no more concerning it. In England, the *round table* was succeeded by the Order of the Garter, the ceremonial parts of which Order are retained to this day.

REAL SORROWS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

“He best can paint them, who can feel them most.”

’Tis not the loud, obstreperous grief,
That rudely clamours for relief—
’Tis not the querulous lament,
In which impatience seeks a vent—
’Tis not the soft, pathetic style,
Which aims our pity to beguile ;
That can to truth’s keen eye impart
The “real sorrows” of the heart !

No! ’tis the tear in secret shed
Upon the starving infant’s head ;
The sigh, that will not be repress’d,
Breathed on the faithful partner’s breast ;
The bursting heart, the imploring eye,
To Heav’n upraised in agony,
With starts of desultory prayer,
While hope is quenching in despair ;
The throbbing temple’s burning pain,
While phrenzy’s fiend usurps the brain ;
These are the traits no art can borrow,
Of genuine suffering and real sorrow !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

This wonderful genius possessed in a peculiar manner, that enthusiasm for his art, without which nothing great can ever be produced. He said that Painting should be practised only by gentlemen ; and would not receive as pupils any young persons who were not either nobly born, or had been liberally educated.

Michael Angelo was a painter, a statuary, and an architect ; and in each of these arts, aimed always at the grand and the sublime. He had a design of executing a colossal statue of Neptune, in the marble quarries of Massa Carara, that should front the Mediterranean sea, and be seen from the vessels that were passing at a great distance. He was said, in short, to have been so consummate a master of the art of sculpture, that he could make a whole-length statue, without setting his points, like all other statuary. Vigneres thus prefaces his account of Michael Angelo's very forcible and active manner of working in marble :—

“That Sculpture is a more difficult and dangerous art than Painting, appears amongst other reasons by the busts of Michael Angelo, the most accomplished of all the moderns, both in one and in the other ; for though he excelled in both equally, and though he equally divided his time amongst them, he has for one statue in marble, made a hundred figures in painting, and well coloured them, as may be seen in the *Last Judgment* of the Chapel of Sixtus at Rome, where *St. Peter and the Prophets*, that are in the ceiling, are more esteemed by the good masters in art than the Judgment itself, which is without relief. The marble, besides, gives more trouble, (than clay or wood, and such sort of tender matters, and more easy to work) because of its mass, that weighs several pounds, and the point of the tool, which must be sharpened incessantly at the forge. Also the artifice and the dexterity there is in

knowing the grain of the marble, and in what direction it should be taken. In this respect, I have seen this divine old man, at the age of sixty, chip off more scales from a hard piece of marble, in less than a quarter of an hour, than three young stone-cutters could do in three or four hours : a thing impossible to be conceived, unless by one who had seen it. He worked with so much fury and impetuosity, that I really thought he would have broken the block of marble to pieces ; knocking off at one stroke, great pieces of marble, of three or four fingers thick, so near the points that he had fixed, that if he had passed ever so little over them, he would have been in danger of ruining his work ; because that cannot be replaced in stone, as it may in stucco and in clay."

The objections that some persons have made to Michael's anxiety to do better than well in his art, seem to have nearly the same weight as those which a casuist might make to the aspirations of a virtuous man after a greater degree of virtue. A great artist, no more than a man of great virtue, is ever satisfied with the degree of merit which he possesses. He is always the last to be pleased with himself, as knowing how much farther he both could and ought to proceed. It is to the wish of producing something superior to the good, that we are indebted for the *excellence* of every kind. Were cold and pedantic critics to prescribe to men of genius, " So far shall ye go, and no farther ;" and were it possible that men of genius would comply with their rules, we should soon become ancient Egyptians in art, and modern Chinese in politics. Every source of invention and of novelty would be stopped up ; the dome of St. Peter's, and the " Spirit of Laws" of Montesquieu, would not have existed.

One of the greatest tests of Michael Angelo's excellence in his art, is, that Raphael himself deigned to copy him ; and that, on seeing the pictures in the Chapel of Sixtus, by Michael Angelo, he changed his style.

Michael Angelo's seal represented three rings, enclosed one within the other, as expressive of the union which he had made in his mind of the three different arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. One of the devices on the catafalque of this great man, exhibited three crowns in one shield, with this inscription :

Tergeminis se tollit honoribus.

Three-fold in honour as in art.

Sir Joshua Reynolds carried his veneration for this great man so far, that he used to seal his letters with his head ; and in the picture which he painted of himself for the Royal Academy, has represented himself as standing near a bust of Michael Angelo.

This distinguished artist lived to a very great, yet very healthy old age. In the beginning of the last century, the Senator Buonarotti caused the vault to be opened at Florence, in which his body was deposited ; it was found perfect ; and the dress of green velvet, and even the cap and slippers in which he was buried, were entire. He appeared to have been a small, well-set man, with a countenance of great severity.

Louis XII. of France used to say, that "love was the king of the young, and the tyrant of the old." This maxim he unluckily exemplified in himself ; for, at a certain age, he married the Princess Mary, sister to Henry VIII. of England, and died in two months afterwards. Louis, in early life, had been three years a prisoner in the Castle of Bourges, where he was confined during the night in an iron cage ; from which he was released by the solicitations of his wife, the Princess Jane, sister to Charles VIII. It may be said of him, what Voltaire said of Henry IV., who,

Train'd in adversity's instructive school,
With justice and with mercy learn'd to rule.

DIVERSIONS OF THE ENGLISH LADIES.

In the early ages, our fair countrywomen employed a large portion of their time in needle-work and embroidery ; and their acquirements in these elegant accomplishments most probably afforded them little leisure for the pursuits of trifling and useless amusements : but though we are not acquainted with the nature of their recreations, there is no reason to suppose that they were unbecoming in themselves, or indulged beyond the bounds of reason or decorum. The Saxon and Norman ladies were eminently skilful in handling the needle, embroidering, and working in tapestry ; their performances were not only held in very high estimation at home, but were equally prized upon the continent, where none were ever produced that could be placed in competition with them.

Dancing was certainly an ancient and favourite pastime with the women of this country ; the maidens, even in a state of servitude, claimed, as it were, by established privilege, the licence to indulge themselves in this exercise, on holydays and public festivals ; when it was usually performed in the presence of their masters and mistresses.

In the middle ages, dice, chess, and afterwards tables, and cards, with other sedentary games of chance and skill, were reckoned among the female amusements ; and the ladies also frequently joined with the men in such pastimes.

The English ladies did not always confine themselves to domestic pastimes : they sometimes participated with the other sex in diversions of a more masculine nature ; and engaged with them in the sports of the field. These violent exercises seem to have been rather unfashionable among them in the seventeenth century ; for Burton, in his "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," speaks of their pastimes as much better suited to the modesty and softness of the sex.

"The women," says he, "instead of laborious studies,

have curious needle-works, cut-works, spinning, bone-lace making, with other pretty devices to adorn houses, cushions, carpets, stool-seats, &c." Not but some of these masculine females have occasionally made their appearance : and at the commencement of the last century, it should seem that they were more commonly seen than in Burton's time, which gave occasion for the following satirical paper in one of the "Spectators," written by Addison : "I have," says he, "very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural Andromache, who came up to town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country ; she talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a wag-gish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog ; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her in her wrath, call a substantial tradesman a lousy cur ; and I remember one day, when she could not think of the name of a person, she described him in a large company of men and ladies, by ' the fellow with the broad shoulders ! ' "

Muretus, the celebrated Latin scholar, was taken ill upon the road as he was travelling from Paris to Lyons ; his appearance being not much in his favour, he was carried to an hospital. Two physicians attended him ; and his disease not being a very common one, they thought it right to try something new, and out of the usual mode of practice, upon him. One of them, not thinking his patient understood Latin, said in that language to the other : "We may surely venture to try an experiment upon the body of so mean a man as our patient is."—"Mean, Sirs !" replied Muretus, in Latin, to their astonishment, "can you pretend to call any man so, for whom the Saviour of the world himself did not think it beneath him to die ?"

DELAYS.—*Written in 1595.*

Shun delays, they breed remorse ;
 Take thy time, while time is lent thee ;
 Creeping snails have weakest force,
 Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
 Good is best, when soonest wrought,
 Ling'ring labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
 Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ;
 Seek not time, when time is past,
 Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
 After wits are dearly bought,
 Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks behind,
 Take thou hold upon his forehead ;
 When he flies, he turns no more,
 And behind, his scalp is naked.
 Works adjourn'd have many stays,
 Long demurs breed new delays.

THE CEDAR TREE.

It is surprising that this tree has not been more cultivated in England ; for it would be a great ornament to barren and bleak mountains, even in Scotland, where few other trees would grow ; it being a native of Mount Libanus, where the snow continues most part of the year.—What we find in Scripture, of the lofty cedars, is by no means applicable to the stature of this tree ; for we find, by those now growing in England, and by the testimony of travellers, that have seen those few remaining trees on Mount Libanus, they are not inclined to grow very lofty, but extend their branches very far ; to which the allusion, made by the Psalmist, agrees very well, when, describing the flourishing state of a people, he says, “ they shall spread their branches like the cedar tree.” Maundrel, in his travels, says he measured one of the largest cedars on

Mount Libanus, and found it to be twelve yards six inches in circumference, and sound, and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs. At about five or six yards from the ground, it was divided into five limbs, each of which was equal to a great tree.

Shakspeare, in his play of Henry VI., has the following passage in allusion to this tree :—

“I must yield my body to the earth :
Thus yields the Cedar to the axe’s edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle ;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top branch over-peer’d Jove’s spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter’s pow’rful wind.”

The wood of this famous tree is accounted proof against the putrefaction of animal bodies. The saw-dust is thought to be one of the secrets used by the mountebanks, who pretend to have the embalming mystery. This wood is also said to yield an oil, which is famous for preserving books and writings ; and the wood is thought by Lord Bacon to continue above a thousand years sound. It is also recorded, that in the temple of Apollo, at Utica, there was found timber of near two thousand years old ; and the statue of the Goddess, in the famous Ephesian temple, was said to be of this material, as well as the timber-work of that glorious structure.

SLEEP.

Care-charmer Sleep ! sweet ease in restless misery,
The captive’s liberty, and his freedom’s song ;
Balm of the bruised heart, man’s chief felicity,
Brother of quiet death, when life’s too long.

A comedy it is, and now an history,
What is not Sleep unto the feeble mind ?
It easeth him that toils, and him that’s sorry :
It makes the deaf to hear : to see, the blind.

THE HANOVERIAN SUCCESSION BILL.

It is not perhaps generally known, that the Hanoverian Succession Bill owed its success in the House of Commons to the two Welsh Members for the counties of Pembroke and Carmarthen, (Sir Arthur Owen, Baronet, and Griffith Rice, Esquire.) The particulars are these:—On the memorable day, in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, when that important business was agitated, those gentlemen met accidentally in the lobby, while the Tory Administration were endeavouring to *steal* the question through the House, at an early hour, when a majority of their friends attended by design, and when many of the Whigs were absent, not thinking it would come on till the usual hour. When the House was about to divide, one of the Whig Members, seeing a seeming majority in favour of the House of Stuart, exclaimed that the whole was an infamous proceeding. He immediately ran out of the House, almost frantic, in search of some of his partisans, to give a turn to the question in favour of the Elector of Hanover. Perceiving Sir Arthur and Mr. Rice, as he came out, walking earnestly about the lobby, he addressed them with much vehemence,—“What do you mean, gentlemen? Why do you stay here when the Hanoverian Succession Bill is on the point of being thrown out of the House?”—“When I heard that,” used Sir Arthur often to relate, “I made but one step into the House, and my voice made the number equal for the Bill, 117,—the Tories having no more. Mr. Rice, with great gravity, coming after me, had the honour of giving the *casting vote in favour of the Hanover Succession!* Had it not (added Sir A.) been for the warmth of my zeal, being then a young man, this honour would have been mine; for as Mr. Rice was my senior, I might have followed him into the House.”

THE LADIES OF LIMA.

When the ladies appear on public occasions, at the theatre, bull circus, and *pascos* (promenades), they are dressed in the English or French costumes; but they are always very anxious to exhibit a profusion of jewellery, to which they are particularly partial. A lady in Lima would much rather possess an extensive collection of precious gems, than a gay equipage. They are immoderately fond of perfumes, and spare no expense in procuring them: it is a well-known fact that many poor females attend at the archbishop's gate, and, after receiving a pittance, immediately purchase with the money *agua rica*, or some other scented water. Even the ladies, not content with the natural fragrance of flowers, add to it, and spoil it by sprinkling them with lavender water, spirit of musk, or ambergris; and often by fumigating them with gum benzoin, musk, and amber, particularly the *mistura*, which is a compound of jessamine, wall-flowers, orange-flowers, and others, picked from the stalks. Small apples and green limes are also filled with slices of cinnamon and cloves. The mixture is generally to be found on a salver at a lady's toilette: they will distribute it among their friends by asking for a pocket handkerchief, tying up a small quantity in the corner, and sprinkling it with some perfume, expect the compliment "that it is most delicately seasoned."

Sir Isaac Newton would never dispute in company. When he had delivered an opinion which any one chose to controvert, he would not be at the pains to defend it, but contented himself with saying, "I believe, Sir, if you will be at the trouble of examining my opinion, you will find I have very good reasons for it."

CONVERSATION OF ARTISTS.

The conversation of Artists, when it has reference to their profession, is usually patched up with phrases peculiar to themselves, and which may not improperly be called the slang of art. This jargon, when heard by persons unacquainted with its application, is apt to lead to awkward mistakes. The following is a laughable instance of the kind. A party of artists were travelling in a stage coach, in which, besides themselves, a sedate venerable lady was the only passenger. The conversation among the artists ran on something as follows:—

“How *playful* those clouds are! that group to the left is sweetly composed, though perhaps a little too *solid* and *rocky* for the others. I have seen nothing of ———’s lately. I think he is clever. He *makes* all his flesh too *chalky*. You must allow, however, that he is very successful with his ladies.” The old lady began to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness, and at the close of each observation, cast an anxious and inquiring look at the speaker. Her companions, however, unconscious of the alarm they were exciting, (for she entertained doubts as to their sanity) went on in the same style. She heard them, to her increasing dismay, talk of a farmhouse coming *out* from the neighbouring trees, and of a gentleman’s grounds *wanting repose*. At length they approached an old village church. A great many observations were made about the *keeping*, &c. of the scene, which the old lady bore with tolerable magnanimity; but, at last, one of the party exclaimed, in a kind of enthusiasm, “See how well the woman in the red cloak *carries off the tower!*” This was too much. The lady screamed to the coachman to stop, paid him his fare, although advanced only half-way on her journey, and expressed her thankfulness for having escaped alive from such a set of *madmen*.

DISCOVERY OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Lord North, in the year 1605, having reached his twenty-fourth year, fell into a consumptive disorder that baffled the utmost efforts of medicine. In this melancholy situation it became necessary for him to live more regularly than he had done, and his physicians advised him to retire into the country, and try the efficacy of that last remedy, change of air, for the re-establishment of his constitution. In consequence of this advice, his lordship, in the spring of the year 1606, made Eridge House the place of his retreat, about two miles from Tunbridge Wells; but after a residence of several weeks, finding his disorder rather increase than diminish, and his spirits greatly lowered, he abruptly quitted his retired mansion, and began his journey to London. Fortunately (adds the narrator) his road lay directly through the wood in which these useful springs were concealed from the knowledge of mankind; so that when his lordship came upon the spot, he could not pass by without taking notice of a water, which seemed to claim his attention, on account of the shining mineral scum that swam on its surface, as well as the ochreous substance which subsided at the bottom. These uncommon appearances induced him to alight from his carriage, and to order one of his servants to borrow a little vessel from a neighbouring hovel, that he might taste it. The ferruginous flavour induced his lordship to think it was imbued with some medicinal properties which might be beneficial to mankind. Having submitted it to chemical analysis, he determined to try its restorative powers upon himself, and after about three months' continuance at Eridge, returned to town so perfectly free from all complaints, that he lived in the indulgence of every courtly enjoyment till he attained the age of eighty-five.

ON BEING CENSURED FOR SLIGHTING A BEAUTIFUL BUT
BAD-TEMPERED WOMAN.

And what is the delicate hue of the skin,
Where the rose and the lily contest;
Excepting good humour is seated within,
And harmony dwell in the breast?

And what is the beautiful shade of an eye,
If in its bright beams we can trace
No gleam of that sunshine, which none can deny
Is of beauty the soul and the grace?

No—give me the Woman I still can admire
When youthful attractions are flown;
Who, when Time in his flight shall have borne off Desire,
Yet still can keep Love on his throne.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE “BLUE STOCKING.”

The “Society de la Calza,” (of the stocking) was formed at Venice in the year 1400, to the honour of the inauguration of the Doge, Michele Steno. The employments of the members were conversation and festivity; and so splendid were the entertainments of music and dancing, that the gay spirits of other parts of Italy, anxiously solicited the honour of seats in the Society. All their statutes regarded only the ceremonies of the ball or the theatre; and the members being resolved on their rigorous performance, took an oath in a church to that tendency. They had banners and a seal, like an authorised order of knighthood. Their dress was as splendid and elegant as Venetian luxury and taste could fashion it; and, consistently with the singular custom of the Italians, of marking academies, and other intellectual associations, by some external signs of folly, the members, when they met in literary discussion, were distinguished by the colours of their stockings. The colours were sometimes

fantastically blended, and at other times one colour—particularly the *blue*—prevailed.

The Society de la Calza lasted till the year 1590, when the foppery of Italian literature took some other symbol. The rejected title then crossed the Alps, and found a congenial soil in the flippancy and literary triflings of Parisian society, and particularly branded female pedantry as the strongest feature in the character of French pretension. It diverged from France to England, and for a while marked the vanity of the small advances in literature of our female coteries. But the propriety of its application is now gradually ceasing; for we see in every circle, that attainments in literature can be accomplished with no loss of womanly modesty. It is in this country, above all others, that knowledge asserts her right of general dominion, or contends, if she be the sustaining energy of one sex, she forms the lighter charm, the graceful drapery of the other.

SKETCHES OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

ENGLISH, SCOTTISH, AND IRISH WOMEN.

Englishwomen are allowed to possess not only a greater degree of personal beauty and grace, but beauty and grace of a character altogether superior to those of the women of any other country; and, upon comparing the different divisions of England with each other, it will be found that the intensity of passion varies according to the same law, and nearly in the same ratio with the external beauty. Hence, perhaps, there might be grounded a metaphysical reason for that interest which a beautiful woman instantly excites, not only in the other sex, but in her own. It is also worthy of remark, that those districts of England which are most remarkable for this external grace, and internal sensibility of the females, are the very

reverse as to all the higher and more intellectual characters of the male. Different races, whether of a more pure, or a more mixed nature, may favour differently the development of the more estimable qualities of the two sexes; but still, in those champaign countries, where the women are more elegant and amiable, the men are more dull and vulgar; while in the upland districts, where the men have more energy both of body and of mind, the women are neither so interesting in their appearance, nor so endearing in their dispositions. The women of England, properly so called, belong, upon the whole, to the former class. Their appearance is interesting; their voices and their manners are soft; they evince the greatest depth of passion; and their attachments hardly know any bounds. Warm in their affections, and winning in their manners, they are the most dutiful daughters, the kindest sisters, the most affectionate wives, and most tender mothers, that are any where to be met with. With infinitely more of passion in their composition than any other females, they have less of what is strictly called ambition: while others seek to dazzle, their aim is to please; and while a woman of a different construction looks out for something that will worship her, or make her great in the world, the aim of an Englishwoman is to find something that she can love with her whole soul. She is fond of dress, of splendour, and of display; and both from her appearance and her lustre, she is able to turn these to admirable account; but still they are only secondary objects with her; and valued no farther, than they can conduct to that upon which she places her affections. This intensity of character is usually tempered by great natural modesty, which heightens instead of hurting its effect; and the severity with which England visits the erotic wanderings of her daughters, is greater than that of any other country. While an Englishwoman stands, she stands higher than

other women ; but when she falls, her fall is deeper and more desperate. Perhaps this is necessary : to introduce among beings of such lovely exterior, and such warm passions, the same liberties of speech, and levities of conduct, which prevail where women have more art and less nature, might be rather a dangerous experiment. In respect of intellect, the women of England are by no means so superior as they are in beauty and endearment ; but in every thing which tends to make enjoyment sweet and life happy, they are wholly unrivalled ; and there are no women, either of the North or of the South, that retain their personal charms, and their mental sensibility—their power of pleasing, and of being pleased, to so late a period of life.

The *Women of Scotland* are neither so uniform, nor, in many respects, so interesting as those of England. Besides the smaller shades of variety, there are, as it were, three distinct races of females in that country—the extreme Highlanders, the extreme Lowlanders, and an intermediate race. The women of the Highlands are exceedingly plain in their appearance ; their features are harsh ; their voices shrill and unpleasant ; and their tempers a strange mixture of slovenliness and irritability. Their features are strongly marked and masculine, even in early life ; and they very soon begin to look old. Their erotic propensities are not very strong ; and though the customs of Highland society are such as would afford great facilities to the contrary, sensual correctness is their principal virtue. They are remarkably superstitious and credulous—boast more of their genealogies and connections, and believe more in the legends of the country, than Highland men. With all those qualities which a person accustomed to finer women would think disagreeable, they are exceedingly hospitable and trustworthy ; and their patience under the afflictions both of human nature and of

life, amounts to absolute heroism ; and they are withal delighted with mirth and songs. If one was to sum up their character in few words, one would say, that they were the most correct, and the least desirable, of British females. It must be allowed, however, that there are splendid exceptions to the general want of personal beauty ; but so far as our observation has extended, that softness of manner and that intensity of tender passion, which characterise the women of England, are quite unknown among them.

In *Ireland*, the females of the poorer classes have the same impassioned and heedless character which marks the other sex :—their short snub features express glee, but not beauty ; and their attachments, though approaching to absolute phrenzy for the time, change with the change of circumstances. No women caress their offspring so heartily as the lower Irish, and yet no women give their children such frequent or severe chastisement. Irish women, of the upper classes, are often handsome ; but their expression and air are too proud and overbearing to be consistent with beauty. Their features are striking, and there is a certain air of superciliousness about the upper part of an Irish woman's face, which prevents one from mistaking her for a native of any other country. The haughtiness of an Irish woman, the national desire of having every passion gratified at the moment, and a hurried and bustling manner, too wild for being confined to any system, prevent her from being an economist ; but she can bear any privation, and has a spirit that can carry her through scenes that would baffle and defeat any other female whatever.

In few words,—an English woman will love you, a Scotch woman will converse with you, and an Irish woman will fight either for you or with you, according to circumstances. Such are the decided characteristics ; but

from the uniformity of language and fashion, and the frequency of intercourse and mutual emigration, those characteristics are obliterated, or blended together, in many instances, while the progress of time is softening them down, and perhaps bringing them, on the whole, nearer to the English character.

FLOWERS AND FRUITS.

That plants feel attachments grave Darwin believed,
 And Seward opined that he was not deceived;
 But if Flowers can *love* in their natural state,
 We beg to contend that Fruits can bear *hate*;
 And our reason for this will be surely thought fair,
 Since the very first APPLE destroy'd the first PAIR.

Some years ago, a city banker died, leaving a will, in which he bequeathed very large sums to his relations and friends: twenty thousand pounds to one, ten thousand to another, thirty thousand to another, and so forth; the whole legacies amounting to a vast sum (half a million, it is said); but they were left under this condition, that they were not to be paid to the parties till after the lapse of ten years from the death of the testator, and during this time the money was to remain capital of the firm. This seemed a commercial whim; no more. At the expiration of ten years, the legacies were applied for, and it was discovered that not one sixpence was forthcoming, or ever had any existence, except in the imaginative will of the deceased banker. His sole object was to give credit to the firm, and this he completely accomplished; for every body took it for granted, that the immense property willed away was, during the ten years, making a part of the capital of the firm, and a high idea was formed of a house so strengthened.

FROM CAMOENS.

Who can escape the net which passion throws
 Amid the charms of Woman's witchery?
 Tints like the snow upon the opening rose,
 And locks like gold on Parian masonry?
 That all-pervading magic who oppose,
 Strong as Medusa's glance of potency;
 Alas the Gorgon could but change the frame
 To marble: Love converts it into flame.

THE GREEKS.

To the Greeks we owe the improvement, if not the invention of grammar, logic, criticism, metaphysics, music, geometry, medicine, and astronomy; and many of the terms peculiar to each of these arts and sciences, which are adopted in modern languages, clearly point out the country from which they are derived. The refined invention of architects embellished their cities with those regular, well-proportioned, and elegant buildings, which displayed the various forms of the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian orders. Athens was filled with temples, theatres, porticos, and vestibules, of matchless symmetry and grandeur; and the pencils of Zeuxis, Parrhasius, and Polygnotus; and the chisels of Alcamenes, Phidias, and Polycletus, decorated them with the most beautiful pictures, busts, and statues. These artists animated the Parian marble, and gave spirit and passion to the glowing canvass. The Pagan religion was peculiarly favourable to their exertions; and the sacrifices, assemblies, and processions, were equally well adapted to painting and sculpture. The continual view of the human figure in the baths, and at the public games, familiarised them to the contemplation of forms the most elegant, and attitudes the most graceful. They copied the fairest appearances

of nature, and by combining the scattered beauties of various persons in one subject, gave no very inadequate representation of that ideal excellence, which filled their refined imaginations. Theirs, likewise, was that exquisite judgment, the companion of genius, which, instantly selecting from art or nature whatever was excellent, gave to their works an irresistible charm. Such, indeed, was the general prevalence of taste, that even the common people of Athens, by constantly surveying the finest specimens of painting and sculpture, and hearing the most finished compositions recited in the theatres, and public assemblies, became qualified to appreciate with correctness the various productions of their countrymen.

THE GRECIAN WOMEN.

The Grecian women continued to be kept in seclusion and retirement, even in the most refined times, from a respect to ancient customs. Their residence was limited to a secluded part of the house, which took its name from its particular destination to their use ; they were visited by no persons but their nearest relations ; and when they went from home, they were obliged by law to be attended by a slave, carrying a lighted torch. Their companions were their female slaves, with whom they were upon a level in point of accomplishments ; and their time which they spared from bringing up their children, was engaged by the employments of the distaff and the shuttle. They seldom appeared in public, except at religious festivals, and in solemn processions. Such a mode of life was not only calculated to inspire them with modesty and diffidence, which is natural to persons unaccustomed to promiscuous conversation, and public life, but to cherish the growth of domestic virtues. One of the greatest orators

of Athens gives a lively idea of this recluse state, by asserting, that it was the highest honour to a woman not to be the object either of public praise or censure. Amid the disorders of democratical government, and the activity of military expeditions, no leisure was found for the sexes to improve the arts of conversation, enlarge the sphere of their knowledge, and polish their manners. The female character was degraded, the passion of love was coarse and indelicate, and the women were looked upon rather as the slaves than the equals of men. Their education was totally neglected, and little value was set upon those female accomplishments, which, combined with the charms of beauty, and native elegance of mind, have so much influence in improving the manners of the moderns.

It seems probable, that this may be relied upon as a just picture of the modest women of Athens. During the period we are considering, courtesans, skilled in all the arts of seduction, were numerous throughout Greece, and their profession was countenanced by men of the first eminence. The beautiful Aspasia, born at Miletus, the chief city of Ionia, was the first who introduced Asiatic elegance into Europe. She had the gratification to add Pericles to the list of her admirers, and gained such influence over him, that he was accused of engaging his country in wars, to avenge her quarrels. Under his sanction, she formed a society of courtesans, whose arts were employed to attach the young Athenians to her interest. Such were the charms of her conversation, that Socrates himself, his pupil Alcibiades, and the most respectable artists, frequented her house. This circumstance may furnish a proof of the low state of mental accomplishments in the virtuous part of the sex, even during the most refined period of Grecian History.

LORD COALSTOUN.

While Lord Coalstoun lived in a house in the Advocates' Close, Edinburgh, it was the custom for advocates and judges to dress themselves in the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and, when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlour windows, for a few minutes, before St. Giles' bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine. It happened that one morning, while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls, who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which, in sport, they swung over the window, by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was desperate with its exertions. In this crisis, his lordship had just popped his head out of the window directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting what danger impended over his head, when down came the exasperated animal, at full career, directly upon his wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what landing-place their kitten had found, than, in terror or surprise, they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for, along with the animal, up came the judge's wig, fixed in its talons. His lordship's surprise, on finding his wig lifted off his head, was ten thousand times redoubled, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling its way upwards, without any means visible to him by which its motion might be accounted for. The astonishment of the senator below, the mirth of the girls above, together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss beneath, altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned; but the perpetrators of it got many a lengthened injunction from their parents, never again to fish over the window with such a bait for honest men's wigs.

ON THE PAST.

Said I, like dew-drops of the beamy morn,
 That seem right loth to leave the flow'rs they gem ;
 Or fondling pendant on the blossom'd thorn—
 Our thoughts on youth's past pleasures hang like them.

Indeed I said it—and my grateful soul
 Acknowledges the *past* with conscious pride,
 That many a time hath on my sorrow stole,
 And life's drear waste with some sweet scenes supplied !

For of the *future* whatsoe'er we form,
 Whate'er of raptures to the *present* fall,
 Pictur'd by hope, or felt with fancy warm,
 Our *lasting* joys are retrospective all !
 On those, like falling dews, the mem'ry loves to light,
 Nor quits them in the morn—but to return at night !

CHANGE OF CHARACTER.

Man, in different periods of his existence, has been likened to the following animals:— At twenty, a peacock ; at thirty, a lion ; at forty, a camel ; at fifty, a serpent ; at sixty, a dog ; and at seventy, a monkey.

The following allegory is not inapt to the subject. Man believing himself worthy of immortality, on viewing the excellence of his nature, inquired of Jupiter how long he had to live. Jupiter replied, when he created all the animals, including men, he proposed to give them thirty years' existence. The inquirer was astonished to find that a work like himself should be suffered to perish so soon, and that his life would fade like a flower. He considered it very strange he should no sooner come into existence, than be compelled to leave it again, without fully enjoying the delights of creation, after having just sipped the sweets ; hereupon he cried in a supplication, " I implore thee, O Jupiter, if my prayer be not contrary to thy ordinances, that since these animals, the ass, the dog, and

the monkey, unworthy thy favour, have refused twenty years of their term of existence, which thou hast bestowed, not knowing the good accorded, because reason has been denied them, I intreat thee, that thou mayest be pleased to grant me that portion allotted to them, in order that I may adore thee more and fulfil my duties better." Jupiter deeming the demand rational, acceded to it; but he decreed that after man had lived his thirty years, he should then commence the twenty years given up by the ass, and that during that period he should be employed in performing that animal's office, by working and carrying the necessary articles for his living. From fifty to seventy, he decreed that man should live the life of a dog, barking and growling, as though he was oppressed with sorrows, and that he should be incapable of true enjoyment during these twenty years. And that the last period, from seventy to ninety, he should finish his existence by leading the monkey's life, imitating the defects of nature. How truly does man fulfil his destiny!

To Persia we must look for the origin of the Vine; we know that it is not indigenous elsewhere, except in America. The discovery of Wine, as given on the authority of an ancient Persian MS. by Sir John Malcolm, may be thus briefly told:—The Persian Emperor who founded Persepolis, being extremely fond of grapes, put some into jars to preserve them: tasting them while fermenting, he found them so bad, that he put them back, and marked *poison* on the jars. His favourite mistress, from some cause, weary of life, drank the liquor, which (the fermentation being at an end) was so pleasant, as to reconcile her to life, instead of poisoning her. The king found out what had taken place,—and thus Wine was discovered.

THE COURT OF AREOPAGUS.

It was Solon who restored the Court of Areopagus, so much famed for the pure administration of justice, and the unsullied character of its members, who exercised a judicial power, and tried criminals for capital offences. It was their duty to inspect the general behaviour of the citizens, superintend the conduct of youth, and take care they were educated and employed in a manner suitable to their rank. But their greatest privileges consisted in a power of reversing the decrees of the popular assembly, in rescuing the condemned from their sentence, and condemning the acquitted.

Of the justice, impartiality, and wisdom of the Areopagus, in the exercise of their supreme authority, no higher idea can be given, than by the lofty panegyric of Cicero, who affirmed, that this council was as essential to the prosperity of Athens, as the providence of the Gods to the government of the world. By the establishment of these two assemblies, a large mixture of aristocracy was infused into the commonwealth, and the administration of public affairs was secured against much of the danger of popular tumult and violence.

Spanish phlegm, perhaps, never appeared so ridiculous, as well as inhuman, as at the death of Prince Don Carlos, whose brutal father sentenced to die. On seeing the executioner enter the room in which he was confined, with the cord in his hand with which he was to strangle him, the prince rose up from his pallet with great violence and impetuosity, and exclaimed against the cruelty of his father. The executioner, looking at him in a very significant manner, dryly said, "Don't put yourself in such a passion, my young master ; it is all for your good."

HUMAN HAIR.

The extraordinary durability of human hair has been shown by some late experiments, undertaken by Professor Pictet of Geneva: he compared some hair obtained from a mummy, brought from Teneriffe, with some recent hair, in the construction of some hygrometers; and, to his surprise, found the hair from the mummy equally sensible to the smallest changes in humidity, with the usual specimens of human hair recently cut off; thus evincing, that hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials; and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or a friend, we may almost look up to heaven, and compare notes with the angelic nature,—may almost say, “I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now.”

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

To live, to love, to hope!—and find it vain:
 To see friends falling, and that riches fly;
 A youth of follies—an old age of pain!
 To pine for freedom, and yet fear to die!—
 Then add to these (for such is mortal's lot)
 To die at last—unpitied and forgot!

The following lines, written by Henry VIII., were presented and sung to Anne Boleyn during the time of their courtship. Byrd, in Queen Elizabeth's time, set them to music:

The eagle's force subdues each byrde that flies,
 What metal can resiste the flamynge fire?
 Doth not the sunne dazzle the clearest eyes,
 And melte the ice, and make the snowe retire?
 The hardeste stones are peirced thro' with tooles;
 The wisest are, with princes, made but foolles.

THE INSTITUTION OF CHIVALRY.

If Chivalry be considered only as a simple ceremony, by which the noble youths who were destined for war received their first arms, the custom was known among the ancient Germans, and was established in France in the reign of Charlemagne, at the commencement of the ninth century. That Emperor sent to Aquitain for his son Louis, and presented him with a sword, and all the equipage of a warrior. William of Malmesbury mentions that about the same time, King Alfred presented his grandson Athelstan with a sword, and a rich belt with a crimson robe, as the ensigns of knighthood. But if we look upon Chivalry as a dignity which gave the first military rank, and which was conferred by a particular kind of investiture, attended with appropriate ceremonies, and ratified by a solemn oath, it would be difficult to trace it to a more remote period than the eleventh century.

France claims the honour of giving this institution its specific character, at the time when that kingdom was recovering from the disorders, which followed the extinction of the second race of its monarchs. The royal authority began again to be respected, laws were enacted, corporations were founded, and the numerous fiefs held by the great barons under the crown, were governed with greater regularity. In this state of affairs, the sovereigns and great barons were desirous of strengthening the feudal ties by adding to the ceremony of doing homage, that of giving arms to their young vassals, previous to their first military expeditions. It is highly probable, that by conferring the same distinction upon other persons, who did not hold any lands under them, but who offered their services from motives of esteem, or the desire of military renown, the sovereigns and great barons availed themselves of this expedient to secure the co-operation of new warriors, who were ready to follow their standard upon

all occasions, when they could only rely upon their own dependants to serve them in certain districts for a limited time. They received with joy these brave volunteers, who, by increasing their forces, gave additional strength to their government; and as every knight could create other knights, the sovereign exercised his privilege without exciting jealousy. Every gentleman, who was designed for the profession of arms, was trained by a long preparatory course of discipline and service in some noble family, and was, during his youth, the companion of some warrior of renown. The ceremonies which attended his knighthood were solemn and impressive. They combined the rites of religion with the forms of feudal duty; and resembled the mode of admitting a proselyte into the Church by baptism, as well as that of a vassal doing homage for a fief. The candidate for this distinction, accompanied by his sponsors, and his priest, passed the night previous to his initiation in watching his arms, and in prayer. The next morning he repaired to the bath, the water of which was intended to serve as an emblem of the purity of his profession. He then walked to the nearest church, clothed in white garments, and presented his sword to the minister officiating at the altar, who returned it to him with his blessing. After taking the accustomed oaths to his sovereign, or feudal chief, he was invested by the attendant knights and ladies with certain parts of his armour. He was first presented with gilt spurs, a coat of mail, and gauntlets; and lastly, he was begirt with a sword. The sovereign then, rising from the throne, conferred upon him, whilst kneeling, the honour of knighthood, by giving him three strokes with the flat part of a drawn sword upon his shoulders or neck. He then saluted the young warrior, and pronounced these words: "In the name of God, of St. Michael, and St. George, I make thee a knight: be brave, bold, and loyal." His horse, and the remaining part of his armour

were afterwards presented to him, and the ceremony was concluded with a costly banquet.

Important and numerous were the privileges attached to this profession of arms, and its duties were at once arduous and indispensable. To protect the ladies was an essential part of them. Incapable of taking arms, they would frequently, in such civilized times, have seen their lands become a prey to some tyrannical neighbour, or have had their reputation blasted by the breath of calumny, if some knight had not come forward in their defence. To the succour of the distressed, the protection of orphans, the deliverance of captives, and the chastisement of oppressors, he likewise dedicated his sword and his life. If he failed in a scrupulous attention to these duties, he was looked upon as deserting the most solemn obligations, and was degraded with public marks of disgrace. If he performed them, he was regarded as an honour to his profession, and his renown was spread over every part of Europe.

In the character of a true knight during the golden age of Chivalry, we behold an assemblage of virtues, which command our esteem and admiration, and confer honour upon human nature. His deportment was noble, and his manners condescending and gracious to all. His promise was inviolable and sacred; his love of arms was softened by the refinements of courtesy, the fair offspring of that noble society which he enjoyed in the castles of the great. His professions of attachment and service were invariably sincere; he was as ambitious to render his name illustrious by affability, probity, and generosity, as by the number of his expeditions, trophies, and victories. By such conduct were those knights signalized, whom their contemporaries regarded as the fairest ornaments of Chivalry, and whose renown has been transmitted through all succeeding ages. Such were Edward the Black Prince, the Chevalier Bayard, and Sir Philip Sidney.

A knight was always known by a device on his shield, and by the peculiarities of his blazonry, which were allusive to some of his martial exploits. Great honours were paid to him after his decease, particularly if he was slain in battle. His funeral was most solemn, and very fully attended. His sword, helmet, spurs, gauntlets, and armorial ensigns, were suspended over the hallowed spot of his interment, or his cenotaph. His splendid tomb, graced with his effigy, and marked with a suitable inscription, was considered as a tribute of respect to his virtues, and an incentive to inflame the youthful warrior to tread the same path of valour and renown.

Chivalry was indebted to religion for much of the ardour with which its votaries were animated. During its flourishing state, no institution could obtain credit, unless consecrated by the church, and closely interwoven with the religious opinions of the times. To the incentives of zeal, was added the spirit of gallantry. The youthful knight, previous to his going forth upon any warlike expedition, devoted himself to the service of some lady, who was usually the object of his ardent love. It was his most lively hope that her smiles and her hand would reward his valour ; he bore her device upon his arms ; to her he consecrated his trophies ; and to gain her favour, he was ready, upon all occasions, to meet danger, and shed his blood. This passion was the keenest incitement to his heroic actions, and fired his mind with unabating enthusiasm. Amid foreign invasion and domestic feuds, where the opposing barons and their vassals encountered each other in the hottest engagements ; the faithful knight, as he couched his lance, and rushed to meet the foe, invoked the mistress of his heart, and gloried, by such achievements, to render himself worthy of her regard. When peace brought a short interval of repose, and rival knights contended in the jousts and tournaments, the applauding lady often adjudged the prizes to the victorious champions.

In the lofty hall, decked with banners and trophies of war, when the banquet was given to the jocund train of nobles, and their gallant companions in arms; the harp and the songs of the minstrel resounded the praises of the fair; and every pageant and celebrity concurred to keep the mind in the same direction to its beloved object.

The ambition of pleasing a favourite lady, and of being worthy to be considered as her champion, was a motive, which stimulated a knight to the most daring actions. Many instances are recorded in the history of the middle ages, of the height to which this romantic gallantry arose. It was not unusual for a knight, in the midst of a battle or a siege, to challenge his enemy to single combat, and refer to the decision of arms, the transcendent beauty of their ladies. A solemn duel, of thirty knights against thirty, was fought between Sir Bembrough, an Englishman, and Beaumanoir, a Breton, of the party of Charles de Blois. The knights came into the field, and before the combat began, Beaumanoir called out, that it would be seen that day, *who had the fairest mistresses*. After a bloody combat, the Bretons prevailed, and gained for their prize full liberty to boast of the beauty of their ladies. It is remarkable (says the historian, Hume) as it shews the spirit which Chivalry inspired, that two such famous generals as Sir Robert Knolles and Sir Hugh Calverley, drew their swords in this ridiculous contest.

Thus it appears, that in the institution of Chivalry were blended valour, humanity, justice, honour, courtesy and gallantry. Their combined effects were soon visible in the manners of a martial age. The horrors of war were softened, when humanity began to be esteemed the ornament of knighthood. More condescension and more affability were introduced, when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. A strict adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic

of every gentleman, because Chivalry was regarded as the school of honour. It is the remark of Robertson, the excellent historian, "that, perhaps, the *humanity* which accompanies all the operations of war, the *refinements of gallantry*, and the *point of honour*, the three chief circumstances which distinguish modern from ancient manners, may be attributed in a great measure to this whimsical Institution."

QUID PRO QUO.

A sprightly lady, young and fair,
 With *arms all nude*, and *neck all bare*,
 At dinner near a Quaker sat;
 And feeling much disposed to joke,
 In playful accents thus she spoke:
 "See, Friend, *I toast thy broad-brimm'd hat.*"
 The Quaker smil'd, and said, "thou know'st
 I ne'er use healths, nor give a toast,
 Else from thy challenge I'd not shrink;
 Inclined to please so kind a lass,
 I cheerfully would take my glass,
 And to thy absent *'kerchief drink.*"

A clergyman in Yorkshire bequeathed in his will a considerable property to his daughter, on the subsequent conditions: First, that she do not enter the state of matrimony without the consent of his two executors, or their representatives. Secondly, that she be dressed with greater decency than she had hitherto been accustomed to do. The testator's words were: "But as my daughter Ann hath not attended to my admonitions, respecting the filthy and lewd custom of dressing with naked elbows, my will is, that in case she persists in so gross a violation of female decency, the whole of the property devised by me, as aforesaid, and intended as a provision for her future life, shall go to the eldest son of my sister Caroline, and his heirs lawfully begotten."

ON TWO YOUNG LADIES, (TWIN SISTERS)

Who died at the same time, and were interred in one grave.

Fair marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin-sisters lie;
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise;
Whose death gave tears to every eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike—so much the same,
That Death mistook them both for one!

Amongst the facetiæ of Charles the Second's day, it was the custom, when a gentleman drank a lady's health, by way of doing her greater honour, to throw some part of his dress into the fire, an example which his companions were bound to follow. One of his friends perceiving that Sir Charles Sedley had on a very rich lace cravat, when he named his toast, committed his cravat to the flames, and Sir Charles and the rest of the party were obliged to do the same. The poet observed it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a one some other time. When the party was assembled on a subsequent occasion, he drank off a bumper to some beauty of the day, and ordered a tooth-drawer into the room, whom he had previously brought for the purpose, and made him draw a decayed tooth which had long plagued him. The rules of good fellowship required, that every one of the company should have a tooth drawn also; but they naturally expressed a hope that Sedley would not enforce the law. Deaf, however, to all their remonstrances, he saw them, one after another, put themselves into the hands of the operator; and whilst writhing with pain, added to their torment by exclaiming, "patience, gentlemen, patience, you promised that I should have my frolic too!"

ORIGIN OF THE MARRIAGE ACT.

Of all the unpopular measures advised in the Cabinet by that great politician, Earl Hardwicke, none gave so much disapprobation at the time as the Marriage Act. Some prudential regulations were indeed wanting, to prevent the shameful clandestine marriages of minors; and a short bill for this purpose was drawn up and laid before him by the judges; but to this he objected, and though Lord Hardwicke framed the bill, yet the principal promoter of it was Mr. Pelham, (afterwards Duke of Newcastle), and that from a domestic circumstance little known, and therefore not mentioned in the annals of his time. At this period, public breakfastings, and balls in the morning, at sundry houses of entertainment in the environs of London, were universally in vogue. The places most frequented by persons of distinction, were Ruckholt-house, in Essex, and Putney Bowling-green-house: but as the company could not fail of being miscellaneous, when money was taken at the door, it so happened, that a sharper danced with the Earl of Tilney's sister, at Ruckholt-house, engaged her affections, and was on the point of being clandestinely married to the lady, when fortunately his character was discovered. Nearly the same event happened to Miss Pelham (sister to Mr. H. Pelham and the duke): this lady found an amiable partner at Putney Bowling-green-house, with whom she frequently danced, who made a declaration of love, which was so favourably received by Miss P., that she invited him to her brother's house, where he made several visits, and had absolutely gained her consent to marry him, when a General officer, accidentally paying a visit one afternoon, while the gallant was there, directly knew him to be M'Lean, the notorious highwayman, who had robbed him twice: the adventurer, perceiving that he was recognised, retired with the greatest precipitation; and

the General, finding that his discovery did not make that strong impression upon Miss P.'s mind which might have been expected, flew to Mr. Pelham, and laid the matter before him, which animated the Minister to promote the Marriage Act.

TO AN OLD FRIEND,

On his wishing for a renewal of his Youth.

And wouldst thou live over the days of thy youth,

The past days of anguish renew ?

Again nourish visions of virtue and truth,

Again to pronounce them untrue ?

Ah ! think'st thou that Age can feel misery alone ?

There are aged hearts peaceful and blest ;

Ah ! think'st thou that Youth and that pleasure are one ?

There are youthful hearts strangers to rest.

There are those who have parted from friends they love best,

Ere the spring-time of life has been o'er ;

Who have liv'd to spurn many, whom since they caress'd,

And have wept o'er the graves of yet more.

It is true that the days of delusion are sweet,

When false friends as faithful we deem ;

We can smile and look blest, while unknown the deceit,

But ah ! who would wake from the dream ?

Look back on the days that are past—dost forget

The many sad tears thou hast shed ?

Oh ! recall them to mind, and no longer regret

That the days of keen suffering are fled.

For the life of some dear one, in youth's early bloom,

Thou'st perhaps offered prayers up in vain ;

And wouldst thou consign them again to the tomb,

And be doom'd to weep o'er them again ?

Reflect—(and then Youth will want pow'r to allure)

On the pangs thou hast suffer'd but late ;

When an *act of unkindness* was worse to endure,

Than *all* the dark changes of fate.

PHYSIOLOGY.

THE PERIODS OF HUMAN LIFE.

Childhood.—From 1 to 7 years of age. The period of accidents, griefs, wants, sensibilities.

Adolescence.—From 8 to 14. The age of hopes, improvidence, curiosity, impatience.

Puberty.—From 15 to 21. The age of triumphs and desires, self-love, independence, vanity.

Youth.—From 22 to 28. The age of pleasure, love, sensuality, inconstancy, enthusiasm.

Manhood.—From 29 to 35. The age of enjoyments, ambition, and the play of all the passions.

Middle Age.—From 36 to 42. The age of consistency, desire of fortune, of glory, and honour.

Mature Age.—From 43 to 49. The age of possession, the reign of wisdom, reason, love of property.

Decline of Life.—From 50 to 56. The age of reflection, love of tranquillity, foresight, and prudence.

Commencement of Old Age.—From 57 to 63. The age of regrets, cares, inquietudes, ill-temper, desire of ruling.

Old Age.—From 64 to 70. The age of infirmities, exigency, love of authority and submission.

Decrepitude.—From 71 to 77. The age of avarice, jealousy, and envy.

Caducity.—From 78 to 84. The age of distrust, vain-boasting, unfeelingness, suspicion.

Age of Favour.—From 85 to 91. The age of insensibility, love of flattery, of attention and indulgence.

Age of Wonder.—From 92 to 98. The age of indifference, and love of praise.

Phenomenon.—From 99 to 105. The age of hope, and—the last sigh!

FIRST LOVE.

All other thoughts and feelings
 The heart may know again, but first love never!
 Its hopes, bright as the azure flower that springs
 Where'er the radiance of the rainbow falls,—
 Its fears, soft as the leaves that shade the lily,—
 Its fairy-land romance,—its tenderness,—
 Its timid, yet so passionate devotion,—
 These are not annual blooms, that die, then rise
 Again into a beautiful existence;
 They may live long, and be the life of life,
 But, like the rose, when they are once destroyed
 They perish utterly. And, like that tree,
 How sweet a memory too remains! Though dead
 The green leaves, and decay'd the stem, yet still
 The spirit of fragrance lingers, loth to leave
 Its dear abode. Just so Love haunts the heart,
 Though withered, and to be revived no more.

UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A knowledge of the machinery often spoils a pleasing illusion; as the boy who would touch the mists of the rainbow, must inevitably lose its colours. This is strikingly illustrated in the following anecdote of a Swiss maiden:—

“Her lover was dead, and, with a romantic feeling peculiar to her country, she had suspended his lute in a corner of her apartment, with all the melancholy recollections with which the children of Israel ‘sat down and wept by the waters of Babylon.’ Here, as it hung in otherwise sacred silence, she perceived, that whenever she played on her own, the lute of her lover returned a mournful sound; and the delighted maid spent hour after hour in drawing forth its tone, fondly imagining it to be the spirit of her departed friend, which hovered affectionately around the scene of his former pleasures. In an unfortunate mo-

ment, an officious philosopher dissolved the charm : he told her that it proceeded only from a simple principle of sound ; that when a musical chord was strongly touched, its kindred chord, whenever situated within its reach, would often reply. The intelligence overwhelmed the unfortunate girl : she gained a touch indeed,—but it broke her heart !”

LOVE GIFTS.

FROM THE TURKISH.

The Chain I gave was fair to view,
 The Lute I added, sweet in sound,
 The Heart that offer'd both was true,
 And ill deserv'd the fate it found.
 These gifts were charm'd, by secret spell,
 Thy truth in absence to divine ;
 And they have done their duty well—
 Alas ! they could not teach thee thine.

That Chain was firm in every link,
 But not to bear a stranger's touch ;
 That Lute was sweet—till thou couldst think
 In other hands its notes were such.
 When thou wert chang'd, they alter'd too ;
 The Chain is broke, the Music mute :
 'Tis past—to them and thee adieu—
 False Heart, frail Chain, and silent Lute.

Some one observed to Henry, Prince of Prussia, that it was very rare to find genius, wit, memory, and judgment, united in the same person. “ Surely there is nothing astonishing in this,” replied the Prince. “ Genius takes his daring flight towards Heaven—he is the eagle : wit moves along by fits and starts—he is the grasshopper : memory marches backwards—he is the crab : judgment drags slowly along—he is the tortoise. How can you expect that all these animals should move in unison ?”

WOMAN.

The following apostrophe to the merits of the fair, is from an Eastern romance :

“What theme more delightful to man than the praises of Woman? In her is comprised the tenderness of the mother, the sacred love of the sister, the endearing name of wife. How many prayers are breathed to Heaven by the affectionate mother, for the welfare of her boy, while he lies cradled in her arms! Her gentle admonition guides our wandering footsteps through the mazes of youth, and checks the impetuous career of passion. When manhood is stamped on the brow, we feel the link of Nature draws us to the smile of Woman, who becomes the partner of prosperity, the solace in adversity, the ministering angel in affliction, the guiding star through the storms of life. Without the society of Woman our existence were a blank,—our life barren, cheerless, and comfortless as the wilderness; and he that knows not the delights of wedlock, has missed the great object of his being.”

In the year 1550, two splendid nuptial ceremonies were celebrated in the Priory at Richmond, in the presence of King Henry VIII.; Lord Lisle being married to a daughter of the Duke of Somerset, and Sir Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, to Amy, daughter of Sir John Robsart (the unfortunate *Amy*, mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's novel “*Kenilworth*”). The Earl's son, Robert Dudley, whom he had by Lucy Douglas Sheffield, was born at Sheen in 1573, and concealed there with great secrecy, to prevent the Countess of Essex, to whom Leicester was then a suitor, from knowing of his birth. It is generally supposed that the Earl was married

to Lucy Douglas, though her son in vain endeavoured to establish his legitimacy before the Star Chamber ; it was, nevertheless, afterwards avowed in the patent by which his widow Alice was created a Duchess in the reign of Charles I. Sir Robert Dudley, disappointed in the hope of proving his legitimacy, went to the Continent, where he was patronised by the house of Medici, who were amply rewarded by his projecting the free port of Leghorn. He resided many years in their Court, and in that of the Emperor ; who having created him a Duke, he assumed the title of the Duke of Northumberland. This remarkable person died in the neighbourhood of Florence, and lies buried at Boldrane. Antony Wood (after enumerating his manifold accomplishments) says, that he was the first who taught a dog to sit, in order to catch partridges.

EPIGRAM.

A youth, vain-glorious of his classic lore,
Bawl'd to a fellow-student at the door :

Claude ostium (shut the door.)

The other, bent on ridicule or sport,
Answer'd the pedant with a sharp retort :

Claude os tuum (shut your mouth.)

BREVITIES:

MORAL, POLITICAL, AND DESULTORY.

Brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not understood.
HUDIBRAS.

BREVITIES.

MORAL.

I.

The immortality of the soul is an ocean that cannot be sounded, nor the danger avoided, without the immeasurable plummet of faith.

II.

Fear God first, and next to Him, fear the wretch who fears him not.

III.

He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his errors.

IV.

Age is more to be honoured for its wisdom, than youth for its beauty.

V.

To live long and to live pleasantly, is to live twice ; but this is the fruit of interior peace. There is not a greater folly than taking to heart what really ought not to affect us ; or of not being interested in what concerns us.

VI.

To live by one man's will, is always found to be the cause of many men's misery.

VII.

He who refuses good counsel is worse than a brute ; and he who needs none is more than a human being.

VIII.

It is a noble disappointment when we mistake another's heart from the integrity of our own.

IX.

Conscience without judgment is superstition ; judgment without conscience is self-condemnation.

X.

A man that goes duly to church shall be well spoken of, though he has no other merit to recommend him. He that neglects that duty shall be ill spoken of, though he has no other fault.

XI.

To abominate some vices, and practice others, is the devil's compounding with man ; but practising some virtues and neglecting others, is our compounding with the devil.

XII.

Men in excess of happiness or misery are equally inclinable to severity ;—witness conquerors and monks. It is mediocrity alone, and a mixture of prosperous and adverse fortune, that inspire us with lenity and pity.

XIII.

One example of a villain pardoned, makes more rogues than ten execution days can terrify.

XIV.

Many who find the day too long, think life too short ; but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.

XV.

'Tis harder to find an honest man than an able one ; business, which improves the one, corrupts the other.

XVI.

A knowledge of human nature teaches us that there is no gratitude so eloquent as that which flows from the recollection of an unsought benefit.

XVII.

Health chiefly keeps an Atheist in the dark.

XVIII.

A beautiful woman; if poor, should use a double circumspection; for her beauty will tempt others,—her poverty, herself.

XIX.

England can furnish not a few instances of men, who have sold the best oaks of their estates, for gilding and girandoles; of fathers, who have beggared their families, to enjoy the pleasure of seeing green-houses and pineries arise under their inspection; and of fox-hunters, who have begun with a dog-kennel, and ended with a dwelling-house.

XX.

Age is like the air we breathe; every body feels it, but no one sees it.

XXI.

He that has never known adversity, is but half acquainted with others or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For, as it surrounds us with friends, who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

XXII.

Alluding to Atheism, Bacon says, "I would rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind."

XXIII.

Entrance into heaven is not at the hour of death, but at the moment of conversion.

XXIV.

The knowledge of ourselves is the only treasure worth looking after.

XXV.

At twenty we kill pleasure, at thirty taste it, at forty we are sparing of it, at fifty we seek it, and at sixty we regret it.

XXVI.

The severity of parents often perverts the genius of their children : every blossom cannot withstand a storm, but mild springs generally yield the most kindly fruit.

XXVII.

One of the Grecian sages observed, " that health caused the pleasures of the body, and knowledge those of the mind."

XXVIII.

It is in vain to regret a misfortune when it is past retrieving ; but few have philosophy enough to practise it. A celebrated physician ventured five thousand guineas upon a project in the South Sea. When he was told that it was all lost, " Well," says he, " it is but going up five thousand pair of stairs more."

XXIX.

Plato calls Hope, the dream of men awake.

XXX.

Abulfida, the Arabian Philosopher of the Desert, being asked how he came to know there was a God ?—"In the same way," said he, " as I know by the prints that are made in the sand, whether a man or a beast has passed before me. Do not," he added, " the heavens, by the splendour of the stars ; the world, by the immensity of its extent ; and the sea, by the infinity of the waves that it rolls, sufficiently make known the power and the greatness of their Author ?"

XXXI.

Virtue should not be ashamed of being poor, for it is ten thousand to one she is never rich.

XXXII.

Behaviour is a mirror, in which every person shows his picture.

XXXIII.

A sound faith is the best divinity ; a good conscience the best law ; and temperance the best physic.

XXXIV.

He that is in the wrong, oftentimes deserves our pity; but he that is unwilling to be in the right, should have nothing but our contempt.

XXXV.

Constancy is the only avenue to conjugal felicity; and they who are not joined by the bands of love, can rarely expect to be united by those of perpetuity.

XXXVI.

No man is wise enough for his own direction; powerful enough for his own defence; or good enough for his own satisfaction.

XXXVII.

A man may be a hypocrite all his life before the public; but no man ever was before his own family.

XXXVIII.

Keep in your memory the saying of Madame Deshoulières on a gamester, who is one that "begins by being a dupe, and finishes by becoming a rogue."

XXXIX.

Man's fame is his second security for goodness; as conscience is his first.

XL.

Lord Shaftesbury was a complete instance of the truth of one of his own maxims, which was, "that wisdom lay in the heart and not in the head; and that it was not the want of knowledge, but the perverseness of the will, that filled men's actions with folly, and their lives with disorder."

XI.

The virtue of a daughter is obedience; the brightest jewel in a virgin's crown is modesty.

XLII.

That which is repented of, is morally undone.

XLIII.

Men are more what they are used to, than what they are born to.

XLIV.

The proud man hath no God ; the unpeaceful man hath no neighbour, the distrustful man hath no friend ; the discontented man hath not himself.

XLV.

Time may be considered as a moral being, which, ever present and ever fugitive, seems every moment to say to us.—“ Here I am : seize me ! ” and who, while flying, asks this question—“ What use have you made of me ? ” How many would be obliged to answer in the words of the Emperor Titus, when reproaching himself for suffering a day to pass without doing a good action : *Diem perdididi*—“ I have lost a day.” The ancients painted Time in the form of an old man with a large tuft of hair on his forehead, but bald behind, to teach us, that if we catch him not as he comes, it will be impossible after he has passed by.

 POLITICAL.

I.

A prince that parts with his friends to please his enemies, cools the one and enflames the other.

II.

The making of new lords lessens all the rest. It is in the business of lords, as it was with St. Nicholas's image : the countryman could not find in his heart to adore the new image, made of his own plum-tree, though he had formerly worshipped the old one. The lords that are ancient we honour, because we know not whence they come ; but the new ones we slight, because we know their beginning.

III.

When the savages of Louisiana are desirous of fruit, they cut the tree to the root and gather the fruit. This is an emblem of despotic government.

IV.

It was the remark of D'Alembert, "that the highest offices in Church and State resemble a *pyramid*, whose top is accessible to only two sorts of animals, *eagles* and *reptiles*."

V.

Duelling should never be pardoned; it being the highest reproach possible to a king, not to be able to devise a law to do every man justice.

VI.

There are two sorts of corruption: one when the people do not observe the laws, the other when they are corrupted by the laws: an incurable evil, because it is in the very remedy itself.

VII.

Mr. Fox, on one occasion said, that he knew enough of the human heart to be convinced, that a competition for power breaks and dissolves all the dearest ties of nature, kindred, tenderness and affection. Speaking of the British Constitution, he called it "A fabric the most beautiful that human wisdom had ever reared, or long experience endeared to its delighted possessors."

VIII.

Rapin observes, that "the privilege of Trial by Juries is the most considerable a nation can enjoy; it protects the humble people from the violence of the great, and from the caprice and passion of the Sovereign himself."

IX.

It was one of the laws of Lycurgus, that no portions should be given with young women in marriage. When this great law-giver was called upon to justify this enactment, he observed, "that in the choice of a wife, merit only should be considered; and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches, or neglected for their poverty."

X.

Lady Kent articted with Sir Edward Herbert, that he should come to her when she sent for him, and stay with her as long as she would have him ; to which he set his hand : then he articted with her, that he should go away when he pleased, and stay away as long as he pleased ;—to which she set her hand. This is the epitome of all the contracts in the world betwixt man and man—betwixt prince and subject ; they keep them as long as they like them, and no longer.

XI.

Sir Robert Walpole used to say, “ So great is the depravity of the human heart, that ministers, who only could know it, were, in charity to mankind, bound to keep it a secret.”

XII.

A wise man who doth not assist with his counsels ; a great man with his protection ; a rich man with his bounty and charity ; and a poor man with his labour ; are perfect nuisances in a commonwealth.

XIII.

The very worst Roman Emperors were those who were most profuse in their largesses ; for example, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Commodus, Heliogabalus, and Caracalla. The best, as Augustus, Vespasian, Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, and Pertinax, who were economists.

XIV.

In how different a manner do princes appreciate the merit of their servants ! When that honour to human nature, Sir Thomas More, was beheaded by his cruel and ungrateful sovereign, Charles V. told Sir Thomas Ellyot, “ If I had been master of such a servant, of whose doings ourselves have had these many years no small experience, we would rather have lost the best city of our dominions, than have lost such a worthy counsellor.”

XV.

The promises of kings are often a kind of chaff, which the breath of a minister bloweth, and scattereth away from the face of a court.

XVI.

The office of King's Fool was formerly prevalent in most of the Courts of Europe, and continued in our own down to the reign of Charles I. ; when Archy, the king's jester, passing an untimely joke on Archbishop Laud, was ordered, by the sentence of the Council, to have his coat pulled over his head, and dismissed the king's service. From this time, no fool, by *profession*, is permitted about Court.

XVII.

Feltham, speaking of libels, says, "It is an ungenerous thing to publish that to all, which we dare not own to any. It is a dastardly meanness to strike a man in the dark, and like a serpent bite him by the heel, and then glide into a hole, for want of courage to justify our conduct."

XVIII.

Syllables govern the world.

XIX.

Lord Bath passed for one of the wisest men in England. "When one is in Opposition," said he, "it is very easy indeed to know what to say ; but when one is a Minister, it is difficult to know what not to say."

XX.

The law of nations is founded on this principle, that different nations ought, in time of peace, to do one another all the good they can, and, in time of war, as little injury as possible, without prejudicing their real interests.

XXI.

A Parliament is to the body politic, what the gout is to the body natural ; very painful sometimes, but still it prevents worse distempers.

XXII.

The best prince is, in the opinion of wise men, only the greatest servant of the nation ; not only a servant to the public in general, but, in some sort, to every man in it.

XXIII.

A gentleman is judged of by his company, a workman by his tools, and a prince by his minister.

XXIV.

The Act of the 31st. Charles II., which firmly established the right of the accused to bail before trial, as at present in force, was carried, according to Bishop Burnett, by an odd artifice. Lord Grey and Lord Norris were named, in the House of Lords, tellers, during the division on the Bill. Lord Norris, being a man subject to vapours, was not at all times attentive to what was passing ; Lord Grey noticing a very fat lord coming in, counted him for ten, as a jest at first ; but seeing that Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with this mis-reckoning of ten, and by these means the bill passed, though the majority, if properly taken, would have been on the other side.

XXV.

The ancient inhabitants of Crete enacted laws whereby they were forbidden, on pain of being publicly whipt, ever to inquire of a foreigner who he was, from whence he came, or what was his business ; and those who answered such questions, were deprived of the use of fire and water. The reason they assigned for enacting this law, was, that men, by not interfering with the business of others, might the better attend to their own.

DESULTORY.

A fine day (says Sir W. Temple,) is as much a sensual as it is a mental enjoyment : it is a banquet given by Heaven to Earth. It unites the character of luxury and temperance.

If you wish to be happy for a day, get well shaved ; if for a week, get invited to a wedding ; if for a month, buy a good nag ; if for half a year, buy a handsome house ; if for a year, marry a handsome wife ; if for two years, take holy orders ; but if you would be always gay and cheerful, practise temperance.

Coles, in his excellent history of plants, notices the virtues of hemp thus laconically :—" By this cordage ships are guided, bells are rung, beds are corded, and rogues are kept in awe."

How erroneously we are in the habit of employing language ! Nothing is more frequent than *talking* ; nothing more rare than *conversation*. *Company* can be found in almost every place, and *society* scarcely in any.

When Bois (one of the translators of the Bible in the reign of James I.) was a young student at Cambridge, he received from the learned Dr. Whitaker, three rules for avoiding those distempers which usually attend a sedentary life, to which he constantly adhered :—the first was, to study always standing ; the second, never to study in a window ; the third, never to go to bed with his feet cold.

A man of learning was complaining to Voltaire, that few foreigners relished the beauties of Shakspeare. "Sir," replied the wit, "bad translations torment and vex them, and prevent them understanding your great dramatist. A blind man, Sir, cannot conceive the beauty of a rose, who only pricks his fingers with the thorns."

The French appear to have a greater facility than most men in accommodating themselves to the reverses of life, and of extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world. The first shock of calamity is apt to overwhelm them; but when it is once past, their natural buoyancy of feeling soon brings them again to the surface. This may be called the result of levity of character, but it answers the end of reconciling us to misfortune; and if it be not true philosophy, it is something almost as efficacious.

Of the writings of Dr. Arbuthnot, it has been wittily remarked by a great man, that his very sarcasms are the satirical strokes of good nature; they are like slaps on the face given in jest, the effects of which may raise blushes, but no blackness will appear after the blows.

A physician being summoned to vestry, to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct, that the latter indignantly replied, "Sir! I was in hopes you would have treated my failings with more gentleness, or that you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as *I have covered many blunders of yours.*"

A lady in Kent asked her gardener why the weeds always outgrew and over-run the flowers?—"Madam," answered the gardener, "the soil is *mother to the weeds*, but only *step-mother to the flowers*."

The following inscription is written in large characters over the principal gate of the city of Agra, in Hindostan : —“ In the first year of the reign of King Julef, two thousand married couples were separated by the Magistrate with their own consent. The Emperor was so indignant on learning these particulars, that he abolished the privilege of divorce. In the course of the following year, the number of marriages in Agra was less than before by three thousand ; the number of adulteries was greater by seven thousand ; three hundred women were burned alive for poisoning their husbands ; seventy-five men were burned for the murder of their wives ; and the quantity of furniture broken and destroyed in the interior of private families, amounted to the value of three millions of rupees ! The Emperor re-established the privilege of divorce.”

“ What harm is there in a pipe ?” says young Puffwell. “ None that I know of,” replies his companion, “ except that smoking induces drinking ; drinking induces intoxication ; intoxication induces the bile ; bile induces jaundice ; jaundice leads to dropsy ; dropsy terminates in death. Put that in your pipe, and smoke it.”

There is an old sarcastic saying concerning the Italian women—that they are magpies at the door, sirens at the window, saints in church, and devils in the house.

Men are as necessarily born to differ in opinion, as to die ; and, high moral considerations apart, it is about as rational to quarrel with a man, or hate him for a difference of opinion, as on the score of his stature or complexion. Controversies, however necessary and unavoidable, seldom make converts, which is the business of time, reflection, and actual proof.

Burke, when speaking of the over education of the lower orders of society, once observed, that "Education teaches the lower orders to calculate wealth they can never possess, and read of happiness they are not destined to enjoy."

The same countries which have supplied the English with improvements, have furnished the various terms by which they are denoted. Music, sculpture, and painting, borrowed their expressions from Italy; the words used in navigation are taken from the inhabitants of Flanders and Holland; the French have supplied the expressions used in fortification and military affairs. The terms of mathematics and philosophy are borrowed from Latin and Greek. In the Saxon may be found all our words in general use, as well as those which belong to agriculture, and the common mechanical arts.

Burke and Johnson once supported an argument in a mixed company, relative to the respective merits of Homer and Virgil; Dr. Johnson taking the former for his hero, Mr. Burke the latter. During the height of the argument, a young lady in the company whispered to her mother, once or twice, that "the clock had struck one;" the mother pretended not to hear her; at last, fired with resentment at being thus interrupted, she exclaimed, "Why do you tell me of hours, child; when nothing less than the house being on fire, could make me abandon this conversation."

If any one be desirous to know how many different words can be contained in any one language, which acknowledges but four and twenty letters, he may take the trouble of computing the total of these nine and thirty figures; 200,232,790,039,604,140,847,618,609,643,520,000,000: for the number cannot be expressed otherwise.

There is a propensity belonging to common house-cats that is very remarkable ; namely, their violent fondness for fish, which appears to be their most favourite food ; and yet Nature in this instance seems to have planted in them an appetite that, unassisted, they know not how to gratify ; for of all quadrupeds, cats are the least disposed towards water, and will not, when they can avoid it, deign to wet a foot, much less to plunge into that element.

Old friends are best.—King James used to call for his old shoes ; they were easiest (he said) for his feet.

Wilkes once observed to Lord Townshend, “ You, my lord, are the handsomest man in the kingdom, and I am the plainest ; but I would give your lordship half an hour’s start, and yet come up with you in the affection of any woman we both wished to win : because, all those attentions which you would omit, on the score of your fine exterior, I should be obliged to pay, owing to the deficiencies of mine.

What a paradox is a bed ! it is a thing that we dislike to be obliged to *keep*, yet we are unwilling to be *without*—we go to it with *reluctance*, yet quit it with *regret*—we *make up our minds* every night to leave it *early*, and *make up our bodies* every morning to *keep it late*.

No wonder women polish individuals: chivalry refined the manners of all Europe.

Aristotle being asked, what thing was the soonest out of memory ? answered, “ A benefit received.”

To be often in love shows levity of mind ; but to be never so, stupidity.

It is whimsical that, in his own day, the author of "Paradise Lost" should have been known by his prose-writings, and, in our day, by his poetry only. Many admirers of Milton never so much as heard of his prose works.

The Portuguese, when they discovered the Island of Madeira, in 1420, set fire to the forests with which it was totally covered. It continued to burn for the space of seven years, after which the land was found extremely fruitful, and yielding such wines as still at present we have from thence.

The Dutch may be compared to their own turf, which kindles and burns slowly, but which when once inflamed, retains its fire to the last.

Never build after you are five and forty : have five years' income in hand before you lay a brick ; and always calculate the expense at double the estimate.

The following are the distances and relative bearings of London from the principal cities of Europe : from Edinburgh, 395 miles, South ; from Dublin, 338 miles, S. E. ; from Paris, 225 miles, N.N.W. ; from Amsterdam, 190 miles, W. ; from Copenhagen, 610 miles, N.W. ; from Stockholm, 750 miles, S.W. ; from St. Petersburg, 1140 miles, S.W. ; from Berlin, 540 miles, W. ; from Vienna, 820 miles, N.W. ; from Constantinople, 1660, N.W. ; from Rome, 950 miles, N.N.W. ; from Madrid, 860 miles, N.N.E. ; from Lisbon, 850 miles, N.N.E.

RESH, which in Hebrew, denotes *poverty*, in Arabic means *wealth* : so differ the ideas of these two things in different minds.

Fielding has rightly said, that wisdom is the talent of buying virtuous pleasures at the cheapest rate.

Nothing is better adapted to give the last polish to the education of a young man, than the conversation of virtuous and accomplished women. Their society serves to smooth the rough edges of our character, and to mellow our tempers. In short, the man who has never been acquainted with females of cultivated mind, is not only deprived of many of the purest pleasures, but also will have little success in social life ; and we should not like to be connected by the bonds of friendship with a man that has a bad opinion, and speaks ill of the female sex in general.

A good temper, a good fortune, a good wife, and a good friend, are four of the choicest blessings of human life.

A celebrated French author says : “ He that will write with precision, energy, and vigour, may live only with men : but he who wishes for suppleness in his style, for amenity, for invitation, for that something which we call *charm*, will, I believe, do very right to live occasionally with women. When I read that Pericles sacrificed every morning to the Graces, I presume that Pericles breakfasted every day with Aspasia.”

It has been justly observed of England, that she has two things superior to all other nations under the sun,—the Ladies and the Laws.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people ; yet, of all actions of our life, it is the most meddled with by other people.

Dr. John Langhorne, being one day in company with a very beautiful young lady, fixed his eyes upon her till her sensibility took the alarm, her blushes glowed, and she exhibited evident marks of confusion. The Doctor observing the mischief that he had occasioned, felt that he had been too particular, and therefore, by way of apology, said, "I ask your pardon, young lady, for the earnestness with which I have regarded your lovely features; but, indeed, my thoughts were not those of an admirer—on the contrary, I was contemplating what havoc *Death* must one day make in that beautiful countenance."—Though by this observation the young lady was thrown into greater confusion than before, she had the spirit to reply—"I am sorry, Sir, that your thoughts have taken so *grave* a turn with respect to my countenance; at the same time, I congratulate you, that it is impossible for even *Death* itself to make *much* alteration in your's."

The most disagreeable two-legged animal, is a little great man; and the next, a little great man's factotum.

Swift, alluding in a letter to the frequent instances of a broken correspondence after a long absence, gives the following natural account of the causes:—"At first one remits writing for a little, and then one stays a little longer to consider of excuses, and at last it grows desperate, and one does not write at all. At this rate (he adds) I have served others, and have been served myself."

To show the dangers of inebriety, the Catholic legends tell us of some hermit, to whom the devil gave his choice of three crimes; two of them of the most atrocious kind, and the other to be drunk. The poor saint chose the last, as the least of the three; but when drunk, committed the other two.

In reference to the theatrical entertainments which were with such delicacy intermitted, on the day of Garrick's decease, a writer at that period informs us, that a still more singular piece of respect was shewn to the memory of Wolfe, because it was not shewn by people of elegant understandings. The mob of the village in which the mother of Wolfe resided, would not suffer a bell to be rung, nor a bonfire to be lighted, nor the smallest symptom of rejoicing for the capture of Quebec, lest they should interrupt the sorrows of the great man's mother, who marked its capture by his fall.

Bonhours, the most penetrating of the French writers, has taken pains to show, that no thought can be beautiful that is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things ; that the basis of all wit is truth ; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good sense is not the ground-work.

How to please your friends : Go to India—stay there twenty years—work hard—get money—save it—come home—bring with you a store of wealth, and a diseased liver—visit your friends—make a will—provide for them all—then die. What a prudent, good, generous, kind-hearted soul you will be !

A young heiress of considerable personal attractions, chanced to be seated, at a dinner party, next to a gentleman remarkable for the brilliancy of his wit, who had long made one in the train of her admirers. The conversation turning on the uncertainty of life, "I mean to insure mine," said the young lady archly, "in the *Hope*."—"In the hope of *what* ?" said her admirer ; a *single* life is hardly worth insuring ; I propose that we should insure our lives together, and if you have no objection, I should prefer the *Alliance*."

Genius seems to differ in its development, according to the soil that gives it birth : this made Kant, the celebrated philosopher, once say :—" Genius, with us Germans, strikes in the root, with the Italians in the branches, with the French in the blossom, and with the English in the fruit.

Parliament in 1652, by order, enjoined " That no observation shall be had of the five and twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas-day, nor any solemnity used or exercised in churches in respect thereof." We live now in more liberal times.

A lady of the Fortescue family, who possessed great personal charms, was once walking along a narrow lane, when she perceived, just behind her, a hawker of earthenware driving an ass with two panniers laden with his stock in trade. To give the animal and his master room to pass, the lady suddenly started aside, which so frightened the poor animal that he ran away, but had not proceeded far, when he unfortunately fell, and a great part of the crockery was broken to pieces. The lady, in her turn, became alarmed, lest, when she came up to the man, he should load her with abuse, if not offer to insult her; but to her surprise, when she arrived at the spot, the man, with great good humour, gallantry, and wit, exclaimed, " Never mind, madam, Balaam's ass was frightened by an angel."

The Mayor of Huntingdon, being in company with the late Lord Sandwich, at the finish of the evening, his lordship, taking up his glass, said, " Here's *bon repos*." The next day, after dinner, at his own house, the Mayor being called upon for a toast, said, he would give them one which had been given by no less a man than Lord Sandwich—" So, here's *bon repos*, my boys."

Abruptness is an eloquence in parting, when spinning out of time is but the weaving of new sorrow.

Every man who has an eye in his head, and can see withal, must at this time of day perceive, that in the great world there are just two classes, the humbugging and the humbugged. Hence, *humbug* is a word of most extensive import; it means anything and everything. Like a multifaced idol, one of its ugly visages meets your glance whichever way you turn. All men understand what it means, yet no man can compress its meaning within the narrow limits of a definition. It is a subject of general study and constant practice; yet it is most strenuously disavowed by those who are most learned in its mysteries, and most expert in turning them to account. It is a counterfeit in full currency and high credit, passing from hand to hand, unchallenged even by those who are best assured that its essence consists in forgery. Though it can only be described by negatives, and is itself a negation, it is the most positive thing in the world with respect to its effects.

A little knowledge makes us vain, and a great deal, humble.

It is very remarkable, that the three satirists who have written against the lovelier part of the creation with the most acrimonious hostility, were three old bachelors—at least we have never heard that Juvenal had a wife,—and of Boileau and Pope, we not only know that they were never married, but in all probability never flattered by the endearments of any amiable woman.

It is a Spanish maxim, that he who loseth wealth, loseth much; he who loseth a friend, loseth more; but he who loseth his spirits, loseth all.

T

A servant girl entered the shop of a silk-mercier, in a fashionable part of the town, and asked for some pink ribband. The obliging mercier, who does not himself dislike a joke, determined to banter the poor damsel, and placing some *purple* ribband on the counter, facetiously asked her whether she could not “fancy it was *pink*?”—“Oh, yes,” replied the arch abigail, “certainly, Sir:—please to cut me off twelve yards of it.”—The bowing shopkeeper, obsequiously ‘obeying her high behest,’ measured the required quantity, and with his most graceful bow, presented it to his customer, who, after thanking him for his civility, thus played off an admirable retort: “To oblige you, Sir, I *fancied* this purple ribband was pink—to oblige me, pray *fancy* yourself *paid* ;”—and, bowing, trippingly left the shop.

The not answering letters to any one is never justifiable. To a superior, such a neglect is madness,—to an equal, an unpardonable impoliteness;—but to an inferior, the height of ignoble insolence.

The comfort of virtuous parents is to have children that resemble them.

One man marries a woman because she looks well when she dances; she never dances afterwards: another man marries because the lady has a handsome foot and ankle, which, when married he never takes the trouble to admire: a third marries for love, which wanes with the honey-moon: a fourth marries for money, and finds that his wife does not choose to die, to complete his satisfaction: and a fifth, being old in wisdom as in years, marries a young woman, who soon becomes a suitable match for him, by growing old with grief.—Thousands do wrong, because others have done the same before them, upon the grand principle, that many *blacks* make a *white*.

There is a charm about a favourite spot that has been printed by the footsteps of departed beauty, and consecrated by the inspirations of the poet, which is heightened rather than impaired by the lapse of years. It is indeed the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves ; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose ; and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.

Health is the soul that animates all the pleasures of life ; and without it a man starves at the best of tables—is poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures. Without health, youth loses all its vigour, beauty all its charms. Music is grating to the ears ; conversation disagreeable. Palaces are prisons, riches useless, honours and attendants cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burthen.

A hermit was once asked in Italy, how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation ? He replied, that “ Providence was his very next door neighbour.”

There were three things which Dr. Farmer, the celebrated commentator on Shakspeare, loved above all others, viz. *good old port ! old clothes ! and old books !* and three things which nobody could persuade him to perform, viz. *to rise in the morning ! to go to bed at night ! and to settle an account !*

Heraclitus was the person who first introduced the burning the dead, upon this philosophy, that fire was the predominant principle of all things ; and, that by such dissolution, the ethereal flame, or soul of man, was better and sooner purified and disunited from the grossness of matter.

“Living always in the world,” says Horace Walpole, “makes one as unfit for living out of it, as always living out of it does for living in it.”

The English constitution of state is composed out of all the ancient politics—Monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, and oligarchy; the king, nobles, commons, and privy council. These several bodies temper and correct each other, like the four ingredients of punch, where, according to the good old catch, “The sharp melts the sweet, and the mild soothes the strong.” The first is the sugar, the second the water, the third the spirit, and the fourth the acid.

Two Cardinals found fault with Raphael, for having, in one of his pictures, given too florid a complexion to St. Peter and St. Paul. “Gentlemen,” replied the artist, ill pleased with the criticism, “don’t be surprised; I paint them just as they look in Heaven. They are blushing with shame to see the church below so badly governed.”

As the two sexes in ancient Greece had but little communication with each other, and a lover was seldom therefore favoured with an opportunity of making known his passion to his mistress, he used to discover it by inscribing her name on the walls of his house, on the barks of the trees, in public walks, or in the leaves of books. It was customary also for him to deck the doors of the house where his fair one lived, with flowers and garlands; to make libations of wine before it, and to sprinkle the entrance with the same liquor. Garlands were of great use among the Greeks in the affairs of love. When a man untied his garland, it was a declaration of his having been subdued by that passion; and where a woman composed a garland, it was a tacit confession of the same thing.

In the world, you are subject to every fool's humour ; in a library, you can make every wit subject to your's.

Dr. Monsey, by way of ridiculing family pride, used to confess that the first of his ancestors of any note, was a baker, and dealer in hops, of whom he told the following anecdote:—To raise a present sum he had robbed his feather-beds of their contents, and supplied the deficiency with unsaleable hops. In a few years, a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became very scarce, and enormously dear; the hoarded treasure was upon this immediately ripped out, and a good sum procured for hops, which, in a plentiful season, would not have been saleable: “and thus,” the doctor used to add, “our family *hopped* from obscurity.”

A Roman being about to repudiate his wife, among a variety of other questions, from her enraged kinsmen, was asked, “Is not your wife a sensible woman? Is she not a handsome woman? Has she not borne you fine children?” In answer to all which questions, slipping off his shoe, he held it up, and thus interrogated them in his turn,—“Is not this shoe,” said he, “a very handsome one? Is it not quite new? Is it not extremely well made? How, then, is it, that none of you can tell me where it pinches?”

Pope Julian II. said, “Literature was silver in plebeians, gold in nobles, and diamonds in princes.”

There are men gifted with certain qualities who are every where received with pleasure, and even sought after with avidity. This is a science, *sui generis*; it is neither learnt by books, nor in the schools, but in the theatre of good taste, and above all, in the amphitheatre called Discretion.

The effect of absence of mind, is well exemplified in an incident which happened some time since to a well-known gentleman of Magdalen College, Cambridge. He had taken his watch from his pocket, to mark the time he intended to boil an egg for his breakfast, when a friend entering his room, found him absorbed in some abstruse calculation, with the *egg* in his hand, upon which he was looking intently, and the *watch* supplying its place in the saucepan of boiling water !

Aristotle says that three things are necessary for a man to possess, whatever may be his profession, if he intends to be eminent,—viz. nature, study, and exercise.

Unsolicited advice is too often received as an intentional affront.

Our sight is perhaps the most perfect, and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired, or satiated with its proper enjoyment.

The late Mr. Thicknesse being in great want of money, applied to his son (Lord Audley) for assistance, but being denied, he immediately hired a cobbler's stall in the same street, directly opposite to his lordship's house, and had a board put up with these words on it: "Boots and Shoes made and mended by Philip Thicknesse, father of Lord Audley." This answered the purpose: he was immediately supplied with every thing he wanted, on condition of leaving the stall.

Montesquieu says, "We in general place idleness amongst the beatitudes of heaven ; it should rather, I think, be put amidst the torments of hell."

A young girl from the country paid a visit to a quaker friend in town, who prevailed on her to accompany him to Meeting. It happened to be a silent one, none of the brethren being moved by the spirit to utter a syllable. When she left the place, she was asked by her friend, how she liked the Meeting?—to which she pettishly replied, "Like it! why I can see no sense in it; to go and sit for whole hours together, without speaking a word,—it is enough to *kill the devil!*"—"Yea, my dear," rejoined the quaker, "*that* is just what we want."

Alphonso, King of Arragon, once said, there were only four things worth living for: old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends to converse with.

Addison observes, "That the palest features look the most agreeable in *white*; that a face which is over-flushed appears to advantage in the deepest *scarlet*; and that a dark complexion is not a little alleviated by a *black* hood."

Plato allowed mirth and wine to old men, but forbade them both to young ones. To be merry and wise might have been a proverb deduced from this law. But Plato's reason was truly philosophic:—while our natural spirits and cheerfulness remain, we should never use incitements. To spur a free horse, soon makes a jade of him.

Some people, even in very high circles, it is said, have an objection to thirteen at dinner. Dr. Kitchiner happened to be one of a company of that number at Dr. Henderson's, and on its being remarked, and pronounced unlucky, he said, "I admit it is unlucky in one case."—"What case is that, Doctor?"—"When there is only dinner for twelve."

Cartouche, the famous French robber (who flourished in 1789) being told a young man was desirous of becoming a member of his band, took him under examination, and asking him where he had served, was answered, "Two years with an attorney, and six months under an inspector of police, at Paris."—"Then," said Cartouche, with transport, "I shall consider it the same thing as if you had rode all that time in my troop;" and the young man took rank accordingly.

Patience is the chiefest fruit of study; a man that strives to make himself a different thing from other men by much reading, gains this chief good, that in all fortunes he hath something to entertain and comfort himself withal.

The "Spectator," in the fictitious character of himself, accounts for his writing, by telling us that he seldom talked. Rochefoucault is known to have also wanted the talent of delivering his ideas in company.

According to the laws of his Holiness the Pope, a cardinal can pray a soul out of purgatory in one hour; a bishop, in three; a priest, in five; and a monk, in seven.

Lord Bolingbroke used to say, that the greatest compliment which could be paid to any English gentleman returned from his travels, was to say of him, "that nobody who saw him could think he had ever been abroad, but that every body who talked with him would think he was a native of the countries he had visited." It must be admitted there is good sense, though a little exaggerated, in the observation.

There are but two ways of rising in the world; by your own industry, or by the weakness of others.

The introduction of the "dagger" as a part of the City Arms, instead of the "plain cross" which was previously used, and the title of *Lord*, prefixed to *Mayor* of London, were first conferred by Richard II. in consequence of Sir William Walworth's killing Wat Tyler in Smithfield.

Curran said of Madame de Stael, whose face was by no means prepossessing, that she had the power of "talking herself into beauty."

If you would be known, and not know, *vegetate* in a village; if you would know and not be known, *live* in a city.

"Have you dined?" said a loungee to his friend. "I have, upon my honour," replied he. "Then," rejoined the first, "if you have *dined upon your honour*, I fear you have made a scanty meal."

Dr. Hinchliffe, who died Bishop of Peterborough, had much ready wit, and was extremely apt at checking those who were fond of cavilling at the meaning of different texts of Scripture. On being asked, one day, what was to be understood by the expression, "He clothed himself with curses as with a raiment?"—"The clearest thing in the world," replied the doctor, "the man had a *habit* of swearing."

A gentleman, who determined to paper a room in the most costly manner in the kingdom, boasted that the paper alone had cost £394,440, which he made out by showing, that he had employed an agent to purchase for him, at one penny each, throughout the country, all the tickets that were drawn blanks in the previous lottery. Reckoning, therefore, 39,444 blanks at the original price of £10 each, he made out the above sum.

Notwithstanding the general title given to "The Psalms of David," he was by no means the author of the whole hundred and fifty. By the Hebrews, the Book of Psalms is called "sfr thlin," (*liber laudum*); and the learned are of opinion, that David composed only about a third of the number. The rest are ascribed to Moses, and other sacred authors—fifty-one of the Psalms being anonymous. King Ezekias passes for the first collector of the Psalms. After the Babylonian captivity, they were again collected by Nehemiah.

Fallopious's opinion of mineral waters drunk on the spot was, they were empirical remedies, and made more children than they cured diseases.

It is said of Voltaire, that he kept a curious book, into which he pasted the seals of his correspondents, and the address of the writers, written in his own hand, underneath. It seems that it was his practice, when he received a letter, to examine and verify the seal, by referring to his book; and if it came from a quarter he did not like, he refolded it in an envelope, and returned it unopened to the writer.

A French gentleman, dining in London with Dr. Johnson, and wishing to show him a peculiar mark of respect, as the author of the "Rambler," drank to him in what he thought synonymous terms, saying, "Your health, Mr. *Vagabond*."

Sir Philip Sidney's Curse upon a despiser of poetry : "May he live to fall deeply in love, and lose his mistress only because he is unable to compose a sonnet in her praise; and may he die conscious that he shall lose all the reward of his well-earned fame, because there is no one who would write an epitaph to perpetuate his memory."

The celebrated Dr. Cheyne said of punch, "it is likest opium, both in the nature and manner of its operation, and nearest arsenic in its deleterious and poisonous qualities; and so I leave it to them who, knowing this, will yet drink on and die."

A gentleman, being one evening in a party where the conversation turned upon the profession of medicine, said drily, "All I know of it is this—the ancients tried to make a science of it, and failed; the moderns have tried to make a trade of it, and have succeeded."

About eighty years ago, the parish of Gilcrux contained a very scanty population, and for three successive years the parish clerk made no returns, at the annual visitations, of the registers of either marriages, births, or burials. When the Court inquired the reason, suspecting him of negligence in the discharge of his parochial duties, he replied, (alluding to the parishioners) that God did not like them, the Devil did not like them, and they did not like one another. Of this strange reply an explanation was demanded. God (he said) did not like them, else he would take some of them to himself; the Devil did not like them, or he would do the same; and they did not like one another, or there would be more marriages and births amongst them.

It should be remembered, in favour of Descartes' opinion of the retirement of a metropolis, that three of the greatest efforts of the human mind were produced in London—The *Essays* of Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton's *Optics*, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

It is related of the celebrated scholar, Dr. Bentley, that on seeing his son one day reading a novel, he said to him, "Why read a book which you cannot quote?"

A punning writer of the last century observes, with great quaintness, that when the *cannons* of the Princes began war, the authority of the *canons* of the Church was destroyed. "It was," says he, "first *mitrum* that governed the world, and then *nitrum*; first *Saint Peter*, and then *Salt-Petre*.

Wit and music, like wine and women, are best apart.

It is much easier to rectify any mistake, or to cool any animosity that may have arisen, in a letter, than to recal a passionate verbal answer, especially if uttered with all the actions and vehemence of anger. The impression of such a scene remains long upon the mind of the person offended; and the old adage is transposed—*Vox audita manet, litera scripta perit*. Few men can submit to contradiction.

A gentleman, sitting next to Lord North at the theatre, but with whose person he was unacquainted, enquired, after some preliminary conversation, the name of a lady sitting on the opposite side of the house; adding, that she was the ugliest woman he ever beheld. "That," replied his Lordship, "is my sister, Sir!" Confounded at the error he had committed, the interrogator, stammering, exclaimed, "I do not mean that lady, but the one seated next to her."—"Oh!" replied Lord North, smiling, "that, Sir, is my wife, Lady North, and we are esteemed the ugliest couple in England."

That man who fears neither horse, foot, nor cannon, will never stand in awe of pens, ink, and paper.

The most accomplished way of using books at present, is, to serve them as some do lords—learn their titles, and then brag of their acquaintance.

It is a most unpardonable affront to tell a woman that she is old. Lord A. who was the greatest courtier in his time, used to say to his lady every New Year's Day :— "Well, Madam, how old will your ladyship be pleased to be this year?"

Heroine is, perhaps, as peculiar a word as any in our language: the first two letters of it are male, the first three female, the first four a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman. It runs thus—*he, her, hero, heroine.*

Many a strong impression, made by a handsome set of features, has faded away at the utterance of a silly speech.

It was said of Dr. Sheridan, (the friend of Swift) that he knew books much better than men; and the value of money least of all.

Things which would be better forgotten, are frequently remembered the best. Memory has not only the incivility of failing when wanted, but the impertinence of obtruding itself when not wanted; in every thing which produces pain it is prodigal, but when pleasure is the subject it is then sterile. Sometimes the remedy of the evil consists in forgetting, and then we forget the remedy. Be then accustomed to have the memory under thy will, since it depends so much upon it, whether thou art happy or miserable. Themistocles replied to a man who promised to teach him the art of memory, that he would rather be taught to forget. Tacitus says that it is not in the power of man to lose his memory.

The test of an enjoyment is the remembrance which it leaves behind it.

He that threatens, may be better than his word, and very well save his word ; for no man is worse than his word, because he is better than his word.

It is an admirable touchstone to find by one's self a treasure, and to know the right owner ; or to see a beautiful woman in a lonely apartment ; or to hear the cries of an enemy, who must perish without our assistance.

Mrs. Johnson (Swift's celebrated *Stella*) observed a rule, which she learned from Addison, of encouraging rather than opposing any person whom she found positive and ignorant in argument ; "it saved trouble," she said, and prevented much noise."

The eccentric Sir John Danvers (who was as well known at Bath as the Mayor or the Pump-room) always lived well, as the gout in his left leg testified. He usually took his three bottles, which he called his three friends : the first, his encourager ; the second, his adviser ; and the third, his consoler. He had also a humourous knack of bestowing upon wine a regal appellation, and making its various species represent, when placed upon the table, the sovereigns of the countries that produced them : thus a bottle of port stood for the King of Portugal, champagne for that of France, Madeira for his Spanish Majesty, whilst a bottle of porter represented Britain's Monarch. In turning, therefore, from one wine to another, he would exclaim, "Now we have bled the King of Spain to death, what if we decapitate the King of France."

The late President Jefferson, (U.S.) attending to the many *wordy* talkers in Congress, asked, how it could be otherwise in a body in which the people send one hundred and fifty lawyers, whose trade it is to question every thing, yield nothing, and talk by the hour.

A *Bachelor* is a sort of whimsical being, which Nature never intended to create; he was formed out of all the *odds* and *ends* of what materials were left after the great work was over: unluckily for him, the *finer* passions are all mixed up in the composition of those creatures intended for *social* enjoyments; what remains for the bachelor is hardly enough to rub round the crusty mould into which he is thrown: to avoid waste, some seasoning, that he may not be quite so insipid, must be substituted in the place of more valuable ingredients; so in Dame Nature tosses *self-love*, without weight or measure,—a kind of understanding that is fit for no other use; a sprinkling of wisdom, which turns to acid, from the sour disposition of the vessel in which it is contained; and the whole composition is concluded with an immoderate portion of oddities. Thus formed, thus finished, a bachelor is popped into the world, mere lumber, without a possibility of being happy himself, or essentially contributing to the happiness of others.

Our English belles should consider, that what we admire in the foreigner, are “the unbought graces of nature;” what they would have us admire in them, is the *purchase of affectation*.

On the first night of Congreve’s “*Way of the World*,” the audience hissed it violently. When the uproar was at its height, Congreve walked on the stage, and addressed the audience,—“Is it your intention to damn the play?” The cry was, “Yes, yes; off, off.”—“Then I tell you, this play of mine will be a living play, when you are all dead and d——d;” and then walked slowly off.

Paley, observing that female infants learned to talk earlier than males, said, “Boys begin to tell lies at two years old; and girls at one.”

Leveridge, the celebrated bass-singer, was once prosecuted by the Society for Reformation of Manners, for singing an ode of Dryden's, the subject of which was, "The praise of love and wine." When the trial came on, before Chief Justice Holt, he at once saw the fanatical spirit of the prosecution, and finding the fact of the singing, &c. fully proved, he thought of the following stratagem to get poor Leveridge out of the scrape. He called for the printed song, and after reading it over attentively, observed, that he saw nothing in the words very culpable. He imagined the offence must lie in the manner of singing it: he therefore desired Leveridge might sing it before the Court. The performer readily took the hint, and sung it with so much power of voice and taste, that the jury, without going out of their box, acquitted him, and he was carried home on the shoulders of the mob in triumph.

The late Professor Porson having once exasperated a disputant by the dryness of his sarcasm, the petulant opponent thus addressed him: "Mr. Porson, I beg leave to tell you, Sir, that my opinion of you is very contemptible." Porson replied, "I never knew an opinion of your's, Sir, which was not contemptible."

On William and Mary being called to the throne, the latter promised her consort that he should always bear rule; saying, that she asked him only to obey the command of "Husbands love your wives," as she should do that of "Wives be obedient to your husbands." In one of her letters to him, while in Ireland, she concludes touchingly,—“All I ask of you, is, that you would love me.”

Jack Ketch being asked on what grounds he claimed the clothes of those he hanged, answered, "As their *executor*."

The effect of moonlight on the eyes in Egypt is singularly injurious. The natives tell you to cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air. The moon in Egypt strikes and affects the sight when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun. Indeed, the sight of a person who should sleep with his face exposed at night, would soon be utterly impaired or destroyed.

I do hereby promise you, (says Steele in a letter to his wife) never, directly or indirectly, to have any thing to do with the Court; for I am convinced there is nothing to be done with those poor creatures called Great Men, but by an idolatry towards them, which it is below the spirit of an honest, free, or religious man, to pay.

The following whimsical note, from a gentleman who had promised to be present at an entertainment, was received by the inviter:—"Dear Sir, you may reduce your turtle soup two quarts, and be *minus* a brace of ducks, &c., as my devilish jaws have given me notice, since last night, that they are not likely to qualify by to-morrow at any rate: the fact is, that by putting on a damp coat, I have taken a severe cold in my teeth and gums, so that the former refuse to meet by an inch and seven-eighths; but should they relent in time, you may yet expect to see me at six."

Sir Richard Gammon, uncle of the Duchess of Buckingham, then member for Winchester, now some years deceased, was the first person who obtained a law for limiting the number of persons carried on the outside of stage coaches; a circumstance which made him particularly unpopular with the whole fraternity of the "whip," who, in testimony of their resentment, to this day denominate the part of the coach on which outside passengers place their feet, "the gammoning board."

A clergyman, a friend of Mr. Opie, declared to him that he once delivered one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's discourses from the pulpit, as a sermon, with no other alteration but in such words as made it applicable to *morals*, instead of the *fine arts*. "Which," says the relater, is a proof of the depth of his reasoning, and of its foundation being formed on general nature.

The Venerable Bede, was born at Yarrow, in Northamptonshire, A. D. 673. The common story about the title of "Venerable" being given him is this:—His scholars having a mind to fix a rhiming title upon his tomb-stone, as was the custom in those days, the poet wrote,

Hæc sunt in Fossa,
Bedæ——Ossa,

placing the word Ossa at the latter end of the verse for the sake of rhyme, but not able to think of any proper epithet to stand before it. The monk having perplexed himself to no purpose, fell asleep;—when he awoke, he found his verses filled up (as he supposed) by an angelic hand, standing thus in fair letters upon the tomb—

Hæc sunt in Fossa,
Bedæ VENERABILIS Ossa.

The word Ferintosh signifies Thane's land, it having been part of the Thanedom of Cawdor, (Macbeth's) or Calder. The barony of Ferintosh belonged to the Forbes's of Culloden, and contained about 1800 arable acres. All barley produced on this estate was privileged to be converted into whiskey, duty free: the natural consequence of which was, that more whisky was distilled in Ferintosh than all the rest of Scotland. In 1784, government made a sort of compulsory purchase of this privilege from the Culloden family, after they had enjoyed it a complete century. The sum paid was £21,500.

A youth, ambitious of acquiring pugilistic honours, waited on Cribb, the ex-champion, with the intention of taking lessons. "Now what do you consider the best posture of defence?" said the young hero. "Why, to keep a civil tongue in your head," was the judicious reply.

When the Abbé Barthelemy (the celebrated author of the *Travels of Anacharsis*) had come into more easy circumstances than he had been at an earlier period of his life, and somebody expressed wonder that he had no carriage; he replied with great mildness and modesty, "I should have set up one, had I not been afraid of meeting some men of letters, whose accomplishments I prize more than my own, walking on foot." It was to this great man Dr. Maty applied the beautiful compliment contained in one of his letters to him, on the subject of a literary contest carrying on between the Abbé and Dr. Swinton: "What I know, after I had perused both your writings, is, that I would rather be in the wrong with you, than in the right with him."

In the war on the Rhine, in 1794, the French got possession of the village of Rhinthal, by a very curious *ruse de guerre* of one Joseph Werck, a trumpeter. This village was maintained by an Austrian party of 600 hussars. Two companies of foot were ordered to make an attack on it, at ten o'clock at night. The Austrians had been apprised of the intended attack, and were drawn up ready to charge upon the assailing party: on perceiving this, Werck detached himself from his own party, and contrived, by favour of the darkness, to slip into the midst of the enemy; when taking his trumpet, he first sounded the rally, in the Austrian manner, and the next moment the retreat; and the French became masters of the village without striking a blow.

On the sign of an Inn, bearing the Duke of Athol's Arms, upon his Grace's estates in Scotland, are the following words:—"The Duchess leaves the Duke's Arms every morning at five o'clock for Glasgow"—(meaning a coach called the *Duchess*.) His Grace being informed of this, pleasantly remarked, "I assure you it is nearly true; although not for Glasgow, but to attend to such concerns as relate to my happiness; and I sincerely wish many other wives would do the same."

"Were the Gods," says Cicero, "to offer to repose us once more in the cradle of our infancy, should we accept or renounce the proffered boon?" Thousands would hesitate before they decided upon the choice.

A young man who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, who was his friend, to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large dower. The lawyer agreed, but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had? The lawyer said that he did not exactly know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all? "No," replied he. "Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer any one to cut off your nose, if he should give you 20,000 dollars for it?"—"What an idea! not for all the world!"—"Tis well," replied the lawyer, "I had reason for asking." The next time he saw the girl's father, he said, "I have inquired about this young man's circumstances. He has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel, for which he has been offered 20,000 dollars." This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said, that in the sequel, he often shook his head when he thought of his son-in-law's jewel.

By a modern traveller of credit, it is said, that at Benares, and the adjacent provinces, a person desirous of dispossessing a tenant from his house, and who is unwilling to wait the tedious process of the law, applies for the assistance of a woman, who, by profession, is a notorious scold. This woman posts herself at sun-rising opposite the tenant's dwelling, and there pours out every species of abuse against the poor man that she can invent. Her conduct draws together the populace, whose applause she receives in proportion to her vociferation and perseverance, for which she is amply rewarded by her employer. Whenever the woman has occasion to retire for the purpose of refreshment, she plants her staff in the ground opposite the house, which, through a singular superstition, none dare to remove or even touch during her absence; and on her return she recommences the attack, and thus continues from day to day, till the man is glad to give the landlord possession of the house.

Dean Jackson passing one morning through Christ Church Quadrangle, Oxford, met some Under Graduates who walked along without *capping*. The Dean called one of them, and asked, "do you know who I am?"—"No, Sir."—"How long have you been in the College?"—"Eight days, Sir."—"Oh, very well," said the Dean, walking away, "*puppies* don't open their eyes till the ninth day."

Dr. Reid, well known by his medical reports in the *Monthly Magazine*, was requested, by a lady of literary eminence, to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," said she, as she quitted the room; "No. 1, Chesterfield Street."—"Madam," said the Doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember *Chesterfield*,—and I fear too selfish ever to forget *Number One*."

Berkeley, to whom Pope ascribed "every virtue under heaven," considered himself as having a natural property in every thing he saw. When I am in the country," (he observed) "all the fine seats to which I have access I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves where I walk. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By this means I am grown one of the richest men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares nor to the envy of others."

Addison says, women in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light; vivacity is the gift of woman—gravity that of men.

Johnson's opinion of Goldsmith was finely expressed in a conversation with Boswell.—"Goldsmith," said the latter, "has acquired more fame than all the officers last war who were not Generals."—"Why, Sir," said Johnson, "you will find ten thousand fit to do what they did, before you find one who does what Goldsmith has done. You must consider that a thing is valued according to its rarity. A pebble, that paves the street, is in itself more useful than the diamond upon a lady's finger."

Of all the grievances in society the professed punster is the most intolerable. You cannot be safe in his company a moment. If you trust yourself with an opinion, he seizes on it with the voracity of a mastiff; he turns it inside out, and worries it to death. The silence of a punster is treacherous as the calm before a storm. He sits "hushed in grim repose," till the expected word comes; and then it is his cue. His ambition is to set the table in a roar—to be hailed as joke-master. He comes into

the room with half a dozen famous extempore puns, which have cost him a morning's labour to concoct. As long as he can clinch a word, or raise a laugh, he does not care how old, or how bad, his pun is: he will call any one singing in the garret "an *attic warbler*." He calls one of his friends a *unit-harian*, because he has but one hair on his head. He addresses a shoemaker, "O sovereign of the willing *sole*." If you are a Templar, he hopes you may turn your gas into *Coke*. He is indefatigable in chasing down his pun. He reads only to find out resemblances, and listens only to bring in his pun. He is fond of no play except a play upon words, and yet he makes game of every thing.

Short Dialogue:—*A.* Pray will you have the complaisance to take my great coat in your carriage to town?—*B.* With pleasure; but how will you get it again?—*A.* Oh, very easily; I shall remain in it.

A musical acquaintance of Dr. Arne, once accompanied the Doctor to Cannons, the seat of the late Duke of Chandos, to assist at the performance of an oratorio in the Chapel of Whitechurch; but such was the throng of company, that no provisions were to be procured at the Duke's house. On going to the Chandos Arms, in the town of Edgeware, (says the relater of this anecdote,) we made our way into the kitchen, where we found nothing but a solitary leg of mutton on the spit. This, the waiter informed us, was bespoke by a party of gentlemen. The Doctor, rubbing his elbows—his usual manner—says to me, "I'll have that mutton—give me a fiddle string." He took the fiddle string, cut it in pieces, and privately sprinkling it over the mutton, walked out of the kitchen. Then waiting very patiently till the waiter had served it up, he heard one of the gentlemen exclaim, "waiter! this meat is full of maggots; take it away." This was what

the Doctor expected, who was on the watch. "Here, give it me."—"O, Sir," says the waiter, "you can't eat it,—'tis full of maggots."—"O, never mind," cries the Doctor, "fiddlers have strong stomachs." So, bearing it away, and scraping off the fiddle string, we made a hearty dinner off the apparently maggotty mutton.

Mr. Quin, the comedian, in whose dramatic corps the celebrated Mrs. Bellamy was then performing, once, after the rehearsal, desired to speak with her in his dressing-room. As he had always carefully avoided seeing her alone, she was not a little surprised at so unexpected an invitation. Her apprehensions made her fear that she, by some means or other, had offended the worthy man; but her fears were not of long duration; for, as soon as she entered his room, he took her by the hand, and with a smile of great benignity, thus addressed her: "My dear girl, you are vastly followed, I hear.—Do not let the love of finery, or any other inducement, prevail on you to commit an indiscretion. Men, in general, are rascals. You are young and engaging, and therefore ought to be doubly cautious. If you want any thing in my power, which money can purchase, come to me, and say, 'James Quin, give me such a thing,' and my purse shall always be at your service."—"The tear of gratitude," says Mrs. B. in her memoirs, "stood in my eye at this noble instance of generosity, and his own glistened with that of humanity and self-approbation."

A member of that shrewd body, denominated the Society of Friends, feeling inclined, after a hard day's journey, to regale himself with a glass of wine, requested the landlord of the inn, where he had put up for the night, to bring him a bottle of his red port, and, to prevent scruples as to measure, to draw the cork and decant it in his presence. The order Boniface himself began immediately

to obey ; but, the bottle happening to burst, and spill the wine, while he was in the act of drawing the cork, exclaimed, " Curse the bottle-merchant for sending such an unsound bottle !" which latter circumstance caused the spirit of the shrewd guest to move him to say, " Friend, do not curse thy bottle-merchant ; it is thy own fault, for, if thou wilt be so silly as to cram a quart of wine into a bottle that will not hold a pint and a half, thou must expect it to burst ; therefore thou shouldest calmly put up with the loss thyself, and not abuse thy bottle-merchant !"

The first visit Mademoiselle Clairon paid Voltaire, she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, in the words of Amenaide, " Oh, my protecting God !" Voltaire, somewhat astonished, fell on his knees before her, and said gravely : " Now that we are on a level, how are you ?"

The late Lord Clonmel, who never thought of demanding more for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied with a shilling, provided it was a *good one*. In his time the Warwickshire shillings were current, and he used the following precautions to avoid being imposed upon, by taking a bad one :—" You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you, touching this affidavit, so help you God ! *Is this a good shilling ?* Are the contents of this affidavit true ? Is this your name and handwriting ?"

Origin of the term " Baker's dozen :"—In an old book, printed in 1638, entitled "*Artachtos, or a new Booke*, declaring the Assize or Weight of Bread," the title-page is ornamented with thirteen engravings, emblematical of the various processes, or mysteries, of a baker's trade ; they are entitled as follows : 1. I bolt ; 2. I season ; 3. I heat ; 4. I cast up ; 5. I brake ; 6. I breake out dowe ; 7. I weighe ; 8. Wee mould ; 9. I cut ; 10. I seale ; 11. I set in ; 12. I stop up ; 13. I draw out.

When Lord Elibank, known in the circles of Edinburgh as the "clever lord," was first told of Johnson's celebrated definition of the word *Oats*, as being the food of men in Scotland, and of horses in England, he answered, with happy readiness, "Very true; and where will you find such horses and such men?"

One morning, at daybreak, a father came into his son's bed-chamber, and told him that a wonderful stranger was to be seen. "You are sick," said he, "and fond of great shows. Here are no quack-doctors now, nor keeping of beds. A remarkable being is announced all over the town, who not only heals the sick, but makes the very grass grow; and, what is more, he is to rise out of the sea." The boy, though he was of a lazy habit, and did not like to be waked, jumped up at hearing of such an extraordinary exhibition, and hastened with his father to the door of the house, which stood upon the sea-shore. "There," said the father, pointing to the sun, which at that moment sprung out of the ocean like a golden world, "there, foolish boy; you who get me so many expenses with your lazy diseases, and yourself into so many troubles, behold at last a remedy, cheap, certain, and delightful. Behold at last a physician, who has only to look in your face every morning at this hour, and you will be surely and speedily well."

What words can be more delightful to the human ear, than the unexpected effusions of generosity and affection from a beloved woman. A young gentleman, after great misfortunes, came to a lady he had long courted, and told her his circumstances were become so reduced, that he actually wanted five guineas. "I am very glad to hear it," said she. "Is this your affection for me?" he replied, in a tone of despondency; "why are you glad?"—"Because," she answered, "if you want five guineas, I can put you in possession of five thousand."

We frequently find backgammon boards with backs lettered as if they were two folio volumes. The origin of it was this : Eudes, bishop of Sully, forbade his clergy to play at chess. As they were resolved not to obey the commandment, and yet dared not have a chess-board seen in their houses or cloisters, they had them lettered and bound as books, and played at night, before they went to bed, instead of reading the New Testament, or the Lives of the Saints ; and the monks called the draught or chess-board their wooden gospels. They also had drinking vessels bound to resemble the breviary, and were found drinking when it was supposed they were at prayer.

“In an absolute woman,” say the Italians, “are required the parts of a Dutch woman from the girdle downwards ; of a French woman from the girdle to the shoulders ; over which must be placed an English face. As their beauties, so also their prerogatives are greater than any nation ; neither so servilely submissive as the French, nor so jealously guarded as the Italian ; but keeping so true a decorum, that as England is termed the purgatory of servants, and the hell of horses, so is it acknowledged the *paradise of women*.” It is a curious by-word among the Italians, that, “*if there were a bridge built across the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would run into England* : for here they have the upper hand in the streets, the upper place at the table, the thirds of their husbands’ estates, and their equal share of all lands—privileges with which other women are not acquainted.”

Extract from the Will of an Eccentric :—“To people in general I leave my congratulations, in respect to their having lived later than their grandfathers ; whereby they are enabled truly to appreciate the progressive improvements of time and experience.”

Dr. Sharp, of Hart Hall, Oxford, had a ridiculous manner of prefacing every thing he said with the words *I say*. An under-graduate having, as the Doctor was informed, mimicked him in this peculiarity, he sent for him to give him a jobation, which he thus began:—"I say, they say, you say, I say, I say," when finding the ridiculous combination in which his speech was involved, he concluded by bidding him begone to his room.

An Irish officer, who had been for some time stationed in Malta, shortly after his return declared in company, that he had never tasted any *anchovies* equal to those which grew on the trees in that island. A gentleman present, conceiving this to be meant merely as a piece of pleasantry, treated it as such. The Irish officer instantly asked, "Sir, do you mean to doubt the word of a gentleman?" The reply was, "Sir, I doubt the *fact*; anchovies cannot in nature or possibility grow upon trees."—"Then, Sir," rejoined the officer, "this amounts to the insult of giving me the lie, for which you must be answerable to me in another place." The next day the parties met, attended by their seconds: they fired, and O'Flanagan's shot took effect in the fleshy part of his opponent's thigh, which made the latter jump about a foot from the ground, and fall flat upon his back, where he lay for a few seconds in agony, kicking his heels. This being observed by the Irishman's second, he said, "You have hit your man, O'Flanagan, that is certain: I think not dangerously, however; for see what capers he cuts." "*Capers! capers!*" exclaimed the Irishman: "Oh! the heavenly powers! What have I done? What a dreadful mistake!" and running up to his wounded antagonist, he took his hand, and pressing it eagerly, thus addressed him: "My dear frind! if yer kilt I ax yer pardon in this world and the next; for I made a divil of a mistake; it was *capers* that I saw growing upon the

trees at Malta, and not *anchovies* at all !” The wounded man smiling at this ludicrous explanation and apology, said, “My good fellow, I wish you had thought of that a little sooner. I don’t think you have quite killed me, but I hope you will remember the difference between *anchovies* and *capers* as long as you live.”

Lord Polkemmet (a Lord of Session) usually retired to his country residence during that part of the year when the Court did no business. John Hagart (the Scotch advocate) equally idle, from a similar cause, went to shoot; and happening to pass Lord P.’s property, met his lordship, who politely invited John to *tak* a family dinner with himself, his wife, and daughter. John accepted this invitation, and they all assembled at the hour of dinner. There was a joint of roasted veal at the head of the table, stewed veal at the bottom, veal soup in the middle, veal’s head on one side of the soup, and veal cutlets on the other, calf’s foot jelly between the soup and roast veal, and veal’s brains between the stewed veal and the soup. “Noo,” says his lordship, in his own blunt way, “Mr. H. you may very likely think this an odd sort of dinner; but ye’ll no wonder when ye ken the cause of it. We keep nae company, Mr. H.; and Miss B. here, my daughter, caters for our table. The way we do is just this: we kill a *beast* as it were to-day, and we just begin to cook it at one side of the head, travel down that side, turn the tail, and just gang back again by the other side to where we began.”

The late Dr. Adam, Rector of the Grammar School, Edinburgh, was supposed by his scholars to exercise a strong partiality for such as were of patrician descent; and on one occasion was very smartly reminded of it by a boy of mean parentage, whom he was reprehending rather severely for his ignorance, much more so than the

boy thought he would have done, had he been the son of a *Right Honourable*, or even of a plain Baillie Jarvie. "You dunce!" exclaimed the Rector, "I don't think you can even translate the motto of your own native place—of the *gude* town of Edinburgh. What, Sir, does, '*Nisi Dominus frustra*' mean?"—"It means, Sir," rejoined the boy, smartly, "that unless we are lords' sons we need not come here."

Lord Chief Justice Wilmot used to give a curious account of an inn-keeper at Warwick, whom he had tried for having poisoned some of his customers with his port wine, by which they had narrowly escaped with their lives. The indictment was quashed by the impudence of the fellow, who absolutely proved that there had never been a drop of port wine in the pipe!

There is an old Act of Parliament, passed during the Protectorate of Cromwell (1657), entitled, "An Act for punishing of such persons as live at high rates, and have no visible estate, profession, or calling thereunto." The preamble recites, that "whereas divers lewd and dissolute persons in this commonwealth, live at very high rates and great expences, having no visible estate, &c. to maintain themselves in their licentious, loose, and ungodly practices, but make it their trade and livelihood to cheat, de-boyst, cozen, and deceive, the young gentry, and other good people of this commonwealth; be it enacted, &c." The authority given to magistrates under the Act was curious. Every justice of peace, mayor, or other head officer, might issue his warrant to bring such persons before him, and require bail for his appearance at the next general sessions, or in default of such bail, send him to prison till it was provided. They were then to be indicted at the said sessions, "for living at high rates and great expences, having no visible estate, profession, or

calling, answerable thereunto;" and upon conviction they were to be sent to the House of Correction, and kept to hard labour for three months. Upon a second conviction for the same offence, they were to be committed as aforesaid, and detained till discharged by the justices in open sessions.

Why do girls come to maturity sooner than boys?—Because the former fade away sooner than the latter; both being so formed by the wisdom of Providence, that the human race might be neither wanting to the world, nor the world to the human race.

It has been asserted by eminent physicians, that if old people would be persuaded to stay at home all the winter, it would be the means of preserving their life several years. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, was very observant of this rule. One fine warm day in December, however, when the wind was in the south, and the sun shone bright and clear, he went to the levee. His Majesty, who noticed the peculiarities of all persons attending the Court, immediately went up to him, and said, "Ah! a visit from you, my lord, in December! Why, I did not expect to see you till May!"

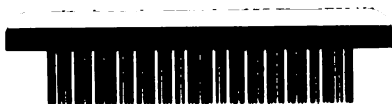
Sir William Waller, in the conclusion of his curious little work, in what he calls his "Daily Directory," has these reflections upon human life:—"Every day is a little life, in the account whereof we may reckon our birth from the womb of the morning; from growing time from thence to noon (when we are as the sun in his strength); after which, like a shadow that declineth, we hasten to the evening of our age; till, at last, we close our eyes in sleep, the image of death; and our whole life is but this tale of a day told over and over."

Boileau, being one day visited by an indolent person of rank, who reproached him with not having returned his first visit; "You and I," said the Satirist, "are upon unequal terms. I lose my time when I pay a visit; you only get rid of yours when you do so."

He who has not experienced the friendship of women, knows not half the charms and delights of friendship. Woman possesses the art of embellishing the saddest moments of our life, by unutterable sweetness of temper, constant care, and unwearied attention; she is a man's best companion in prosperity, and his truest friend in adversity.

To engage in the agreeable task of culling the beauties of English literature, is like entering into a garden richly stocked with fruits and flowers. There is such an endless variety of blossoms on every side—so much to charm the eye, and woo the touch, that he who merely aims at arranging a suitable wreath, is apt to fail, from the very profusion of materials that are scattered around him.

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